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WESTERN AMERICANA

BITS OF TRAVEL AT HOME.

BY H. H.,

AUTHOR OF "BITS OF TRAVEL," "BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS," "BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS," "VERSES BY H.H."

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1878.

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1878.

Cambridge:
Press of John Wilson and Son.

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CALIFORNIA.

BITS OF TRAVEL AT HOME.

FROM CHICAGO TO OGDEN.

"THREE nights and four days in the cars!" These words haunted us and hindered our rest. What should we eat and drink, and wherewithal should we be clothed? No Scripture was strong enough to calm our anxious thoughts; no friend's experience of comfort and ease on the journey sounded credible enough to disarm our fears. "Dust is dust," said we, "and railroad is railroad. All restaurant cooking in America is intolerable. We shall be wretched; nevertheless, we go."

There is a handsome black boy at the Sherman House, Chicago, who remembers, perhaps, how many parcels of "life preservers" of one kind and another were lifted into our drawing-room on the Pullman cars. But nobody else will ever know.

Our drawing-room? Yes, our drawing-room; and this is the plan of it: A small, square room, occupying the whole width of the car, excepting a narrow passage-way on one side; four windows, two opening on this passage-way and two opening out of doors; two doors, one opening into the car and one opening into a tiny closet, which held a washstand basin. This closet had another door, opening into another drawing-room beyond. No one but the occupants of the two drawing-rooms could have access to the bath-closet. On one side of our drawing-room a long sofa; on the other two large arm-chairs, which could be wheeled so as to face the sofa. Two shining spittoons and plenty of looking-glass, hooks high up on the sides, and silver-plated rods for curtains overhead, completed the list of furniture. Room on the floor for bags and bundles and baskets; room, too, for a third chair, and a third chair we had for a part of the way, — an easy-chair, with a sloping back, which belonged to another of these luxurious Pullman cars. A perplexing sense of domesticity crept over us as we settled into corners, hung up our cologne bottles, and missed the cat! Then we shut both our doors, and smiled triumphantly into each other's faces, as the train glided out of the station. No one can realize until he has journeyed in the delightful quiet and privacy of these small drawing-rooms on the Pullman cars how much of the wear and tear of railroad travel is the result of the contact with people. Be as silent, as unsocial, as surly as you please, you cannot avoid being more or less impressed by the magnetism of every human being in the car. Their faces attract or repel; you like, you dislike, you wonder, you pity, you resent, you loathe. In the course of twenty-four hours you have expended a great amount of nerve force, to no purpose; have borne hours of vicarious suffering, by which nobody is benefited. Adding to this hardly calculable amount of mental wear and tear the physical injury of breathing bad air, we sum up a total of which it is unpleasant to think. Of the two evils the last is the worst. The heart may, at least, try to turn away from unhappy people and wicked people, to whom it can do no good. But how is the body to steel itself against unwashed people and diseased people with whom it is crowded, elbow to elbow, and knee to knee, for hours? Our first day in our drawing-room stole by like a thief. The noon surprised us, and the twilight took us unawares. By hundreds of miles the rich prairie lands had unrolled themselves, smiled, and fled. On the very edges of the crumbling, dusty banks of our track stood pink, and blue, and yellow flowers, undisturbed. The homesteads in the distances looked like shining green fortresses, for nearly every house has a tree wall on two sides of it. The trees looked like poplars, but we could not be sure. Often we saw only the solid green square, the house being entirely concealed from view. As we drew near the Mississippi River, soft, low hills came into view on each side; tangled skeins of little rivers, shaded by tall trees, wound and unwound themselves side by side with us. A big bridge lay ready, on which we crossed; everybody standing on the platform of the cars, at their own risk, according to the explicit prohibition of the railroad company. Burlington looked well, high up on red bluffs; fine large houses on the heights, and pleasant little ones in the suburbs, with patches of vineyard in the gardens.

"Make your beds now, ladies?" said the chamberman, whose brown face showed brighter brown for his gray uniform and brass buttons.

"Yes," we replied. "That is just what we most desire to see."

Presto! The seats of the arm-chairs pull out, and meet in the middle. The backs of the arm-chairs pull down, and lie flat on level with the seats. The sofa pulls out and opens into double width. The roof of our drawing-room opens and lets down, and makes two more bedsteads, which we, luckily, do not want; but from under their eaves come mattresses, pillows, sheets, pillow-cases, and curtains. The beds are made; the roof shut up again; the curtains hung across the glass part of the doors; the curtains drawn across the passage-way windows; the doors shut and locked; and we undress as entirely and safely as if we were in the best bedroom of a house not made with wheels. Because we are so comfortable we lie awake a little, but not long; and that is the whole story of nights on the cars when the cars are built by Pullman and the sleeping is done in drawing-rooms.

Next morning, more prairie, — unfenced now, undivided, unmeasured, unmarked, save by the different tints of different growths of grass or grain; great droves of cattle grazing here and there; acres of willow saplings, pale yellowish green; and solitary trees, which look like hermits in a wilderness. These, and now and then a shapeless village, which looks even lonelier than the empty loneliness by which it is surrounded, — these are all for hours and hours. We think, "now we are getting out into the great spaces." "This is what the word 'West' has sounded like." At noon we come to a spot where railway tracks cross each other. The eye can follow their straight lines out and away, till they look like fine black threads flung across the green ground, purposeless, accidental. A train steams slowly off to the left; the passengers wave handkerchiefs to us, and we to them. They are going to Denver; but it seems as if they might be going to any known or unknown planet. One man alone — short, fat — is walking rapidly away into the wide Southern hemisphere. He carries two big, shining brass trombones. Where can he be going, and what can be the use of trombones? He looks more inexplicable than ten comets.

We cross the Missouri at Council Bluffs; begin grumbling at the railroad corporations for forcing us to take a transfer train across the river; but find ourselves plunged into the confusion of Omaha before we have finished railing at the confusion of her neighbor. Now we see for the first time the distinctive expression of American overland travel. Here all luggage is weighed and rechecked for points further west. An enormous shed is filled with it. Four and five deep stand the anxious owners, at a high wooden wall, behind which nobody may go. Everybody holds up checks, and gesticulates and beckons. There seems to be no system; but undoubtedly there is. Side by side with the rich and flurried New-Yorker stands the poor and flurried emigrant. Equality rules. Big bundles of feather-beds, tied up in blue check, red chests, corded with rope, get ahead of Saratoga trunks. Many languages are spoken. German, Irish, French, Spanish, a little English, and all varieties of American, I heard during thirty minutes in that luggage-shed. Inside the wall was a pathetic sight, — a poor German woman on her knees before a chest, which had burst open on the journey. It seemed as if its whole contents could not be worth five dollars, — so old, so faded, so coarse were the clothes and so battered were the utensils. But it was evidently all she owned; it was the home she had brought with her from the Fatherland, and would be the home she would set up in the prairie. The railroad-men were good to her, and were helping her with ropes and nails. This comforted me somewhat; but it seemed almost a sin to be journeying luxuriously on the same day and train with that poor soul.

"Lunches put up for people going West." This sign was out on all corners. Piles of apparently ownerless bundles were stacked all along the platforms; but everybody was too busy to steal. Some were eating hastily, with looks of distress, as if they knew it would be long before they ate again. Others, wiser, were buying whole chickens, loaves of bread, and filling bottles with tea. Provident Germans bought sausage by the yard. German babies got bits of it to keep them quiet. Murderous-looking rifles and guns, with strapped rolls of worn and muddy blankets, stood here and there; murderous, but jolly-looking miners, four-fifths boots and the rest beard, strode about, keeping one eye on their weapons and bedding. Well-dressed women and men with polished shoes, whose goods were already comfortably bestowed in palace-cars, lounged up and down, curious, observant, amused. Gay placards, advertising all possible routes; cheerful placards, setting forth the advantages of travellers' insurance policies; insulting placards, assuming that all travellers have rheumatism, and should take "Unk Weed;" in short, just such placards as one sees everywhere, — papered the walls. But here they seemed somehow to be true and merit attention, especially the "Unk Weed." There is such a professional croak in that first syllable; it sounds as if the weed had a diploma.

All this took two or three hours; but they were short.

"All aboard!" rung out like the last warning on Jersey City wharves when steamers push off for Europe; and in the twinkling of an eye we were out again in the still, soft, broad prairie, which is certainly more like sea than like any other land.

Again flowers and meadows, and here and there low hills, more trees, too, and a look of greater richness. Soon the Platte River, which seems to be composed of equal parts of sand and water, but which has too solemn a history to be spoken lightly of. It has been the silent guide for so many brave men who are dead! The old emigrant road, over which they went, is yet plainly to be seen; at many points it lies near the railroad. Its still, grass-grown track is strangely pathetic. Soon it will be smooth prairie again, and the wooden head-boards at the graves of those who died by the way will have fallen and crumbled.

Dinner at Fremont. The air was sharp and clear. The disagreeable guide-book said we were only 1,176 feet above the sea; but we believed we were higher. The keeper of the dining-saloon apologized for not having rhubarb-pie, saying that he had just sent fifty pounds of rhubarb on ahead to his other saloon. "You'll take tea there to-morrow night."

"But how far apart are your two houses?" said we.

"Only eight hundred miles. It's considerable trouble to go back an' forth, an' keep things straight; but I do the best I can."

Two barefooted little German children, a boy and girl, came into the cars here, with milk and coffee to sell. The boy carried the milk, and was sorely puzzled when I held out my small tumbler to be filled. It would hold only half as much as his tin measure, of which the price was five cents.

"Donno's that's quite fair," he said, when I gave him five cents. But he pocketed it, all the same, and ran on, swinging his tin can and pint cup, and calling out, "Nice fresh milk. Last you'll get! No milk any further west." Little rascal! We found it all the way;

plenty of it too, such as it was. It must be owned, however, that sage-brush and prickly pear (and if the cows do not eat these, what do they eat?) give a singularly unpleasant taste to milk; and the addition of alkali water does not improve it.

Toward night of this day, we saw our first Indian woman. We were told it was a woman. It was, apparently, made of old India-rubber, much soaked, seamed, and torn. It was thatched at top with a heavy roof of black hair, which hung down from a ridge-like line in the middle. It had sails of dingy-brown canvas, furled loosely around it, confined and caught here and there irregularly, fluttering and falling open wherever a rag of a different color could be shown underneath. It moved about on brown, bony, stalking members, for which no experience furnishes name; it mopped, and mowed, and gibbered, and reached out through the air with more brown, bony, clutching members; from which one shrank as from the claws of a bear. "Muckee! muckee!" it cried, opening wide a mouth toothless, but red. It was the most abject, loathly living thing I ever saw. I shut my eyes, and turned away. Presently, I looked again. It had passed on; and I saw on its back, gleaming out from under a ragged calash-like arch of basket-work, a smooth, shining, soft baby face, brown as a brown nut, silken as silk, sweet, happy, innocent, confiding, as if it were babe of a royal line, borne in royal state. All below its head was helpless mummy,—body, legs, arms, feet bandaged tight, swathed in a solid roll, strapped to a flat board, and swung by a leathern band, going around the mother's breast. Its great, soft, black eyes looked fearlessly at everybody. It was as genuine and blessed a baby as any woman ever bore. Idle and thoughtless passengers jeered the squaw, saying: "Sell us the pappoose." "Give you greenbacks for the pappoose." Then, and not till then, I saw a human look in the India-rubber face. The eyes could flash, and the mouth could show scorn, as well as animal greed. The expression was almost malignant, but it bettered the face; for it made it the face of a woman, of a mother.

At sunset, the clouds, which had been lying low and heavy all the afternoon, lifted and rolled away from the outer edge of the world. Thunder-storms swept around the horizon, followed by broken columns of rainbow, which lasted a second, and then faded into gray. When we last looked out, before going to bed, we seemed to be whirling across the middle of a gigantic green disc, with a silver rim turned up all around, to keep us from falling off, in case we should not put down the brakes quick enough on drawing near the edge.

Early the next morning, we saw antelopes. They were a great way off, and, while they stood still, might as well have been big goats or small cows; but, when they were good enough to bound, no eye could mistake them. The sight of these consoled us for having passed through the buffalo country in the night. It also explained the nature of the steaks we had been eating. How should steaks be tender cut out of that acrobatic sort of muscle? We passed also the outposts of Prairie Dog Town. The owls and the rattlesnakes were "not receiving," apparently; but the droll, little squirrel-like puppies met us most cordially. The mixture of defiance and terror, of attack and retreat, in their behavior was as funny as it always is in small dogs, who bark and run, in other places. But the number and manner of shelters made it unspeakably droll here. I am not sure that I actually saw the whole of any one prairie dog at a time. What I chiefly saw was ends of tails going into holes, and tips of noses sticking out to bark.

At noon, we were invited to dine at Cheyenne,—"Cheyenne City," it is called. Most of the buildings which we saw were one-story wooden ones,—small, square, with no appearance of roofs, only a square, sharp-cornered front, like a section of board fence. These all faced the railroad station, were painted with conspicuous signs,—such as "Billiard Saloon," "Sample Room," "Meals for Fifty Cents;" and, in the doors of most of them, as the train arrived, there stood a woman or a boy, ringing a shrill bell furiously. It is curious, at these stations, to see how instantly the crowd of passengers assorts itself, and divides into grades, — of people seeking for the best; people seeking for the cheapest; and other people, most economical of all, who buy only hot drinks, having brought a grocery store and a restaurant along with them in a basket-tower. The most picturesque meals are set out on boards in the open air, and the most interesting people eat there; but I am afraid the food is not good. However, there was at Cheyenne a lively widow, presiding over a stall of this sort, where the bread and cheese and pickles looked clean and eatable. She had preserved strawberries also, and two bottles of California wine, and a rare gift at talking. She was a pioneer, — had come out alive from many Indian fights. Her husband had fared less well, — being brought home dead, with fourteen arrows in his body; but even this did not shake her love for the West. She "would not go back to the East, not on no account." "Used to live in Boston;" but she "didn't never want to see any o' them sixpenny towns agin."

In this neighborhood are found the beautiful moss agates, — daintiest of all Nature's secret processes in stone. Instead of eating dinner, we ran up to a large shop where these stones are kept for sale, set in gold which may be said to be of their own kin, since it comes from Colorado.

The settings were not pleasing; but the stones were exquisitely beautiful. What geology shall tell us the whole of their secret? Dates are nothing, and names are not much. Here are microscopic ferns, feathery seaweeds, tassels of pines, rippling water-lines of fairy tides, mottled drifts of sand or snows, — all drawn in black or crowded gray, on and in and through the solid stone. Centuries treasured, traced, copied, embalmed them. They are too solemnly beautiful to be made into ornaments and set swinging in women's ears!

From Cheyenne to Sherman, we rode on the engine,

— on the foremost engine; for we were climbing mountains, and it needed all the power of two engines to draw us up.

At Cheyenne, we were only six thousand feet above the sea; at Sherman, we should be eight thousand two hundred and forty-two. The throbbing puffs, almost under our feet, sounded like the quick-drawn, panting breaths of some giant creature. Once in every three or four minutes, the great breastplate door opened; and we looked into its heart of fire, and fed it with fuel. Once in every three or four minutes, one of the keepers crept along on its sides, out to its very mouth, and poured oil into every joint; he strode its neck, and anointed every valve. His hand seemed to pat it lovingly, as he came back, holding on by the shining rods and knobs and handles. I almost forgot to look at the stretches of snow, the forests of pines, the plateaus of mountain-tops, on either hand, so absorbed was I in the sense of supernatural motion.

The engineer seemed strangely quiet; a calm, steady look ahead, — never withdrawn for a moment at a time from the glistening, black road before us. Now and then, a touch on some spring or pulley, when great jets of steam would spurt out, or whistling shrieks of warning come.

"Where is the rudder?" said I, being from the sea.

The engineer looked puzzled, for a second; then, laughing, said: "Oh! I don't steer her; she steers herself. Put her on the track, and feed her. That's all."

Up, up, up! We are creeping, although we are mounting by steam. Snow lies on every side; and clumps of firs and pines, and rocks of fantastic shapes, are the only things which break this desolate loneliness. We are so much above the tops of many mountains that they themselves blend and become wide fields, over which we look to the far horizon, where rise still higher peaks, white with snow. We see off in all directions, as we did on the plains; yet clouds are below us, rolling and rising, and changing like meadow-mists! Still, we climb. The trees are stunted and bent, the rocks are dark and terrible; many of them look like grotesque idols, standing erect or toppling over. Wyoming has well named this region "The Black Hills."

At Sherman, we dropped one of our engines, and left off using the other. The descent is so sharp and sudden that no steam is needed, only the restraining brakes.

A few hours later, at Laramie, we were again on a plain. We had gone down hill steadily, for miles and miles. The guide-book seemed incredible, when we read that we were still more than seven thousand feet above the sea. Yet here were wide plains, droves of cattle, little runs of water, and flowers on every side. The sun was setting in a broad belt of warm, yellow sky; snow lay in the crevices of the lower hills, and covered the distant ranges; winter and spring seemed to have wed.

On the morning of the fourth day we looked out on a desert of sage-brush and sand; but the desert had infinite beauties of shape and the sage had pathos of color. Why has the sage-bush been so despised, so held up to the scorn of men? It is simply a miniature olive-tree. In tint, in shape, the resemblance is wonderful. Travellers never tire of recording the sad and subtle beauty of Mediterranean slopes, gray with the soft, thick, rounded tops of olive orchards. The stretches of these sage-grown plains have the same tints, the same roundings and blendings of soft, thick foliage; the low sand-hills have endless variety of outline, and all strangely suggestive. There are fortresses, palisades, roof slopes with dormer windows, hollows like cradles, and here and there vivid green oases. In these oases cattle graze. Sometimes an Indian stands guarding them, his scarlet legs gleaming through the sage, as motionless as the cattle he watches. A little further on we come to his home,—a stack of bare bean-poles, apparently on fire at the top; his family sitting by, in a circle, cross-legged, doing nothing! Then comes a tract of stony country, where the rocks seem also as significant and suggestive as the sand-hills,—castles, and pillars, and altars, and spires: it is impossible to believe that human hands have not wrought them.

For half of a day we looked out on such scenes as these, and did not weary. It is monotonous; it is desolate: but it is solemn and significant. The day will come when this gray wilderness will be red with roses, golden with fruit, glad and rich and full of voices.

At noon, at Evanstown, the observation car was attached to the train: (when will railroad companies be wise enough to know that no train ought to be run anywhere without such an open car?) Twice too many passengers crowded in; everybody opened his umbrella in somebody's else eye, and unfolded his map of the road on other knees than his own; but after a few miles the indifferent people and those who dreaded cinders, smoke, and the burning of skin, drifted back again into the other cars, leaving the true lovers of sky, air, and out-door room to enjoy the cañons in peace.

What is a cañon? Only a valley between two high hills; that is all, though the word seems such a loud and compound mystery of warfare, both carnal and spiritual. But when the valley is thousands or tens of thousands of feet deep, and so narrow that a river can barely make its way through by shrinking and twisting and leaping; when one wall is a mountain of grassy slope and the other wall is a mountain of straight, sharp stone; when from a perilous road, which creeps along on ledges of the wall which is a mountain of stone, one looks across to the wall which is grassy slope, and down at the silver line of twisting, turning, leaping river, the word cañon seems as inadequate as the milder word valley! This was Echo Cañon. We drew near it through rocky fields almost as grand as the cañon itself. Rocks of red and pale yellow color were piled and strewn on either hand in a confusion so wild that it was majestic: many of them looked like gateways and walls and battlements of fortifications; many of them seemed poised on points, just ready to fall; others rose massive and solid, from terraces which stretched away beyond our sight. The railroad track is laid (is hung would seem a truer phrase) high up on the right-hand wall of the cañon,—that is, on the wall of stone. The old emigrant road ran at the base of the opposite wall (the wall of grassy slopes), close on the edge of the river. Just after we entered the cañon, as we looked down to the river, we saw an emigrant party in sore trouble on that road. The river was high and overflowed the road; the crumbling, gravelly precipice rose up hundreds of feet sheer from the water; the cattle which the poor man was driving were trying to run up the precipice, but all to no purpose; the wife and children sat on logs by the wagon, apathetically waiting,—nothing to be done but to wait there in that wild and desolate spot till the river chose to give them right of way again. They were so many hundred feet below us that the cattle seemed calves and the people tiny puppets, as we looked over the narrow rim of earth and stone which upheld us in the air. But I envied them. They would see the cañon, know it. To us it would be only a swift and vanishing dream. Even while we are whirling through, it grows unreal. Flowers of blue, yellow, purple are flying past, seemingly almost under our wheels. We look over them down into broader spaces, where there are homesteads and green meadows. Then the cañon walls close in again, and, looking down we see only a silver thread of river; looking up, we see only a blue belt of sky. Suddenly we turn a sharp corner and come out on a broad plain. The cañon walls have opened like arms, and they hold a town named after their own voices, Echo City. The arms are mighty, for they are snow-topped mountains. The plain is green and the river is still. On each side are small cañons, with green threads in their centres, showing where the streams come down. High up on the hills are a few little farm-houses, where Americans live and make butter, like the men of the Tyrol. A few miles further the mountains narrow again, and we enter a still wider gorge. This is Weber Cañon. Here are still higher walls and more wonderful rocks. Great serrated ledges crop out lengthwise the hills, reaching from top to bottom, high and thin and sharp. Two of these, which lie close together, with apparently only a pathway between (though they are one hundred feet apart), are called the Devil's Slide. Why is there so much unconscious tribute to that person in the uncultivated minds of all countries? One would think him the patron saint of pioneers. The rocks still wear shapes of fortifications, gateways, castle fronts, and towers, as in Echo Cañon; but they are most exquisitely lined, hollowed, grooved, and fretted.

As we whirl by, they look as the fine Chinese carvings in ivory would chiselled on massive stones by tools of giants.

The cañon opens suddenly into a broad, beautiful meadow, in which the river seems to rest rather than to run. A line of low houses, a Mormon settlement, marks the banks; fields of grain and grass glitter in the early green; great patches of blue lupine on every hand look blue as blue water at a distance, the flowers are set so thick. Only a few moments of this, however, and we are again in a rocky gorge, where there is barely room for the river, and no room for us, except on a bridge. This, too, is named for that same popular person, "Devil's Gate." The river foams and roars under our feet as we go through. Now comes another open plain, — wide, sunny, walled about by snow mountains, and holding a town. This is Ogden, and the shining water which lies in sight to the left is the Great Salt Lake!

SALT LAKE CITY.

IT seems strange that the cars of the Utah Central Railroad should be just like all other cars. We expected to find "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed on the panels, and portraits of Mormon elders above the doors. In fact, I am not sure that we did not expect to see even the trees and shrubs along the track bearing the magic initials of the "Zion Co-operative Mercantile Association." However, we made up for these lacks by scrutinizing the face of every man and every woman about us, and searching for some subtle token which might betray that they were not living as other men and women live. No doubt we made comical blunders, and in our thoughts wrongfully accused many an innocent bachelor of the blackest polygamy. However, we were right in one case. Just as the cars moved out of Ogden, there entered in at the door of our car a big, burly man, perhaps fifty-five or sixty years old. His face was very red; he wore a red wig; and, as if determined to make the red of his face and the red of his wig both as hideous as possible, he wore about his neck a scarf of a third shade of fiery red. His eyes were small, light, and watery, but sharp and cruel. His face was bloated, coarse, sensual: I have never seen a more repulsive man.

"Oh! that is a Mormon," we whispered, under our breaths. "It must be." He strode down the car in a pompous way, followed by a meek and lifeless-looking old woman. He looked from right to left with an air of arrogant self-consciousness, which would have been ludicrous except for a sort of terrible certainty of power in it, which made one shudder.

"Who is that? who is that?" we said to the conductor.

"That is Historian Smith. He is the second in power in our church," replied the conductor, with a complacent smile.

Afterward we saw him doing honor to the scarlet magnate, with most obsequious bowing and bending. But we soon forgot our interest in the baffling faces of Mormon men and women, and looked only at the wonderful valley through which we were journeying. Surely this Salt Lake Valley is itself Brigham Young's most powerful auxiliary. No possible pomp which riches could compass, and send out to meet the new proselytes, would so appeal to their senses as must the first view of this broad, green valley, walled in by snow-topped mountains, and holding the great Salt Lake. There is a solemnity in its beauty which to a religious fanatic might easily seem supernatural.

Entering the valley, as we did, at Ogden, late in the afternoon, and journeying southward to the city, one sees a picture which cannot be forgotten.

The Wasatch Mountains, on the left, were like a solid wall, clouded purple and gray from the base half way up, then mottled and barred and striped with white wherever snow lay in the rifts and seams; then, at the very top, crowned and battlemented with solid snow, which not even the fiercest summer heats would entirely melt. On the right lay the lake, also glistening like silver, and with rippling gleams of blue. Its further shore was a snow-topped mountain range; and its islands were mountains, some of them snow-topped, some of them green, some of them bare and stony, and red in the low sunlight. Between us and the lake on the right, and between us and the Wasatch Mountains on the left, lay broad fields, green with grain or grass, or gay with many-colored blossoms, or yellow with small sunflowers. These were most beautiful of all: their wide belts of yellow were like shining frames to the color and beauty beyond. This sunflower is called the Mormon flower, and is said to spring up wherever Mormons go. If other Mormon fields are like these, the superstition is well-founded. Acre after acre they spread, as solid as cloth of gold. The eye could not bear their dazzling any more than if they were suns.

Salt Lake City lies close at the base of the Wasatch range, so close that, as you first see the city from the cars, you can fancy it a walled town, walled on one side by the mountains, with a gate in every cañon. As we drew near it, the sunset lights had left the valley, but still lit the snowy hill-tops.

I confess that my first thought was of the grand old Bible words: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear him." No doubt many a devout simple-hearted Mormon has had the same feeling, as he has first looked on the scene.

The next morning, as we looked down upon the city from some of the lower spurs of the mountains, I found myself still conscious of a peculiar solemnity in its whole expression. It is compact, but not crowded. Each house has its enclosure of fruit and shade trees; so that, as you look down on the city from above, it seems like a city built in a huge garden. It has no straggling suburbs, no poor or thriftless neighborhoods; not a dilapidated or poverty-stricken house is to be seen. On each side of the principal streets, between the side-walk and the road, run swift, sparkling little mountain streams. Close up to the city limits, on the south and west and north, come the great gray plains of the unredeemed alkali bottoms, in which the city's dense green looks like an oasis. Near the centre of the city rises the huge, weird dome of the Tabernacle, adding still more to the mystic expression of the scene.

Fancy a roof, smooth, glistening, gray, and of a faultless oval, large enough to shelter seventeen thousand persons, comfortably seated. If it surmounted any thing which could be properly called a building, it would be as grand as St. Peter's; but it is placed on low, straight brick walls; and the whole effect, near at hand, is like nothing more nor less than half of a gigantic egg, split lengthwise. However, into all the distant views of the city it enters well, and seems strangely in keeping with the long slopes of the mountain bases. Beyond the gray alkali plains lies the shining lake, full of mountain islands; beyond the shining lake and the mountain islands rise snow-topped mountain ranges, running to the north and to the south as far as the eye can see. The sun sets behind these. It turns them to purple mist, then to golden, then to pale gray, and sends their vivid shadows way across the lake and plains. It rises behind the Wasatch range; and then that shadow also is flung out beyond the city and the plains, till it quivers on the lake. So the mountains might almost be said to clasp hands over the city's head. At noon, when the sun was hot, I looked out through the tops of green locust-trees, and saw the whole eastern range blue as sapphire,— so blue that the blue sky above looked white; and the snow on the summits was so white that the white clouds above looked gray. The air is so rarefied that the light shimmers dazzling along all outlines, and the sense of distance is deceived. Peaks thirty miles distant seem near at hand; hills five miles off seem within a few minutes' walk; and the sunshine seems to have a color and substance to it which I never saw elsewhere,— no, not even in Italy. It takes up room!

But, in spite of the sunshine, in spite of the beauty, the very air seemed heavy with hidden sadness. No stranger can walk the streets of Salt Lake City without a deepening sense of mystery and pain. We have been so long accustomed to the idea of polygamy as a recognized evil, we have seen the word so long and so often in print, that we are unprepared for the new sense of horror which is at once aroused by the actual presence of the thing. Each sunny doorway, each gay garden, is a centre of conjecture, of sympathy. Each woman's face, each baby's laugh, rouses thoughts hard to bear.

The streets are full of life; shops are busy; carriages with fine horses drive up and down; farm-wagons with produce are coming in; markets are open; stalls on corners are piled up with apples, and bits of cocoanut in tin pans of water, just such as are sold in Boston or New York. You can have your boots blacked or your pocket picked; boys and men of these and all other trades jostle you on every hand. Over most of the shops is a singular placard, a picture of one huge eye; above it the motto "Holiness to the Lord," below it the initials Z. C. M. A. These stand for the words "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Association," and mean that the man who sells you tape or lemons behind that counter sells them at the prices fixed by the Church, and pays to the Church a semi-annual percentage on all sales.

Passing out of the business streets, you find cosey, tasteful little homes on every hand. Flowers at the windows and in the gardens; piazzas shaded by vines; fruit orchards and little patches of vegetables, or corn, or wheat, all through the city. If your driver is a Gentile, he turns round from time to time with such comments as these: —

"That's a three-wife house." "That's a two-wife house." "That's a new house Mr. —— has just built for his last wife. "There's two of Brigham's wives lives in that house."

And before one of the pleasantest little houses of all, he reins up his horses into a walk, and says: —

"That's where Amelia, Brigham's last wife lives. And one of Mr. Clawson's wives lives with her. Mr. Clawson — he married two of Brigham's daughters."

The heart grows faint. The sunshine seems darkened. You look up in involuntary appeal to the silent, snowy mountains, from which no help comes for this great wrong. Then you look earnestly into the faces of all the women you see. They are standing on doorsills, with laughing babies in their arms; they are talking gayly with each other on the sidewalk; they are leading little children; they are walking by the side of men; they are carrying burdens, or seeking pleasure, just as other women do — apparently. Their faces are not sad, as we looked to find them. If we did not know we were in Salt Lake City, we should say. "These are simple and contented women, uncommonly healthy and strong. The community, as a whole, seems remarkably industrious, prosperous, and innocent, if one may judge from faces and from expression of the homesteads."

These are the Mormons, of whom we have heard such terrible tales of cruelty and crime. They are the men who have created this blooming, thriving city, in the heart of a desert; these are the down-trodden and heart-broken women for whom we have wept! The problem grows more and more perplexing with every hour that you spend in the city, and with every word that you hear. Men, not Mormons, who have lived here for years, bear the strongest testimony to the uprightness, honesty, industry, purity of Mormon lives, and to their charity also. The city is divided into twenty-one wards. Every ward has its bishop, who has several assistants.

"At every train, you will see a bishop or assistant from every ward down at the cars, to meet any poor person who may come in, and to take care of them at once," said a Mormon woman to me.

"And we all take care of our own poor; each ward has to contribute. You'll not find a beggar or a suffering poor person in our Church. That's the greatest part of our religion, ma'am."

This woman, though a staunch Mormon, hates polygamy. But she says, piteously: "It's because I am not religious; I am not naturally a religious person. I believe that polygamy is right, because the Church teaches it; but I can't say that I feel about it as a Mormon woman ought to. And I could never have my husband's other wife in my house; (no, never!) though I lived with his first wife for twelve years, and took care of her till she died; and she was very fond of me. She was quite an old lady. It's only last year she died; and, to the very last, she was asking for me. But, if any Mormon woman tells you that they like polygamy, they lie. It's nothing but a cross that they bear for the sake of their religion."

This woman has had no children; the younger wife has had two. The husband is a man of some means. If Mormon men die without making wills, their wives inherit nothing. The children inherit all; and the mother takes what the children, or the Church, as guardian of the children, may choose to give her. This woman, having no children, will have no claim; yet she has earned far more of the property than her husband has.

I talked with another Mormon wife, who was a woman of unusual strength, physically and mentally. She was one of the pioneers, having come with the first party that entered the Salt Lake Valley, through the terrible path which is still called "Emigration Canyon." She was then in her seventeenth year; and it was just two months before the birth of her first child.

"You could never believe," she said, "to look at this valley now, what it was then. Nothing in it, except a little mud fort in the middle; and into that we all crowded, more like wild beasts than human beings. But I was never so happy in my life. Many a day, I only had a crust of bread to eat; but it was just as if God was there with us, all the time."

The child did not know at this time, nor till long afterward, that polygamy was peculiar to the Mormons. When she first found out the truth, it seemed to her, she said, "just as if she had been taken out of this world into some other: every thing was so changed."

When she was twenty-two years old, her husband took a second wife. This was twenty-six years ago. The two women lived together for twenty years, and brought up their families of children together. One had ten children, the other eight. Then they separated. The first wife lives now some miles from the city, on a small farm. Her husband comes out on Saturday afternoon, and returns on Monday. This is all she sees of him. The rest of the time he lives with the second wife in the city, where he holds an important position.

It was on a Saturday that I saw her. While I was talking with her, the husband suddenly appeared in the doorway. He had just come out from town. "Oh! there's Mr. ——, now," said she, rising, and going to meet him as she would go to meet a neighbor.

He shook hands with her, and said, kindly: "How d'ye do, Ma?" She introduced him to me; and he sat down. The chair was a little broken, and creaked under his weight.

"Why, Ma! why don't you have your chairs fixed?" he said, very pleasantly. But oh! how hot my cheeks felt. "Have her chairs fixed!"—living alone, twenty miles from the city, five miles from a neighbor, with no servant in her house! Yet this man has a kindly nature. It was evident in every line of his face. He is a man to whom it would be a grief to give pain to any one. He is simple-hearted, affectionate, pure-minded. He is also a man of some education. It must be a daily sorrow to him to see his children insufficiently provided for in any way; yet his means do not enable him to make eighteen children comfortable. There is discomfort, deprivation in both houses.

"If a man brings up *one* family of children, and provides for them, I think that's as much as the Lord's going to require of any body," said this man's wife; "and, as for believing that the Lord's going to require any thing of woman which makes them suffer as polygamy does, I don't. But they are all good, earnest, true men," she added; "and pure men, too, according to their way of looking at it. They are faithful to their wives: there isn't such a thing known as a Mormon man's going astray in that way." She was most earnest in her efforts to impress me with this fact, and with the uprightness and sincerity of the men. Much as she hated polygamy herself, and fully as she believed it to be wrong, she believed that the Mormon men were sincere in regarding it as a matter of religion.

"There's many a man takes another wife, just because he thinks he ought to," said she. "I have known such cases every year. The Church says they must."

She had not heard of that petition from the women of Utah to the United States Government, which has been regarded at the East as proving so conclusively that Mormon women are all anxious for deliverance from the tyranny of the Church. Neither had the other woman of whom I have spoken heard of this petition; and, as both these women are women of position and influence, I could not but regard their ignorance of the petition as a significant fact, pointing strongly toward the truth of the assertion of the Church newspaper, that the signatures were not all genuine.

"Why," said she, "you'd never get one-third, even, of the women who don't like polygamy to petition against it. They believe it's right, much as they hate it. And the rest of the women, they take it up, just as the martyrs went to the stakes, thinking they'll get heaven by it, and they can't get it any other way; and they wouldn't have it done away with, if they could. The Church teaches them that no woman can go to Heaven, unless she is married to some man."

"Why, I myself don't want polygamy put an end to any such way," said she, flushing. "I believe God'll stop it somehow, sooner or later; but not in one day! Why, I should think ———." But she could not finish the sentence. I finished it for her, however, in my heart; and I wonder that any persons can be so unthinking as not to realize the cruelty of any hasty legislation which would add one more burden of fear or sense of humiliation to the loads which these poor women are already bearing.

The next day, I heard that petition read in the Tabernacle. At the close of the afternoon services, Historian Smith — the man whom I have already described — came forward, holding a paper in his hand. He still wore the blazing red scarf, and still looked, as he did in the cars, the very incarnation of sensuality and tyranny.

With a few introductory remarks, setting forth that the Church thought it best to acquaint her children with all the weapons and wiles of her adversaries, he read the paper. He read it slowly, deliberately, giving prominent and scornful emphasis to the sentences which spoke of the terror in which the women lived. He mentioned the number of signatures, adding, impressively: "The names can be identified by all of you; many of them are the names of young children." He then made a short address, evidently for the benefit of the strangers present, giving a brief statement of the grounds on which the Church inculcates polygamy. The argument was based on the Bible prophecy of the days in which seven women should lay hold of one man, imploring him to take away "their reproach." The term "reproach" was interpreted to mean childlessness, and was dwelt upon strenuously; and he referred to the remarkable healthfulness and strength of the Mormon children as proof that polygamy might be upheld on physical as well as Scriptural grounds.

During the whole of these extraordinary proceedings, I studied the faces of the men and women about me. At many parts of the petition, they exchanged satirical and amused glances with each other, especially at the statements in regard to the petitioners' terrors. While the doctrine of polygamy was expounded and justified, they looked serious, attentive, and satisfied. Certainly, so far as the expression of an audience could be a test, the Mormon Church was justified by her followers that afternoon. I studied also the faces of the priesthood. They sit in a body, on a raised platform, which fronts the congregation. In the centre of this platform are three wide seats, with raised desks, where Brigham Young and those nearest him in authority sit. As the priests sit facing these central seats, their side faces are in full view. I found myself insensibly comparing them with the faces of the Romish priesthood, as

I used to see it in the streets of Rome. Here were the same two types of face, — the credulous, simple, and devoted; and the tyrannical and unscrupulous. They were, almost without exception, plain, hardworking-looking men, in coarse clothes; but, if they had only been robed in black and violet and scarlet, they would have seemed in no wise out of place in the College of the Propaganda. Tyranny and fanaticism work with the same tools, and write the same handwriting, all the world over. If one could banish from his mind the undercurrent of consciousness of this great wrong of ecclesiastical domination in Salt Lake City, it would be one of the most delightful spots in the world. The air, the sunshine, the snowy mountains, the blue lake, the waving orchards, the bright flowers, and the neat, cosey little homes, — all make up a picture of beauty and thrift and peace rarely equalled. But there is no escape from the shadow; there is no forgetting the wrong.

However, all diseases are self-limited. Polygamy is as sure to disappear before civilization as flails are to go down before steam-threshers. A shrewd old man, who had lived in Salt Lake City for several years, said to me, one morning, pointing to the windows of a milliner's shop, before which we stood: "They needn't trouble themselves to legislate about polygamy. This sort of stuff," — waving his hand back and forth in front of the bonnets and ribbons, — "this sort of stuff will put an end to it. It's putting an end to monogamy, for that matter! It will very soon be here, as it is elsewhere, more than most men can do to support even one wife!"

FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

At Ogden the Union Pacific Railroad ends and the Central Pacific Railroad begins. The Pullman drawing-room cars also end, and the silver palace-cars begin; and we are told that there are good reasons why no mortal can engage a section of a sleeping-car to be ready for him at Ogden on any particular day. "Through passengers" must be accommodated first. "Through passengers," no doubt, see the justice of this. Way passengers cannot be expected to. But we do most emphatically realize the bearing of it when we arrive at Ogden from Salt Lake City at four o'clock in the afternoon, and find anxious men standing patiently in line, forty deep, before the ticket-office, biding their chance of having to sit up for the two nights which must be spent on the road between Ogden and San Francisco. It was a desperate hour for that ticket agent; and the crowd was a study for an artist. Most to be pitied of all were the married men, whose nervous wives kept plucking them by the coat-tails and drawing them out of the line once in five minutes, to propose utterly impracticable devices for circumventing or hurrying the ticket-agent. I do not know whether I reveal things which should be hid, or whether the information would be of value upon all days; but there is a side window to that ticket-office, and a superintendent sometimes stands near it, and, by lifting a green curtain, conversations can be carried on, and money and tickets passed in and out. Neither do I know how many, if any, of the forty unfortunates rode all the way bedless to San Francisco; for our first anxiety as to whether we should each get a "section" was soon merged in our second, which was almost as great — what we should do with ourselves in it. A latent sense of justice restrains me from attempting to describe a section. It is impossible to be just to a person or a thing disliked. I dislike the sleeping-car sections more than I ever have disliked, ever shall dislike, or ever can dislike any thing in the world. Therefore, I will not describe one. I will speak only of the process of going to bed and getting up in it. Fancy a mattress laid on the bottom shelf in your cupboard, and the cupboard-door shut. You have previously made choice among your possessions which ones you will have put underneath your shelf, where you cannot get at them, and which ones you must have, and will therefore keep all night on the foot of your bed (that is, on your own feet). Accurate memory and judicious selection, under such circumstances, are impossible. No sooner is the cupboard-door shut than you remember that several indispensable articles are under the shelf. But the door is locked, and you can't get out. By which I mean that the porter has put up the curtain in front of your section, and of the opposite section, and you have partially undressed, and can't step out into the narrow aisle without encountering the English gentleman, who is going by to heat water on the stove at the end of the car; and, even if you didn't encounter him, you can't get at the things which have been stowed away under your shelf, unless you lie down at full length on the floor to reach them; and you can't lie down at full length on the floor, because most of the floor is under your opposite neighbor's shelf. So I said the door was locked simply to express the hopelessness of the situation. Then you sit cross-legged on your bed; because, of course, you can't sit on the edge of the shelf after the cupboard-door is shut — that is, the curtain is put up so close to the edge of your bed that, if you do sit there in the natural human manner, your knees and feet will be in the way of the English gentleman when he passes. Sitting cross-legged on your bed, you take off a few of your clothes, if you have courage; and then you cast about to think what you shall do with them. It is quite light in the cupboard, for there is a little kerosene lamp in a tiny glass-doored niche in the wall; and it gives light enough to show you that there isn't a hook or an edge of any thing on which a single article can be hung. You gaze drearily around on the smooth, shining panels of hard wood. It is a very handsome cupboard, a good deal plated, besides being made of fine hard woods, into which you can't drive even a pin. At last you have an inspiration. You stand up on the edge of your bed, and, grasping the belt of your dress firmly in each hand, boldly thrust one arm out above the curtain, and hook the belt over the curtain-rod. It swings safely! You sink back triumphant and exhausted; come down on your travelling-bag, and upset it; the cork comes out of the hartshorn bottle, and the hartshorn runs into the borax. Of course, you can't cross the Alkali Desert without a good supply of counter alkalies. By the time you have saved the remainder of these, and propped the travelling bag up again, you are frightfully cramped from sitting so long cross-legged. So you lie out straight a few minutes to rest. Then you get up again, more cautiously than before, on the edge of the bed, and hook and pin a few more garments around the curtain-rod. Just as you are looking on the last one, and feeling quite elated, the car gives a sudden jerk, and out you go, head foremost into the aisle into the very arms of the English gentleman. Being an English gentleman, he would look the other way if he could; but how can he? He must hold you up! You don't know just how you clamber back. Nothing seems very clear to you for some minutes except the English gentleman's face, which is indelibly stamped on your brain.

You don't sit up for the next five or six minutes, nor make a sound. Then you reflect that the night is really to be ten hours long, and that there are hairpins and hair. There is no need of greater explicitness.

The feeblest imagination can supply details and dilemmas. You sit up again, and soon become absorbed in necessary transactions. You glance up to the left! Horrors upon horrors! The cupboard-door has suddenly swung off its hinges! That is, the flank piece of the curtain, which is intended to turn a corner at the head of the bed, and shut you off from your neighbor in the next section, being not wide enough, and having no sort of contrivance to fasten it to the wooden partition, has slid along on the rod, and left you just as much exposed to the eyes of all passers-by as if your cupboard had no door at all. You drop — well — all you have in your hands, seize the curtain and hold it in place with your thumb and finger, while you grope for a pin to pin it with. Pin it, indeed! To what? I have before mentioned that the cupboard is of panels of highly-polished hard wood and silver plating. The cars are called "silver" and "palace" for this reason. At last you pin it to the upper edge of your pillow. That seems insecure; especially so, taking into account the fact that you are a restless sleeper. But it is the only thing to be done. Having done this, you look down at the foot of the bed, and find a similar yawning aperture there. You pin this flank curtain to the blanket, and pin the blanket to the mattress. You do all these things, getting about on your knees, with the car shaking and rocking violently over an unusually rough bit of road. When the flap is firmly pinned at the head and at the foot. you lean back against the middle of the back of your cupboard, to rest. The glass door outside your little lamp is very hot. You burn your elbow on it, and involuntarily scream.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" says the friendly conductor, who happens to be passing. You start up. That is, you would, if you could; but you can't, because you are sitting cross-legged, and have the cramp besides. But it is too late. The cupboard-door is split in the middle, and there are the conductor's sympathizing eyes looking directly in upon you. It is evidently impossible to have the curtains made tight at the head and foot of your shelf without their parting in the middle. They are too scant. At this despair sets in. However, you unpin the flap at the foot of the bed, repin it so as to leave only a small crack, through which you hope your neighbor will be too busy to look. Then you pin the two curtains together firmly in the middle, all the way up and down. Then you lie down, with your head on your travelling bag, and resolve to do no more till the cars stop. You fall asleep from exhaustion. When you awake, darkness reigns; a heavy and poisonous air fills your cupboard; the car is dashing on through the night faster than ever. Timidly you unpin the curtains, and peer out. The narrow aisle is curtained from one end to the other; boots are set out at irregular intervals; snores rise in hideous chorus about you; everybody has gone to bed, nobody has opened his window, and most of the ventilators are shut. With all the haste you can make, you try to open the window at the foot of your bed. Alas! while the day lasted you neglected to learn the trick of the fastening; now the night has come, in which no man can undo a car-window. You take the skin off your fingers; you bruise your knuckles; you wrench your shoulder and back with superhuman strains, — all the time sitting cross-legged. At last, just as you have made up your mind to follow the illustrious precedent of Mrs. Kemble's elbow, you hit the spring by accident, and, in your exultation, push the window wide open. A fierce and icy blast sweeps in, and your mouth is filled with cinders in a second. This will never do. Now, how to get the window partly down! This takes longer than it took to get it up; but you finally succeed. By this time you are so exhausted that absolute indifference to all things except rest seizes you. You slip in between the sheets, and shut your eyes. As you doze off, you have a vague impression that you hear something tumble off the foot of the bed into the aisle. You hope it is your boots, and not your travelling-bag, with the bottles in it; but you would not get up again to see,—no, not if the whole car-load of passengers were to be waked up by a pungent odor of ammonia and alcohol proceeding from your cupboard. Strange to say, you sleep. Your dreams are nightmares,—but still you sleep through till daylight.

As soon as you awake you spring up and listen. All is still. Some of the snores still continue. You put up a fervent ejaculation of gratitude that you have waked so early. You resume the cross-legged position, and look about you for your possessions. It was your travelling-bag, after all, which fell off the shelf. You find it upside down on the floor in the aisle. You find, also, one boot. The other cannot be found. A horrible fear seizes you that it has gone out of the window. As calmly as your temperament will permit, you go on putting your remains together. The car is running slowly; and, all things considered, you think you are doing pretty well, when suddenly you encounter, in a glistening panel on the back of your cupboard, close to the head of your bed, a sight which throws you into new perplexity. There is—yes, it is—the face of the English gentleman. But what does it mean that the eyes are closed and a red silk handkerchief is bound about his florid brow? While you stare incredulously, the face turns on its pillow. A sleepy hand stretches up and rubs one eye. The eye opens, gazes languidly about, closes again, and the English gentleman sinks off into his morning nap. You seize your pillow, prop it up against the shining panel, so as to cut off this extremely involuntary view; then you stop dressing, and think out the phenomenon. It is very simple. The partitions between the sections do not join the walls of the car by two inches or more. The polished panel just behind this space is a perfect mirror, reflecting a part of each section; then you glance guiltily down to the similar mirror at the foot of your bed. Sure enough, the same thing! There you see the head of an excellent German frau, whom you had observed the day before. She also is sound asleep. You prop your other pillow up in that corner, lest she should awake; and then you hurry on your clothes stealthily as a thief. The boot, however, cannot be found, and you are at last constrained to go to the dressing-room without it. The dressing-room is at the further end of the car. Early as you are, fellow-women are there before you — three of them; one in possession of the washbowl, two waiting for their turn. You fall into line, thankful for being only the fourth. You sit bashfully on somebody's valise, while these strangers make their toilets. You reflect on the sweet and wonderful power of adaptation which distinguishes some natures; the guileless trust in the kindliness of their own sex which enables some women to treat all other women as if they were their sisters. The three are relating their experiences.

"Well, I got along very well," says one, "till somebody opened a window; and after that I thought I should freeze to death. My husband, he called the conductor up, and they shut the ventilators; but I just shivered all night. Real good soap this is; ain't it, now?"

You feel yourself blushing with guilty consciousness of that open window. But you brave it out silently.

"I wa'n't too cold," said the washbowl incumbent, meditatively holding her false teeth under the faucet, and changing them deftly from side to side, to wash them well. "But I 'll tell you what did happen to me. In the middle o' the night I felt suthin' against my head, right on the very top o'nt. And what do you think it was? 'Twas the feet of the man in the next section to ou'rn! Well, sez I, this is more'n I can stand; and I give 'em such a push. I reckon he waked up, for I never felt 'em no more."

At this you fly. You cannot trust your face any longer.

"Got tired o' waitin'?" calls out No. 3. "You can have my turn, if you're in a hurry. We've got all day before us," and the three women chuckle drearily.

When you reach your cupboard, Frank, the handsome black porter, has already transformed your bed into two chairs. The bedding is all put away out of sight; and there, conspicuously awaiting you, stands the missing boot, on a chair. You are not proud of your boots. For good reasons you decided to wear them on this journey; but false shame wrings you as you wonder if everybody has seen how very shabby that shoe is.

The English gentleman is in the aisle, putting on his boots. The German frau is bustling about in a very demi-dress. Nobody seems to mind anybody; and, now that the thing is over with, you laugh to think how droll it all was. And so the day begins.

We are told that in the night we have passed over the Great American Desert,—sixty square miles of alkali sand. This, then, on which we look out now, is not the desert. We had thought it must be. All we can see is sand, or sage-brush, or bunch-grass. Yet it is not dreary. The tints are exquisite. "We shall not be weary of it if it lasts all day," we said. And it did last all day. All day long tints of gray and brown; sometimes rocky ravines, with low, dark growths on their sides; sometimes valleys, which the guide-book said were fertile, but which to us looked just as gray and brown as the plains. We passed a dozen or more small towns, all looking alike, all looking far more desolate than the silent plains. A wide and dusty space, like a ploughed field, only hardened and flattened; rows or groups of small unpainted wooden houses, all trying to face the railway station, and most bearing big signs on their front of something to sell or to hire or to drink; not a tree, not a flower, not a protecting fence,—that is the thing called town all along the road of the first day's journey westward from Ogden. But at sunset we came to something else. We had been climbing up. Snow-topped mountains were in sight all about us. The air was clear and cold. "Humboldt Station" was the name of the station to which we had been looking forward for some hours, simply because it meant "supper." But, when we stepped out of the cars, thoughts of supper fled. Four thousand feet above the sea, among alkali sands and stony volcanic beds, there stood a brilliant green oasis. Clover fields, young trees, and vegetable gardens surrounded the little house. In front was a fountain, which sparkled in the sun. Around it was a broad rim of grass and white clover. An iron railing enclosed it. It was a pathetic sight to see rough men, even men from the emigrant-car, stretching their hands through the railing to pick a blade of grass or a clover-blossom. One great, burly fellow, lifted up his little girl, and, swinging her over the iron spikes, set her down in the grass, saying: "There! I'd like to see ye steppin' on green grass once more." It was a test of loyalty to green fields, and there were no traitors. We had not dreamed that we had grown so hungry for sight of true summer. Just as the train was about to start, I remembered a gentle-faced woman in our car who had not come out. I reached into the grassy rim, without looking, and picked a clover-leaf to carry her as token. I gave it to her, without having looked closely at it.

"And a four-leaved clover, too!" she exclaimed, as she took it.

It was the first four-leaved clover I ever found. I have spent hours enough to count up into weeks in searching for them. I took back my gift with a superstitious reverence for it, as omen of our journey, and also as a fitting memento of that bright oasis which patience had created in the desert, and named by the name of a good and great man.

Next morning we waked up in the Sierras. We were nearly six thousand feet above the sea. As far as we could see on either hand rose snowy tops of mountains. We were on them, below them, among them, all at once. Some were covered with pines and firs; some were glistening and bare. We looked down into ravines and gorges which were so deep they were black. Tops of firs, which we knew must be hundreds of feet high, seemed to make only a solid mossy bed below us. The sun shone brilliantly on the crests and upper slopes; now and then a sharp gleam of light showed a lake or a river far down among the dark and icy walls. It seemed almost as if these lights came from our train, as if we bore a gigantic lantern, which flashed its light in and out as we went winding and leaping from depth to depth, from peak to peak. I think nothing could happen in life which could make any human being who had looked out on this scene forget it. Presently we entered the snow-sheds. These were dreary, but could not wholly interrupt the grandeur. Fancy miles upon miles of covered bridge, with black and grimy snow-drifts, or else still blacker and grimier gutters of water, on each side the track (for the snow-sheds keep out only part of the snow); through the seams between the boards, sometimes through open spaces where boards have fallen, whirling glimpses of snow-drifts outside, of tops of trees, of tops of mountains, of bottoms of canyons, — this is snow-shed travelling. And there are thirty-nine miles of it on the Central Pacific Railroad. It was like being borne along half blindfolded through the upper air. I felt as if I knew how the Sierras might look to eagles flying over in haste, with their eyes fixed on the sun.

"Breakfast in a snow-shed this morning, ladies," said Frank, our chamber-maid. True; the snow-shed branched off like a mining gallery, widened, and took in the front of a little house, whose door was set wide open, and whose breakfast-bell was ringing as we jumped out of the cars. We walked up to the dining-room over icy rock. Through openings at each side, where the shed joined the house, we looked out upon fields of snow, and firs, and rocky peaks; but the sun shone like the sun of June, and we had not a sensation of chill. Could one be pardoned for remembering and saying that even at this supreme moment there was additional gladness from the fact that the trout also were warm, being on blazers? A good breakfast on blazers, in a snow-shed, seven thousand feet above the sea! But there was one man in the train (all honor to his line) who breakfasted on other fare than trout and canned apricots. Just as we were about to get off, I saw him come leaping into the snow-shed from a high snow-drift. He carried a big staff in his hand.

"Oh!" said I, "you have been off on the snow."

"Indeed, have I!" exclaimed he. "So far that I thought I should be left. And it 'bears' everywhere. I jumped on the 'crust' with all my weight."

Almost immediately we began to descend. In a few miles we had gone down three thousand feet, the brakes all the while holding us back, lest we should roll too fast. Flowers sprang up into sight, as if conjured by a miracle out of the ice; green spaces, too, and little branches, with trees and shrubs around them. The great American Canyon seemed to open its arms, finding us bold enough to enter. Its walls are two thousand feet high, and are rifted by other canyons running down, each with its tiny silver thread of water, till they are lost in the abysses of fir-trees below. The mining villages looked gay as gardens. Every shanty had vines and shrubs and flowers about it. On all the hillsides were long, narrow wooden troughs, full of running water, like miniature canals, but swift, like brooks. One fancied that the water had a golden gleam in it, left from the precious gold it had washed. Still down, down, out of snow into bloom, out of winter into spring, so suddenly that the winter and the spring seemed equally unreal, and we half looked for summer's grain and autumn's vintage, station by station. Nothing could have seemed too soon, too startling. We doubled Cape Horn, in the sunny weather, as gaily as if we had been on a light-boat's deck; but we were sitting, standing, clinging on the steps and platforms of a heavy railroad train, whose track bent at a sharp angle around a rocky wall which rose up hundreds of feet straight in the air, and reached down hundreds of feet into the green valley beneath.

A flaw in an inch of iron, and the train would be lying at the bottom of the wall, broken into fine bits. But, whirling around the perilous bend, one had only a sense of glee. After-thoughts give it another name.

We reached Colfax at noon of midsummer. According to all calendars, there had been months between our breakfast and our dinner. Men and boys ran up and down in the cars, offering us baskets of ripe strawberries and huge bunches of red, white, and pink roses. Gay placards, advertising circuses and concerts, were on the walls and fences of Colfax. Yellow stages stood ready to carry people over smooth, red roads, which were to be seen winding off in many ways. "Grass Valley," "You Bet," and "Little York" were three of the names. Summer, and slang, and history all beckoning.

Still down. The valleys widen to plains, the snow-topped mountains grow lower and dimmer and bluer, as they fall back into horizon lines. Our road runs through fields of grain and grass, wild oats wave almost up to the very rails, and the blue lupine and the yellow eschscholtzia make masses of solid blue and gold. The Sacramento Valley seems all astir with wind-mills, pumping up water for Sacramento vineyards. Sacramento is noisy,—hacks, hotels, daily papers, and all. "Casa Svizera" on a dingy, tumble-down building catches our eye as we are hurrying out of the city; it seems to suit the vineyards into which we go. A strong, cold wind blows; it is from the western sea. We climb again. Low, curving hills, lapping and overlapping, and making soft hollows of shade, begin to rise on either hand. We wind in among them, through great spaces of yellow, waving blossom—eschscholtzia, yellow lupine, and mustard by the acre. It seems as if California's hidden gold had grown impatient of darkness, and burst up into flower! Twilight finds us in a labyrinth of low, bare hills. They are higher, though, than they look, as we discover when we enter sharp cuts and climb up canyons; but their outlines are indescribably soft and gentle.

One thinks involuntarily of some of Beethoven's Adagios. The whole grand movement of the vast continent seems to have progressed with harmonies and successions akin to those of a symphony, and to end now with a few low, tender, gracious chords.

But the confusion of the Oaklands ferry-boat dissipates all such fancies. It seems an odd thing to cross over America — prairies, deserts, mountains — and then, after all, be ferried to the western edge of the continent.

But only so can we come to the city of San Francisco, — half an hour, at least, on a little steam-tug. It is dark, and it seems like any other steam-tug; but we have crossed the continent.

By our side in the jostling crowd are two brothers, searching for each other. They have not met for twenty years. How shall the boys (become men) know each other's faces? They do not. At last an accidental word, overheard, reveals them to each other.

I looked into the two faces. Singularly upright, sweet faces, both of them; faces that one would trust on sight, and love on knowledge. The brother that had journeyed from the East was my friend. The brother that stood waiting on the Western shore was his twin; but he looked at least twenty years the older man. There are spaces wider than lands can measure or the seas fill. This was the moment, after all, and this was the thing which will always live in my memory as significant of crossing a continent.

THE GEYSERS.

BY boat from San Francisco to Vallejo. By cars from Vallejo to Calistoga. By stage from Calistoga to the Geysers. This was the guide-book formula. It was to take an afternoon and a forenoon, and the night between was to be spent at Calistoga. But nothing was said in the advertisement about the loveliness of the sunset in the Golden Gated Bay, on which we were to sail to Vallejo. It was not mentioned that Mount Tamalpais would be yellow in mist on our left, and Mount Diablo purple in mist on our right, and that all the San Pablo shore would seem gently floating up and down, and back and forth, as we passed, like the edge of some enchanted country, on which no man might land; that the fortified islands in the bay would be so strangely touched and lit up by the level beams of the sinking sun that their bastions and towers would only seem as still further token of an enchanted country; and that, when, after an hour and a half of this, we reached the opening of the Napa Valley, we should be carried into the heart of the very kingdom of Ceres herself, — and on a festival year too, it seemed to us, as we looked out of the car-windows, and saw yellow grain and green vines stretching miles away on either hand, and interrupted at last only by a mountain wall, too high for the grain and vines to climb. "Surely, there can be no such other valley as this in California?" we said. "Oh, yes! much finer valleys than this," replied a statistical traveller at our side. "This is a small affair. Very pretty, very pretty. But the San Joaquin Valley is fifty miles wide and three hundred miles long! Contains eighteen million acres of land!" he added, maliciously, seeing our wide-open eyes.

Since that day we have journeyed in the San Joaquin Valley; have looked off over its boundless yellow seas of wheat; have come upon distant vista views of it, where it looks so like one great ocean line that no stranger would ever dream of its being land; but not all its vastness and richness can dim or dwarf the picture of beautiful, glowing, smiling Napa. The mountain ranges on each side of Napa Valley are green to the tops; but clear-cut against the sky, as if they were of bare rock. There is not a waste field, a barren spot in it. Tall oak trees, which spread and droop like elms, stand in all the vineyards and wheat-fields. It seems impossible to believe that they have not been grouped and placed; but they have simply been left where they were found. Each man has set his house in a park, and each village stands in a wooded domain.

It was dark when we reached Calistoga. "Free carriage for the Calistoga Springs Hotel," resounded all along the platform from an invisible point in the distance. It was only partly visible when we reached it and clambered in, and the road was not visible at all. Neither was the hotel fully visible when we were asked to enter it. It was the oddest, most twinkling of little starry spots; low, ambushed in trees, with a wide stoop thatched with great hemlock boughs, from which hung a lantern here and there. "No rooms in the hotel," the landlord said. This did not seem so strange to us next morning, when we learned that there were but two sleeping-rooms in it. "But he had reserved rooms for us in a cottage."

Out into the darkness, following a small boy, carrying two candles and a handful of matches, we went. The path wound and was narrow. Heavy odors of roses and honeysuckles came up on each side. If we stepped off to right or left, we were in soft grass. We passed dim shapes of pavilions and summer-houses and arbors. At last the boy swung open a little gate, and stepped up on the piazza of a house, whose door stood open. Striking a match on the heel of his boot, he lit our candles, and threw open the doors of our sleeping-rooms — two tiny closets, holding one bed, one window, one chair, one washstand. There were two more such closets opposite ours. These four made the cottage! No keys, no bolts! "How shall we get any thing we want? Is there any servant in this house?" said we.

The boy looked amazed. We were evidently new to the ways of California watering-places. "What would you like?" he said. "I'll bring it to you."

Thus pressed, we discovered that we really did not want any thing, except hot water; but it seemed eminently probable that we should want at least a dozen things as soon as the boy had vanished in the thick darkness, and we had no visible or invisible means of communication with him. In a few moments came another boy, guiding two more groping travellers into this dusky retreat. The doors were shut, all was still, save the delighted mosquitoes, to whom we were given over. It was a novel situation. How far were we from the hotel? Who were our opposite neighbors? No door could be fastened. Our one window must be open, or we should smother; but it seemed to be only two feet from the piazza floor and only one from the foot of our beds. However, as there was nothing else to be done, we went to sleep; and in the morning we only laughed at our fears. Eighteen of these picturesque little cottages stood in one circle around the hotel. The winding path, which had seemed so long in the darkness, was only a few rods long. Everybody was within sound of everybody else, and the cottages and the summer-houses and the arbors and the pavilions were all in full blossom — roses and honeysuckles and geraniums. It was simply a cluster of bed-rooms in a garden. The wide hemlock-thatched stoop of the hotel looked even more picturesque by daylight than it had done the night before. Why does it not enter into the heads of all landlords to do this thing? Then, when the summer heats are over, the hemlock boughs can be burnt up, the rough sapling pillars of the stoop taken down, and the sun let into the rooms. The dining-room of this little hotel was also very picturesque. The tables were small and arranged in two rows. High up over each table was swung an odd banner-like thing, made of strips of gay paper, with fringes of blue, red, yellow, green, and pink. All of these were connected together by a wire, and the whole affair could be moved by a cord in the kitchen, and swung slowly back and forth above the tables, to keep off flies and make a cool breeze. When it was in motion it made a very gay stir, like a fluttering of paroquets' wings.

The "Great Foss" stood in the door-way, and the Great Foss's horses stood outside; six of them harnessed to a three-seated open wagon. Who is the Great Foss? Ah! that is the question which pressed upon our minds when friends said and friends wrote and friends reiterated: "Be sure and drive with Foss. That is the great thing, after all, in the trip to the Geysers." All our cross-questioning failed to elicit any thing in regard to this modern Jehu, except the fact that he was in the habit of driving six horses at full gallop around a right-angled corner, and not upsetting his wagon. This seemed to us an equivocal recommendation of a driver on a very dangerous road. Nevertheless, we humbly entreated that we might take our full share of the delicious risk of broken legs and necks, and be able to come away saying that we too had gone at full gallop around right-angled corners of narrow roads, with the "daring champion reinsman of the world," as an enthusiastic writer has called Mr. Foss. With meek thankfulness we took our seats on the middle seat, the posts of greatest honor and danger, on the front seat, having been secured many days in advance, by telegraph, from a distant part of California. Such is the notoriety of Mr. Foss's driving, and so inexplicable are the desires of the human heart. But we soon forgot our disappointment as we drove out into the fresh morning beauty of the valley, — the same park-like fields of grain and grass and oak trees on each hand, and the beautiful mountain, St. Helen's, just rising above the gray mists. Soon the valley narrowed; the hills were covered with lower growths: no more oaks; farm-houses were wider apart. All things showed that we were drawing near the wilds. In solitary spots we came upon high posts with one cross arm, on which swung a mail-bag. With one dexterous stroke, and without reining up his horses, Mr. Foss would seize it, and send the exchange-bag whirling through the air. Then we would wheel suddenly into some farmyard; the six horses would gallop at full speed round a track in shape of a figure eight, and come to a sudden halt, like circus horses; then, while the horses were drinking water, all the men in the two wagons would disappear in the farm-house, at a mysterious signal from Foss. We knew what it meant only too well. This perpetual wayside tippling is one of the worst of California's bad habits. The extent of it would be simply incredible, except on actual observation.

Soon we begin to climb. The valley has disappeared. We are shut in by hills. We are toiling up hills. From each ascent we gain we can see only hills. All the fertile beauty has gone. Only low pines, manzanita, and greasewood bushes are to be seen. But the greasewood is in full white flower, and looks like a heath; and the ground is gay with low flowers — the Columbine, Pink Clarkia, by the rod; a Claytonia, with a tiny white star-shaped blossom, growing in great mats: a low Iris, yellow and white; Snap Dragons, yellow and blue, — all these, and many others which we do not know, make the stony and dusty ground bright. It is a marvel on what they are living; but they look content. Great thickets of the "California Lilac," purple and white, wave along the sides of the road, and as far up as we can see on the hillsides. It is pathetic to find it called "Lilac." I wonder if homesick miners did not name it so because the odor has a slight resemblance to that of the New England lilac. But its fine, feathery flower looks more like a clethra than like a lilac; and it has a long botanical name, which I forget. Ten miles of this long, winding climb, and we are at the summit of the mountain ridge, which we must cross to reach the Geyser Canyon.

From this summit is to be had what the guide-books call "one of the grandest views which the globe affords." I confess to an unconquerable indifference to this type of view. They seem to me singularly alike in all countries; just about so much sharp mountain-top that you can see, and just about so much more that you can't see, on account of mist; just about so much shining line of river or sea, and just about so much of pale blue at the horizon, which might be river, or sea, or mountain, or Chinese wall, or any thing else in or out of the universe, for all you can discover.

There is, of course, the one great suggestion and stimulus of unmeasured, almost immeasurable distance. This is good for conceit. Estimates are apt to adjust themselves in an hour of solitude on a mountain peak. But I think that true delight, true realization of the gracious, tender, unutterable beauty of earth and all created things are to be found in outlooks from lower points — vistas which shut more than they show, sweet and unexpected revealings in level places and valleys, secrets of near woods, and glories of every-day paths.

All this I said to myself as we whizzed down the other side of the mountain. I use the word "whizzed" without any forgetfulness of the fact that it is usually applied only to bullets and arrows. I have never journeyed on either of those vehicles, but I would unhesitatingly recommend one or other of them for the descent of this Pluton Canyon. The road is simply a succession of oxbows or letter S's in shape laid along the precipitous wall of the canyon. The turns are so sharp that you often lose sight of the leaders and of the heads of the chain-horses. The road is so narrow that in many places the outer wheels seem to be absolutely in line with the sheer wall below, and in no place does there seem to be more than six inches margin. Instead of a firm outer edge of stone, such as ought to support a road like this, there are many places where the road seems to be only a bank of gravel, which at every revolution of wheels on it shakes and sends down crumbling particles into the abyss below. Down this road, round these corners, on these rattling rims of gravel-banks we dashed at a run — two wagons full of mortal souls.

One thousand, two thousand feet below us, on our right hand, ran the Pluton River, over a rocky bed. Tall pines and firs and enormous boulders filled up the abyss, so that it looked black and terrible. If a bolt, a strap, a spoke had given way, as we turned one of those corners, wagons, people, all would have spun out into the air, as a child's top spins off when it first leaves the string. It was perilous ; it was reckless. But no sober sense can keep sober in such a descent ; it is only the afterthought which takes note of the foolhardiness. At the time we held our breaths, with quite as much delight as terror. Tops of trees were below our feet one minute, above our heads the next, and the next gone, left behind, and more trees dancing up in their places. Gigantic rocks, and gnarled roots, and fallen trees covered with moss, and trickling streams, and foaming cascades, and waving bushes of white blossoms, and great spaces of pink and scarlet and yellow flowers beneath, all seemed to be flying up the hill as fast as we were flying down. High on our left rose a wall, whose top we often could not see — sometimes solid rock, with tiny ferns and flowers clinging in crevices ; sometimes a heavily-wooded bank, with the roots of its great trees projecting, bare, and threatening to fall. I have forgotten how few minutes we were in reaching the bottom of the canyon. I only remember that it was a matter of boast that the descent had been made in so short a time ; and the fact that this can be a point of pride with drivers, that this kind of road can be looked on as a race-course, is more significant than any comment or any statistics of speed. Is there any other country except America where such a road and such driving would be permitted? In the famous Ampezzo Pass, in Italy, the road has to wind around a dolomite mountain nine thousand feet high, the Antelao. Three times the road crosses the walled front of that mountain. From the lowest road you can look up to the two above, and they look like mere lines on the rocky surface. From the uppermost road you look down straight into the valley below, and see no sign of the roads by which you have climbed, so sheer is the wall. But this road is at all points wide enough for two carriages to pass at full speed; and its outer edge is a thick wall of masonry and stone, at least a foot wide.

There is a little meadow in the bottom of the Pluton Canyon. It is just big enough to hold a small hotel and half a vegetable garden; the other half of the vegetable garden runs up hill in terraces. There is a little stable too, and a bit of white paling and one arched gateway, with the sign "To Geysers," and another with, "To Steam Bath;" and the whole thing looks so much as if it had set itself down there in spite of the canyon that it is as droll as it is picturesque. On the opposite side of the canyon is a great bare rift, — another small canyon splitting the side of the great one. It is bare and rocky and burnt looking; and steam curls up and down and out of it, and floats off in thin, weird shapes over the tall pine forests beyond.

It was just noon when we tumbled into the Pluton Canyon and landed at the Geysers' Hotel. There were a great many too many people, and nobody could be comfortable; by way of making things more uncomfortable still, the Dutch landlord ordered everybody to walk up the Geyser Canyon immediately after lunch.

One o'clock, a blazing sun overhead, bare, blistering rocks everywhere, and a boiling tea-kettle under foot at every step! We, having been forewarned that the time to see the Geysers in perfection is early in the morning, utterly refused to go. Dutch landlord was indignant.

"But the guide is going now. It is the time I send him up."

"But it is too hot, and we are tired; and there is much more steam when it is cooler. We will go this afternoon, or early in the morning."

"But I have not twenty-five servants to send when each one likes. I do not know you can have guide this evening, and there is not time to go after five o'clock."

"Very well. We simply shall not go now. We can return without seeing the Geysers at all, if you refuse us a guide."

Meekly the poor, tired throng filed out through the gateway, under the scorching sun. Only we two remained. How we laughed at the Dutchman's cross face, as he struck off into his vegatable garden! Climbing up terrace after terrace, and then one fence, we found a grassy bank, where we lay the whole afternoon, under shade of an oak, and watched the shapes of the hot steam curling and writhing up from the opposite canyon. A superb crested pheasant came and sat on a low bough, in full sight of us, and dressed his neck feathers, and called to somebody he knew. We picked twelve different kinds of wild flowers within a rod or two of our oak, and then we went down in the cool of the early twilight.

"We would like to go up to the Geysers in the morning. Will you send a guide up with us at half-past five?" said we.

"Yes," growled the Dutchman.

"Be so good as to have us called at quarter before five."

"Ugh!" replied the Dutchman.

At five we luckily waked up ourselves. At quarter-past five came a surly knock at the door.

"We are up," called we.

"Ugh!" said the Dutchman.

At half-past five we had just seated ourselves in the dining-room, when the Dutchman appeared.

"Time to start. Guide is waiting."

"But we must have something to eat. You did not call us at quarter to five, as you promised."

"Nobody is called at the Geysers before quarter-past five. One quarter-hour is enough for anybody to dress."

"It is impossible to dress in quarter of an hour."

"Then you should not haf come to the Geysers. It is military rule at Geysers."

Somebody speaks somewhere of before-breakfast courage. There is a before-breakfast temper too, I suppose, which is a good deal harder to keep than any other sort. What we said at this crisis in the conversation I would rather not tell; but the Dutchman said only "Ugh!" and, of course, a person who confines himself to that ejaculation can easily have the last word in any quarrel: there soon seems to remain so little to be said in reply to it. Even at this distance, however, there is satisfaction in saying of that Dutchman that he was the only ill-tempered, uncivil landlord we found in California, and that he keeps as bad a house as I ever found anywhere. But our little guide had a sunny face, the dew sparkled on every leaf as we set out, and in five minutes we were ashamed of ourselves for having had any feeling except pity for the poor cross man. The path led at once down into shady hollows, and across a stream at bottom of the Pluton Canyon; then out and up the other side, and in a few minutes we were at the entrance of the Geyser Canyon. What had looked to us the day before, from our hillside, like little more than a narrow rift in the opposite side of the valley proved to be a canyon of considerable width, with sharp sides twelve or fourteen hundred feet high.

It looked as if it had been built up of old refuse matter from foundries; as if for centuries men had sifted ashes and thrown out clinkers and bad coal and waste stones and junk and every conceivable sort of scorched metallic thing into this chasm; and as if several apothecaries' shops had burnt down there too, for there was a new color and worse odor at every other step. And the little guide, striking his cane or fingers into bank after bank, kept bringing forth crumbs and powders, and offering them to us to taste or smell, with "Here is pure alum;" "Here is epsom salts;" "Here is sulphur;" "Here is cinnabar;" "Here is soda;" till we felt as if we were in the wholesale drug-shop of the universe. Meantime, he skipped along from rock to rock like a chamois; and we followed on as best we might, through the hot steam, which came up hissing and fizzing out of every hole and from beneath every stone. A brook of hot water running swiftly over and among rocks; pools and cauldrons of hot water boiling and bubbling by dozens all around; black openings, most fearful of all, where no water can be seen, but from which roaring jets of steam come out, — this is the bottom of the Geyser Canyon. It is half a mile long, and up it, in it, back and forth across it, you go. You think you will plant your stick on the ground to steady yourself for a spring from one hot stone to another, and down goes your stick, — down, down into soft, smoking, sulphurous, gravelly sand, so far and so suddenly that you almost fall on your face. You draw the stick up and out, and a small column of hot steam follows it. Next you make a misstep, and involuntarily catch hold of a projecting point of rock with one hand. You let go as if it were fire itself. It does not absolutely blister you; but it is too hot to hold. Your foot slips an eighth of an inch out of the guide's footsteps, which you are following as carefully as if life and death depended on it, and you go in over shoes in water so hot that you scream and think you are scalded. You are not; but, if you had slipped a few inches further to right or to left, you would have been, for on each side inky-black water is boiling so that it bubbles aloud. All this while, besides the hissing and fizzing of the steam and boiling and bubbling of the water which you see, there is a deep violoncello undertone of boiling and bubbling and hissing and fizzing of water and steam which you do not see, which are deep down under your feet, — deep down to right of you, deep down to left of you, — making the very canyon

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itself throb and quiver. How thick the crust may be nobody knows. That it can be thick at all seems improbable when, prick it where you may, with ever so slender a stick, the hot steam rushes out.

"Why did it not all cave in yesterday?" and "Why does it not cave in this minute?" and "Oh! it will surely cave in to-morrow!" you exclaim, as you take your last leap out of it, and look back from a firm green bank above. There can be no uncannier place in this world, unless it be a volcano crater; and one does not in the least resent finding it sealed, signed, and stamped with the name of Satan. "Devil's Gristmill," "Devil's Inkstand," "Devil's Pulpit," "Devil's Apothecary Shop," "Devil's Tea-kettle" were among the names which the guide shouted back to us as he perched on some especially high rock or squatted over some particularly horrible hole.

It was bewildering to pass, by almost a single step, from scorching ashes, nauseous stenches, and blinding steam, into tangled and shady woods, fragrant with spice wood and bright with flowers, and to hear the guide calling out, in advance: "This is the Lover's Seat," the "Lover's Retreat." But so we returned to the hotel by a winding path over the upper slopes of the Pluton Canyon. As we struck down to its lower level, we came upon a few trickling streams of the same hot, sulphurous water. Yellow Gherardias were growing close on their edge, and the flowers were far larger and of a deeper tint than those which grew away from the water.

"We have enjoyed our visit to the Geysers very much. It is a most wonderful sight!" said we to the landlord. We were sorry for having quarrelled with him. "Ugh!" said the Dutchman.

HOLY CROSS VILLAGE AND MRS. POPE'S.

IT is put down on the maps as Santa Cruz; but why should I not speak my own language? No one of the old Padres who named the meadows and hills of this sweetest of seaside places could have lingered more tenderly on the sound of the soft "Santa" than I over the good and stronger word "Holy." And to none of them did it seem a fitter spot for a mission than it does to me. The old adobe buildings which the Padres built are crumbled and gone, and no man knows where the Padres sleep; but the communion of saints is never banished from an air it has once filled. Sacred for ever and everywhere on earth are the places whose first founders and builders were men who went simply to carry the news of their Christ and who sought no personal gain. Holy Cross Village is by the Pacific Sea, — close by the sea, a hundred miles or so to the south if you go from San Francisco. You can get there in a day. But it is better to take longer. It always is better to take longer going anywhere, — ways are so sure to be nicer than any places you set out to reach. The way to Holy Cross Village is delightful, if you go by San Jose and Santa Clara. First, an hour in the cars, running southward through the Santa Clara Valley, — parks and rich men's houses, wheat and oats, and windmills by dozens; then, just at sunset, San Jose, another of the sacred old mission towns. It lies low, between two mountain ranges. It is shady and straight and full of flowers. There are public gardens, with round tables under the trees, with little ponds, and boats, and targets, and jumping-boards, where it is evident that men and women frolic daily, after un-American fashion. There is a Chinese quarter; which is, in fact, only five steps from the main street, but is in atmosphere five thousand miles away. At the end of its one narrow lane stands a Joss House, — small, white, high, double-gabled in roof; a dolphin, tail up, for a steeple; a gigantic lady-bug and a lobster on the ridge-pole; square patches of bright colors, interspersed with cabalistic inscriptions, like an album missionary bedquilt, on the wall; steep stairs, climbing up outside the house; and a door opening into an airless little chapel, where a huge tureen full of the ashes of burnt prayers stands on a low altar. The prayers, rolled up in the shape of slender cigarettes, are stuck like lamp-lighters in a vase close by. In a small, windowless alcove at the end of the chapel we found the priest, sitting on the edge of his bed, scraping opium. The furniture of his bedroom consisted — besides the wickerwork bedstead, which had a thin roll of bedding at its head — of a teapot, two teacups, and a pipe. This was all. He looked happy. There are three fine public schoolhouses in San Jose, a handsome building for a normal school, and the most wonderful weeping-willows in the world. These are on General Negley's ground. Four of them make together a great dome of green, through which little light penetrates, into which you drive, and find yourself walled in on all sides by quivering, drooping willow wreaths, which, although they bend from a point some sixty or seventy feet up in the air, still trail on the ground. All this and more you will find out about San Jose before the sun sets, and then you will sleep at the Auzerais House, which is so good that one must be forgiven for calling it by name.

Early the next morning, a top seat on the stage for Santa Cruz; three miles to Santa Clara, — three miles on an absolutely straight, absolutely level road, walled with willows and poplars on each side. The old Padres set these out; most enduring of all memorials, most indisputable title-deed to the right of gratitude from generations.

From Santa Clara, twelve miles out to the Coast Range of mountains; twelve miles across the Santa Clara Valley. This road is also perfectly level; in the dust and heat of summer, intolerable; on the day we crossed it, clear and pleasant, and golden, too, as the wake of a cloud in a smooth yellow sky, for the whole valley was waving with yellow mustard. What the ox-eye daisy is to New England, the wild mustard is to these saints' valleys in California. But the mustard has and keeps right of way, as no plant could on the sparser New England soil. Literally acre after acre it covers, so that no spike nor spire of any other thing can lift its head. In full flower, it is gorgeous beyond words to describe or beyond color to paint. The petals are so small, and the flower swings on so fine and thread-like a stem, and the plant grows so rank and high, that the effect is of floating masses of golden globules in the air, as you look off through it, bringing the eye near and to its level; or, as you look down on it from a distance, it is a yellow surface, too undulating for gold, too solid for sea. There are wheat fields in the Santa Clara Valley, and farms with fruit-trees; but I recall the valley only as one long level of blazing, floating, yellow bloom.

The Coast Range Mountains rise gently from the valley; but the road enters abruptly upon them, and the change from the open sun and the vivid yellow of the valley to the shifting shadows of hills and the glistening darkness of redwood and madrone trees is very sharp. The road is like all the mountain roads in California, — dizzy, dangerous, delicious; flowers and ferns and vines and shrubs tangled to the very edges; towering trees above and towering trees below; a rocky wall close on one hand and a wooded abyss close on the other, and racing horses pulling you through between. "It is magnificent, but it is not driving." We stop for a bad dinner at a shanty house, which is walled and thatched with roses; and we make occasional stops to water at lonely little settlements, where the hills have broken apart and away from each other just enough to let a field or two lie and tempt a few souls up into their living grave. At all such spots the wistful, eager, homesick look on some of the faces wrung my heart. "Be you from the east?" said one man, as he brought out the water for the horses. He had a weak, tremulous, disappointed face. The pale blue eyes had lost all purpose, if they ever had it. "Oh, yes!" said we gayly. "From the other edge of the continent." And then we waited for the usual reply. "Well I wonder if you know my uncle, Mr. ——. He lives in New York." But no. "I *thought* so," was all the man said; but there was something indescribably pathetic in the emphasis and the falling inflection. Early in the afternoon we came out on a divide, a narrow ridge, wooded less thickly, and giving us glimpses of the ocean in the distance. When we reach the end of the seaward slope of this, we shall have crossed the Coast Range, and shall find our Holy Cross Village. A few miles this side of it, the driver says: —

"Now we're coming to the Hotel de Redwood. There it is."

And he points with his whip. All that can be seen on either hand is the same unbroken forest of majestic redwoods and pines and madrones through which we have been driving for miles.

"Get out, gentlemen, and take a drink," calls a feeble voice from a ragged man, taking the near leader by the head. "I am the proprietor of the Hotel de Redwood."

Then we see a small white sign nailed to the bark of one of the biggest trees: "Hotel de Redwood." The door is in the other side of the tree, furthest from the road. That is the reason we didn't see it; this is the kind of thing a moderate tree can be used for in this country of sizes too big to sort. It is not a hotel in which one would sleep, to be sure; but it is a hotel big enough for eight or ten people to stand at once in front of its little counter, where are for sale the ever-present and innumerable drinks of the country. One hollow tree for bar-room, one for shop, one for library, one for museum, one for bedroom of the proprietor — five hollow trees make the Hotel de Redwood. The library consists of six volumes; the museum of a live hairless South American dog, a dead California lion, and the head of a bear. The bedroom — I would rather not speak of the bedroom. I think the lion used to sleep in it, and the proprietor killed him for his bed.

"Can't you take me into town?" said the proprietor, looking wistfully at the driver.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Baker. Jump up. It's a light load to-day; but you must bring your violin, and play for us."

So the poor vagabond fellow sprang merrily up on the top of the stage; and we drove into the village to the tune of "The Traveller from Arkansas."

The village lies close to the sea. There are houses from which you can throw a stone to the beach. Then, a little higher up, is the business street, where shops and offices and one or two quaint, small inns, with pots of flowers all along their balconies, are set thick together, and contrive to look much wider awake than they are; then rise sudden, sharp terraces, — marking old water-levels, no doubt, — up which one ought to go by staircases, but up which one does climb wearily by winding roads and paths. On these terraces are the homes of Santa Cruz. Not a fine house, not a large house among them; but not a house without a garden, and hardly a house without such fuchsias, geraniums, and roses as would make a show to be sought after in any other country than this. Is it worth while, I wonder, to say to people who keep a couple of scarlet geraniums carefully in pots in their window, that in this village scarlet geraniums live out of doors all the year round, grow by dozens along fences, like currant-bushes, and stick out between the slats, great bits, and branches, that anybody may pick; that they stand plentifully at corners of houses, running up, like old lilac-trees, to the second-story windows; that a fuchsia will grow all over a piazza, and a white rosebush cover a small cottage, — walls, eaves, roof, — till nothing but the chimney is left in sight, coming out of a round bank of white and green?

Believe it who can, that has not seen it! In Holy Cross Village, to-day, are many scarlet geraniums and fuchsias and rose-bushes, of all colors, that can "witness if I lie."

Walking half a mile back — no, quarter of a mile back — from these terraces, you come to soft, round hills, with openings of meadow-stretches, fertile and rich as the prairie. Many of these are wooded heavily with redwoods and pines, madrones and buckeye. Through these woods wind delicious roads, rising out of damp, shadowy fern-and-flower-filled hollows, to broad, breezy openings, from which the sea is in full sight, and across which the delicious wind sweeps straight up from Monterey, or over from the mountains the other side of the bay.

Walking down from the terraces seaward, and then southward, you find marshy meadows, green and brown, through which the road-track is hardly defined. Flowers grow on each side, as bright and many as on the prairie. Presently, the road comes to an abrupt end, in a little grassy spot, divided only by a low, brushwood fence from a half-moon-shaped beach of white sand, between two high cliffs. The furthest cliff has a natural arch in it, many feet high, through which the sea beyond shows a half-circle of blue, set in yellowish white, looking like a great gate of sapphire, swinging slowly to and fro in an arched gateway of ivory. The nearer cliff is covered with curious plants of the cactus species, with yellow blossoms and red; and the rocks seem to be of a chalky nature, brilliantly veined with black and yellow and pale pink. At the base of the cliff, the same bright-veined rocks stretch out, in irregular and broken floors. As the high tide comes up over these, all the depressions are kept filled with water, and make beautiful aquaria, in which live limpets and muscles and anemones. Fine and rare seaweeds are strewn around their rims, and wave from their sides deep down in the water. The line of white surf breaks perpetually beyond, coming or going, — always a surf; retreating always with a kneeling face, turned to the cliff, as is the law of stately surfs on all seas, leaving the king's presence of their shores.

To go back to the village by another way, you strike across the marshy meadows, following for two miles or more a soft, grassy road, through flowers; then ascending a high plateau, on which are farms and here and there lime-kilns, with blazing fires, and glistening, white rock piled up by their sides. You are high up above the village, now; but woods shut it out of sight. You pass it, — go two miles beyond it; then turn, and come down to it by a wooded road on the steep side of a little canyon, through which a small river makes to the sea. A wild azalea grows in masses on this road, — azalea, whose flowers are white and pink and yellow all together. Down in the bottom of the canyon is a little green meadow oasis, where there are a few white houses and a powder-mill. The river turns, to make room for it, in such a sudden and exquisite curve that you think it is carrying it on one arm, as a woman carries a baby. As you come out of the woods, the broad sea flashes suddenly into full sight; and the village shows in shining bits here and there, like something the sea might have broken and thrown up. You see now that the terraces are not so high as they seem; and the village has little threads of lanes and streets, fringing off into the meadows in all directions. It is sunset: all Nature rings the Angelus; and you say in your heart, "God bless the village!"

"Mrs. Pope's" is a little house, where lucky strangers stay. It consists of three cottages and a quarter. In two of the cottages, the guests lodge, and take their meals in the cottage and a quarter. The furthest cottage of lodgings is an old one. It is, or ought to be, called the "Cottage of the Cloth of Gold Rose;" for, on one of its walls, grows a cloth of gold rose-tree (not bush), — a tree whose trunk lies flat against the side of the house, and reaches up to the eaves before it condescends to branch at all. Then it sends out arms to the right and to the left, and hides the whole length of the eaves, from corner to corner, with leaves and roses. The cottage is very low. The boughs and sprays hang half way to the ground. You can pick as many Cloth of Gold roses every day as you like; and nobody will miss them. The next cottage is new. It has only four rooms, a back door, a front door, a roof, and a little bit of piazza. From it, you go over a pine-plank path — a few seconds' walk — to the dining-room, in the "cottage and a quarter." From the piazza, you look into flower-beds, through which the path leads up from the gate to the house. Rose-bushes, six and seven feet high; roses, of all colors, and of the rarest kinds; heliotropes, geraniums, pinks; a huge datura in the centre, with blossoms ten inches long; an abutilon, high as the evergreen trees by its side, and so sturdy that the tame blackbird who scolds in the garden, early and late, for somebody to come and give him bread, can sit on the topmost boughs of it.

The "quarter" is two rooms, joined to the cottage by a little glass-fronted chamber, in which ferns are to grow. The outside door opens into the parlor, which is a low room, with an open fire-place, where, in spite of the Cloth of Gold roses, a wood fire will be blazing on andirons, night and morning, in July. There is a piano, a chintz-covered lounge, fantastic shell-work, and cone-work brackets in the corners, a low centre-lamp swung by a chain from the ceiling, and, on the round-table under it, the last "Old and New." Sixteen copies of "Old and New" are taken in Holy Cross Village. This is the result of the leaven left there by that brave, strong, but one ideaed woman, Eliza Farnham.

The farm on which she and her beloved friend, Georgia Bruce, toiled like men, and sowed and reaped and builded with their own hands, lies little more than a mile away from the town. Mrs. Farnham's house was burnt down, a short time ago; but another has been built on the same spot, and a son of "Tom" — who will be so well remembered by all who have read Mrs. Farnham's account of her California life — lives in it now, with his mother. The house stands in a lovely spot, on high ground, from which meadows slope gently to the sea-level, and then stretch away miles to the beach. When that adventurous woman broke ground for her house, no other house was in sight, except the Mission Building, and the little shanty in which she lived while her own house was going up. Now the Mission is used for a stable. The northern outskirts of the village lie in full sight, between her farm and the sea; and, to reach the sight of her house, you must pass a thickly wooded cemetery, in which there are many headstones. On the day that we were there, men were tossing hay in the beautiful, curving meadow hollows just before the house, — the same meadow where Mrs. Farnham sowed the first wheat which was sowed in Santa Cruz, and where Georgia Bruce spent whole days in planting potatoes. The air was almost heavy with the fragrance from the fresh hay, and from the thickets of azalea on the cemetery banks. The distant sea glittered like a burnished shield, to which the mountains on the other side of the bay were set like an opal rim. Hardship and struggle seem monstrous in such an atmosphere. There must have been an air of mockery to those toiling pioneers in the very smile of this transcendently lovely Nature. To want bread, to need shelter in such realms of luxuriance and warmth; to suffer, to die under such skies, — the heart resents and rejects the very thought with passionate disbelief. But such thoughts, such recollections, such struggle, are, after all, the needed shadow to a too vivid sun. Holy Cross Village is blessed of both, — blessed in its sparkling sea, its rainless sky, its limitless blossom; blessed also in the memory of Eliza Farnham, and the presence to-day of Georgia Bruce Kirby.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

IT is situated in Kearny, Dupont, Jackson, and Sacramento Streets, in the City of San Francisco. We traversed it one afternoon, and went to its chief theatre in the evening. Those who are unable to visit it in person, as we did, can learn just about as much by a careful and imaginative study of Chinese fans and the outsides of tea-chests. Never did an indefatigable nation so perpetuate faithful *fac-simile* of itself, its people, customs, and fashions as the Chinese do in the grotesque, high-colored, historical paper with which they line, cover, and wrap every article of their merchandise. When I first saw the living Chow Chong walking before me on Montgomery Street, in San Francisco, the sight had nothing novel in it. It was amusing to see him in motion; but as for his face, figure, and gait, I had known them since my infancy. In my seventh year, I possessed his portrait. It was done on rice-paper, and set in the lid of a box. Afterward, I had him on the outside of a paper of crackers, and fired him off to celebrate our superiority as a nation. I did not feel so sure of our superiority when I came to walk behind him. In the matter of shoes, he excels us. That the shoes look like junks rather than shoes, and that their navigation must be a difficult science, is very true; but the breadth of the sole is a secret of dignity and equilibrium, and has, I make no doubt, a great deal to do with Chow Chong's philosophical serenity of bearing. The general neatness and cleanliness of his attire, too, impressed me; also his Christian patience under the insulting and curious gaze of many strangers, who, like myself, had never before seen the embodied Chinese nation on foot of a morning. I followed him at a respectful distance; and he led me into the heart of his country. It lay, it seemed, within ten minutes' walk from my own hotel. As I looked up, and saw that the street was suddenly becoming like a street of Pekin, and that the trades of Hong Kong, Canton, and their suburbs were buzzing on either hand of me, a rather late caution led me to pause, and ask whether it might not be unsafe for me to go further.

"Not at all, madam; not at all," said the short policeman to whom I spoke. "At this hour of the day, you can go with perfect safety through all these streets."

"But I would not advise you to let them see you taking notes, however," he added, glancing at my notebook. "They are suspicious."

"They have been so hardly treated, it is no wonder," replied I.

"That's so, ma'am," answered the policeman, as he walked on. He was a very short policeman. I observed it, because I intended to mention him; and I regretted that he was not tall. I have been impressed with the fact that good writers, in giving accounts of city experiences, invariably meet a tall policeman.

In spite of my policeman, however, or perhaps because he was so short, I did take notes; and no harm came of it. The men of China looked at me, observantly; now and then, they exchanged significant glances with each other. One or two tried to peep over my shoulder; but, seeing that I was not drawing pictures of them, they took no more interest in my proceedings. I looked up into their faces and smiled, and said: "I never saw Chinese shops before. Very good, very good." And they laughed, and moved on, — no doubt inwardly moved with compassion for my ignorance.

Now and then, a woman would brush by me, turn half round, and give me a quick look of such contempt that I winced a little. Judged by her standard, I must sink very low, indeed. She herself did not venture to walk thus, in open daylight among her countrymen, until she had lost all sense of decency, as her race hold it. What must I be, then, — a white woman, who had not come to buy, but simply to look at, to lift, to taste, or to smell the extraordinary commodities offered for sale in the empire? No wonder she despised me! I avenge myself by describing her hair. It was all drawn back from her forehead, twisted tight from the nape of the neck to the crown of the head, stiffened with glue, glistening with oil, and made into four huge double wings, which stood out beyond her ears on either side. It looked a little like two gigantic black satin bats, pinned to the back of her head, or still more like a windmill gone into mourning. Never, no never! not even on the heads of peasant women in the German provinces, was there seen any thing so hideous, so grotesque. A huge silver or gilt dart is pinned across these shining black flaps, which look no more like hair than they do like sheet-iron, — nor so much, for that matter. Then comes a straight, narrow band of shining black cambric, an inch wide, tight around her yellow neck; and from that falls a loose, shapeless garment of black cambric, — a sort of cross between a domino and a night-shirt; then straight, bagging, flapping sleeves down to her knuckles; then straight, bagging, flapping blue trowsers, down to her ankles; then queer black, junk-like shoes, turned up at the toes, and slipping off at the heel at every step, — there she is, the Chinese woman of Dupont or Kearny Street to-day? Could she be uglier? And her children are like unto her, only a few inches shorter, — that is all; and, when they go by, hand-in-hand, there is something pathetic in the monstrosity of them. But pass on, sister! In the sunless recesses of Quong Tuck Lane, I trust thou hast had many a laugh with thy comrades over the gown and hat I wore on Dupont Street that day.

Sing, Wo, & Co. keep one of the most picturesque shops on Jackson Street. It is neither grocer's, nor butcher's, nor fishmonger's, nor druggist's; but a little of all four. It is, like most of the shops on Jackson Street, part cellar, part cellar-stairs, part sidewalk, and part back bedroom. On the sidewalk are platters of innumerable sorts of little fishes, — little silvery fishes; little yellow fishes, with whiskers; little snaky fishes; round, flat fishes, little slices of big fishes, — never too much or too many of any kind. Sparing and thrifty dealers, as well as sparing and thrifty consumers, are the Celestials. Round tubs of sprouted beans; platters of square cakes of something whose consistency was like Dutch cheese, whose color was vivid yellow, like bakers' gingerbread, and whose tops were stamped with mysterious letters; long roots, as long as the longest parsnips, but glistening white, like polished turnips; cherries, tied up in stingy little bunches of ten or twelve, and swung in all the nooks; small bunches of all conceivable green things, from celery down to timothy grass, tied tight and wedged into corners, or swung over head; dried herbs, in dim recesses; pressed chickens, on shelves (these were the most remarkable things. They were semi-transparent, thin, skinny, and yellow, and looked almost more like huge, flattened grasshoppers than like chickens; but chickens they were, and no mistake). — all these were on the trays, on the sidewalk, and on the cellar-stairs. In the back bedroom were Mrs. Sing and Mrs. Wo, with several little Sings or Woes. It was too dark to see what they were doing; for the only light came from the open front of the shop, which seemed to run back like a cave in a hill. On shelves on the sides were tea-cups and tea-pots, and plates of fantastic shapes and gay colors. Sing and Wo were most courteous: but their interest centred entirely on sales; and I could learn but one fact from them, in regard to any of their goods. It was either "Muchee good. Englis man muchee like;" or else, "China man like; Englis man no like." Why should I wish to know any thing further than that some articles would be agreeable to "Englis man's" palate, and others would not? This must be enough to regulate my purchases. But I shall always wish I knew how those chickens were fattened, and what the vivid yellow cakes were made of.

But I stop too long with Sing, Wo, & Co. The street is lined on either hand with shops just as fantastic and commodities just as unheard of, — " Ty, Wing, & Co.," for instance, who have mysterious, tight-shut doors and red and yellow printed labels on their window-panes, but not an article of merchandise anywhere to be seen. Inside, only darkness and dust and cobwebs, and two Chinese women eating something out of a bowl with chopsticks, — one bowl, resting on all four of their knees, pressed tight together, and the four chopsticks flying like shuttle-cocks, back and forth between their mouths and the bowl. This was all that two eager eyes, peering into the windows, could see. Then comes " Miss Flynn, milliner." Adventurous Irishwoman, to set up her shop in the heart of this Chinese Empire, — the only foreigner on the street. Then comes a druggist, " Chick Kee " by name. Over his door is stretched a scarlet banner, with long tassels at the corners. Peacocks' feathers and great, plume-like bunches of fringed blue and yellow and green papers are nodding above the banner. Up and down on each side, in long, narrow stripes, is printed his sign. It is marvellously gay, having all the colors of the banner and the feathers and the papers in it; but the only thing in his window is a flat and shallow basket, with some dusty bits of old dried roots in it. They look as old as forgotten flag-root from Cotton Mather's meeting-house. Chick Kee sits on his empty counter, smoking as tranquilly as if everybody had died or got well, and he had left off buying drugs. Tuck Wo keeps a restaurant, near by. It is in a cellar; and I dare not go down. But I see from above four iron pots, boiling on little three-legged furnaces; tea-cups and saucers, on shelves in corners; and great plates of rolls of the fatal nut, ready to be chewed; also a square cake, of the vivid yellow. I despise myself for being afraid to taste that cake; but I am. It looks so like bar-soap, half saleratus, or saleratus-gingerbread, half soap.

"Moo, On, & Co." come next. Their shop is full, crowded full, — bags, bundles, casks, shelves, piles, bunches of utterly nondescript articles. It sounds like an absurd exaggeration, but it is literally true, that the only articles in his shop which I ever saw before are bottles. There are a few of those; but the purpose, use, or meaning of every other article is utterly unknown to me. There are things that look like games, like toys, like lamps, like idols, like utensils of lost trades, like relics of lost tribes, like — well, like a pawnbroker's stock, just brought from some other world! That comes nearest to it. "Moo, On, & Co." have apparently gone back for more. Nobody is in the shop; the door is wide open. I wait and wait, hoping that some one will come along who can speak English, and of whom I may ask what this extraordinary show means. Timidly I touch a fluttering bit, which hangs outside. It is not paper; it is not cloth; it is not woollen, silk, nor straw; it is not leather; it is not cobweb; it is not alive; it is not dead: it crisps and curls at my touch; it waves backward, though no air blows it. A sort of horror seizes me. It may be a piece of an ancestor of Moo's, doing ghostly duty at his shop-door. I hasten on, and half fancy that it is behind me, as I halt before Dr. Li Po Tai's door. His promises to cure, diplomas, and so forth, are printed in gay-colored strips of labels on each side. Six bright balloons swing overhead; and peacocks' feathers are stuck into the balloons. I have heard that Dr. Li Po Tai is a learned man, and works cures. His balloons are certainly very brilliant. Then comes a tailor, name unknown, sitting on the sidewalk, at work. Then an aristocratic boot-black, with a fantastic, gay-colored awning set up over the insignia of his calling. Then, drollest of all, an old, old woman, mending a Chinese toga. I call it a toga, because I do not know the Chinese name for it; and it is no more unlike a toga than it is unlike a coat. The old lady sits on a low stool, with half a dozen boxes of patches around her, all scrupulously sorted, according to color and fabric; an old, battered box of buttons, too, and thread at her feet, — the very ideal of a housewife at large; mender to a race! Every now and then, she chants a few words, in a low voice, to which nobody seems to listen. I suppose it is Chinese for "Here's your warm patches," "Trowsers sewed up here;" or, if there is such a thing in the Chinese Empire as a constitution, and if they have a Woman's Rights party, perhaps some wag has taught her to call. "Here's your Sixteenth Amendment." That is what first came into my head, as I looked at the poor, wrinkled, forlorn old creature, sewing away on the hopelessly ragged garment.

Then comes a corner stand, with glass cases of candles. Almond candy, with grains of rice thick on the top; little bowls of pickles, pears, and peppers; platters of odd-shaped nuts; and beans baked black as coffee. As I stand looking curiously at these, a well-dressed Chinaman pauses before me, and, making a gesture with his hand toward the stand, says: "All muchee good. Buy eat. Muchee good." Hung Wung, the proprietor, is kindled to hospitality by this, and repeats the words: "Yaas, muchee good. Take, eat," offering me, with the word, the bowl of peppers.

Next comes a very gay restaurant, the best in the Empire. "Hang Fee, Low & Co." keep it, and foreigners go there to drink tea. There is a green railed balcony across the front, swinging full of high-colored lanterns, round and square; tablets with Chinese letters on bright grounds are set in panels on the walls; a huge rhinoceros stands in the centre of the railing; a tree grows out of the rhinoceros's back, and an India-rubber man sits at foot of the tree. China figures and green bushes in flower-pots are ranged all along the railing. Nowhere except in the Chinese Empire can there be seen such another gaudy, grotesque house-front. We make an appointment on the spot to take some of Hang Fee's tea, on our way to the Chinese Theatre, the next evening; and then we hurry home, past dozens more of just such grotesque shops as these, past finer and more showy shops, filled with just such Japanese and Chinese goods as we can buy on Broadway in New York; past dark lanes, so narrow that two might shake hands from opposite windows; so black that one fancies the walls are made of charcoal; so alive with shiny black Chinese heads and shiny yellow Chinese faces that one thinks involuntarily of a swarm of Spanish flies; then round a corner, and presto! there we are in America again,—on Montgomery street, which might be Broadway, for all that there is distinctive in its shops or its crowd of people. We turn back in bewilderment, and retrace our steps a little way into the Empire again, to make sure that it was not a dream! No. There are the lanterns, the peacock feathers, the rhinoceros; and there is Dr. Li Po Tai himself, in a damask dressing-gown, embossed with birds of paradise and palm-trees, bowing out a well-dressed Caucasian of our own species from his door. To complete the confusion, the Caucasian steps nimbly into a yellow horse-car, which at that instant chances to be passing Dr. Li Po Tai's door; and we float back again, side by side in the crowd with a Chinese man-washerwoman, round the corner, into Montgomery street.

After all, we did not take tea at Hang Fee's, on our way to the theatre. There was not time. As it was, we were late; and when we entered the orchestra had begun to play. Orchestra! It is necessary to use that name, I suppose, in speaking of a body of men with instruments, who are seated on a stage, furnishing what is called music for a theatrical performance. But it is a term calculated to mislead in this instance. Fancy one frog-pond, one Sunday school with pumpkin whistles, one militia training, and two gongs for supper, on a Fall River boat, all at once, and you will have some faint idea of the indescribable noise which saluted our ears on entering that theatre. To say that we were deafened is nothing. The hideous hubbub of din seemed to overleap and transcend all laws and spheres of sound. It was so loud we could not see; it was so loud we could not breathe; it was so loud there didn't seem to be any room to sit down! The theatre was small and low and dark. The pit and greater part of the gallery were filled with Chinamen, all smoking. One corner of the gallery was set apart for women. That was full, also, with Chinese women. Every woman's hair was dressed in the manner I have described. The bat-like flaps projected so far on each side of each head that each woman seemed almost to be joined to her neighbors by a cartilaginous band; and, as they sat almost motionless, this effect was heightened. The stage had no pretence of scenery. It was hung with gay banners and mysterious labels. Tall plumes of peacock's feathers in the corners and some irregularly placed chairs were all the furniture. The orchestra sat in chairs, at the back of the stage. Some of them smoked in the intervals, some drank tea. A little boy who drummed went out when he felt like it; and the fellow with the biggest gong had evidently no plan of operations at all, except to gong as long as his arms could bear it, then rest a minute, and then gong again. "Oh! well," said we, as we wedged and squeezed through the narrow passage-way which led to our box, "it will only last a few minutes. We shall not entirely lose our hearing." Fatal delusion! It never stopped. The actors came out; the play began; the play went on; still the hideous hubbub of din continued, and was made unspeakably more hideous by the voices of the actors, which were raised to the shrillest falsetto to surmount the noise, and which sounded like nothing in Nature except the voices of frantic cats.

This appears preposterous. Almost I fear I shall not be believed. But I will leave it to any jury of twelve who have been to the Chinese Theatre if it be possible for language even to approach a true description of the horribleness of the noises heard on its stage. What may be the sounds of the Chinese language, as spoken in ordinary life, I cannot judge. But, as intoned in the theatrical screech, with the constant undertone and overtone of the gongs and drums, it is incredibly like caterwauling. Throw in a few "ch"s and "ts"s into the common caterwaul of the midnight cat, and you have the highest art of the Chinese stage, so far as it can be judged of simply by sound. We have amused ourselves by practising it, by writing it; and each experiment has but confirmed our impression of the wonderful similarity. At first, in spite of the deafening loudness of the din, it is ludicrous beyond conception. To see these superbly dressed Chinese creatures, — every one of them as perfectly and exquisitely dressed as the finest figures on their satin fans or rice-paper pictures, and looking exactly like them, — to see these creatures strutting and sailing and sweeping and bowing and bending, beating their breasts and tearing their beards, gesticulating and rushing about in an utterly incomprehensible play, with caterwauling screams issuing from their mouths, is for a few minutes so droll that you laugh till the tears run, and think you will go to the Chinese Theatre every night as long as you stay in San Francisco. I said so to the friend who had politely gone with me. He had been to the performance before. He smiled pityingly, and yawned behind his hand. At the end of half an hour, I whispered: "Twice a week will do." In fifteen minutes more, I said: "I think we will go out now. I can't endure this racket another minute. But, nevertheless, I shall come once more, with an interpreter. I must and will know what all this mummery means."

The friend smiled again incredulously. But we did go again, with an interpreter; and the drollest thing of all was to find out how very little all the caterwauling and rushing and bending and bowling and sweeping and strutting really meant. The difficulty of getting an interpreter, was another interesting feature in the occasion. A lady, who had formerly been a missionary in China, had promised to go with us; and, as even she was not sure of being able to understand Chinese caterwauled, she proposed to take one of the boys from the missionary school, to interpret to her before she interpreted to us. So we drove to the school. Mrs. ——— went in. The time seemed very long that we waited. At last she came back, looking both amused and vexed, to report that not one of those intelligent Christian Chinees would leave his studies that evening to go to the theatre.

"I suppose it is an old story to them," said I.

"Not at all," said she. "On the contrary, hardly a boy there has been inside the theatre. But they cannot bear to lose a minute from their lessons. Mr. Loomis really urged some of them; but it was of no use."

In a grocery shop on Kearny street, however, we found a clever young man, less absorbed in learning; and he went with us as interpreter. Again the same hideous din; the same clouds of smoke; the same hubbub of caterwauling. But the *dramatis personæ* were few. Luckily for us, our first lesson in the Chinese drama was to be a simple one. And here I pause, considering whether my account of this play will be believed. This is the traveller's great perplexity. The incredible things are always the only things worth telling; but is it best to tell them?

The actors in this play were three,—a lady of rank, her son, and her man cook. The play opened with a soliloquy by the lady. She is sitting alone, sewing. Her husband has gone to America; he did not bid her farewell. Her only son is at school. She is sad and lonely. She weeps.

Enter boy. He asks if dinner is ready.

Enter cook. Cook says it is not time. Boy says he wants dinner. Cook says he shall not have it. This takes fifteen minutes.

Mother examines boy on his lessons. Boy does not know them; tries to peep. Mother reproves; makes boy kneel; prepares to whip; whips. Mother weeps. Boy catches flies on the floor; bites her finger.

Enter cook to see what the noise means. Cook takes boy to task. Boy stops his ears. Cook bawls. Cook kneels to lady; reproves her also; tells her she must keep her own temper, if she would train her boy.

Lady sulks, naturally. Boy slips behind and cuts her work out of her embroidery frame. Cook attacks boy. Cook sings a lament, and goes out to attend to dinner; but returns in frantic distress. During his absence every thing has boiled over; every thing has been burned to a crisp. Dinner is ruined. Cook now reconciles mother and son; drags son to his knees; makes him repeat words of supplication. While he does this, cook turns his back to the audience, takes off his beard carefully, lays it on the floor, while he drinks a cup full of tea. Exit all, happy and smiling.

This is all, literally all! It took an hour and a half. The audience listened with intensest interest. The gesticulations, the expressions of face, the tones of the actors all conveyed the idea of the deepest tragedy. Except for our interpreter, I should have taken the cook for a soothsayer, priest, a highwayman and murderer, alternately. I should have supposed that all the dangers, hopes, fears, delights possible in the lives of three human beings were going on on that stage. Now we saw how very far-fetched and preposterous had probably been our theories of the play we had seen before, we having constructed a most brilliant plot from our interpretation of the pantomine.

After this domestic drama came a fierce spectacular play, too absurd to be described, in which nations went to war because a king's monkey had been killed. And the kings and their armies marched in at one door and out at the other, sat on gilt thrones, fought with gilt swords, tumbled each other head over heels with as much vigor and just about as much art as small boys play the battle of Bunker Hill with the nursery chairs on a rainy day. But the dresses of these warlike monarchs were gorgeous and fantastic beyond description. Long, gay-colored robes, blazoned and blazing with gold and silver embroidery; small flags, two on each side, stuck in at their shoulders, and projecting behind; helmets, square breastplates of shining stones, and such decorations with feathers as pass belief. Several of them had behind each ear a long, slender bird of Paradise feather. These feathers reached out at least three feet behind, and curved and swayed with each step the man took. When three or four of these were on the stage together, marching and countermarching, wrestling, fighting, and tumbling, why these tail-feathers did not break, did not become entangled with each other, no mortal can divine. Others had huge wings of silver filagree work behind their ears. These also swayed and flapped at each step.

Sometimes there would be forty or fifty of these nondescript creatures on the stage at once, running, gesticulating, attacking, retreating, howling, bowing, bending, tripping each other up, stalking, strutting, and all the while caterwauling, and all the while the drums beating, the gongs ringing, and the stringed instruments and the castanets and the fifes playing. It was dazzling as a gigantic kaleidoscope and deafening as a cotton-mill. After the plays came wonderful tumbling and somersaulting. To see such gymnastic feats performed by men in long damask night-gowns and with wide trousers is uncommonly droll. This is really the best thing at the Chinese Theatre, — the only thing, in fact, which is not incomprehensibly childish.

My last glimpse of the Chinese Empire was in Mr. Loomis's Sunday school. I had curiosity to see the faces of the boys who had refused our invitation to the theatre. As soon as I entered the room, I was asked to take charge of a class. In vain I demurred and refused.

"You surely can hear them read a chapter in the New Testament."

It seemed inhuman as well as unchristian to refuse, for there were several classes without teachers, — many good San Franciscans having gone into the country. There were the eager yellow faces watching for my reply. So I sat down in a pew with three Chinese young men on my right hand, two on my left, and four in the pew in front, all with English and Chinese Testaments in their hands. The lesson for the day was the fifteenth chapter of Matthew. They read slowly, but with greater accuracy of emphasis and pronunciation than I expected. Their patience and eagerness in trying to correct a mispronunciation were touching. At last came the end of the chapter.

"Now do you go on to the next chapter?" said I.

"No. Arx-play-in," said the brightest of the boys. "You arx-play-in what we rade to you."

I wished the floor of that Sunday-school chapel would open and swallow me up. To expound the fifteenth of Matthew at all, above all to expound it in English which those poor souls could understand! In despair I glanced at the clock, — it lacked thirty minutes of the end of school; at the other teachers, — they were all glibly expounding. Guiltily, I said: "Very well. Begin and read the chapter over again, very slowly; and when you come to any word you do not understand tell me, and I will try to explain it to you."

Their countenances fell. This was not the way they usually had been taught. But, with the meekness of a down-trodden people, they obeyed. It worked even better than I had hoped. Poor souls! they probably did not understand enough to select the words which perplexed them. They trudged patiently through their verses again, without question. But my Charybdis was near. The sixth verse came to the brightest boy. As he read, "Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition," he paused after the word tradition. I trembled.

"Arx-play-in trardition!" he said.

"What?" said I, feebly, to gain a second's more of time. "What word did you say?"

"Trardition!" he persisted. "What are trardition? Arx-play-in!"

What I said I do not know. Probably I should not tell if I did. But I am very sure that never in all my life have I found myself and never in all the rest of my life shall I find myself in so utterly desperate a dilemma as I was then, with those patient, earnest, oblique eyes fixed on me, and the gentle Chinese voice reiterating, "What are trardition?"

SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEN I first stepped out of the door of the Occidental Hotel, on Montgomery street, in San Francisco, I looked up and down in disappointment.

"Is this all?" I exclaimed. "It is New York, — a little lower of story, narrower of street, and stiller, perhaps. Have I crossed a continent only to land in Lower Broadway on a dull day?"

I looked into the shop-windows. The identical hats, collars, neckties for men, the identical tortoise-shell and gold ear-rings for women, which I had left behind on the corners of Canal and Broome streets, stared me in the face. Eager hack-drivers, whip-handles in air, accosted me, — all brothers of the man who drove me to the Erie Railroad station, on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, ten days before.

"What do you ask an hour?" said I.

"Three dollars," said they all.

"Three dollars!" echoed I, in astonishment. But I jumped in, glad of any sensation of novelty, even so high-priced a one, and said: —

"Show me all you can of your city in an hour."

Presto. In one minute we had turned a sharp corner, left the dull shops behind, and plunged into scenes unfamiliar enough. I no longer wondered at the dearness of the driving. The street was as steep as the street of an Alpine village. Men and women walking up its sidewalks were bowed over, as if nobody were less than ninety. Those walking down had their bodies slanted back and their knees projecting in front, as people come down mountains. The horses went at a fast walk, almost a trot. On corners, the driver reined them up, turned them at a sharp angle, and stopped them to breathe a minute.

The houses were small, wooden, light-colored, picturesque. Hardly any two were of the same height, same style, or tint. High steps ran up to the front doors. In many instances, when the house was built very much up-hill, the outside stair-case curved and wound, to make the climb easier. Each house had a little yard. Many had small square gardens. Every nook and cranny and corner that could hold a flower did. Roses and geraniums and fuchsias, all in full blossom, — callas, growing rank and high, and evidently held in no great esteem, — set, great thickets of them, under stairways and behind gates. Again and again I saw clumps which had dozens of the regal alabaster cups waving among their green pennons four feet high. Ivy geraniums clambered all over railings and flowered at every twist. Acacias and palms, and many of the rare tropical trees which we are used to seeing in conservatories at the East, were growing luxuriantly in these glittering little door-yards. Some of the houses were almost incredibly small, square, one story high, with a door in the middle, between two small windows. Their queer flat roofs and winding ladders of steps in front, with gay flowers all around, made you feel as if some fanciful and artistic babies must have run away and gone to housekeeping in a stolen box. Others were two stories high, or even two and a half, with pretty little dormer or balconied windows jutting out in the second story; but there were none large, none in the least elegant, all of wood, painted in light shades of buff, yellow or brown, the yellow predominating; all with more or less carved work about the eaves, window-tops, and doors, and all bright with flowers. In many of the gardens stood a maid-servant, watering the plants with a hose. Not one drop of rain had these gay little parterres had for a month ; not a drop would they have for three months to come. These were evidently the homes of the comfortable middle class of San Francisco. I am a little ashamed of having forgotten the names of these streets. There were several streets of this sort; but who wishes to find them must take his chance, as I did. There are horse-cars that run through two or three of them, up and down such grades as I never saw horse-cars on elsewhere.

Then there are broader streets running along these hills; a street taking its up-hill widthwise, which has a curious effect in the steepest places. Some of these streets are full of shops. I think they are the Bowery and Sixth Avenue of San Francisco. Others, higher up, are chiefly filled with dwelling-houses, — many of them very handsome, with large gardens; some with what might almost be called grounds about them; and all commanding superb views of the bay and the part of the city lying below. It is odd to stand on the corner of a street and look off over chimneys of houses only two streets off; but you do it constantly among the ups and downs of San Francisco, — in many of the streets, in fact in all of them. You see also the most ludicrous propinquities of incongruous homes. For instance, "Wang Fo" takes in washing, in a shed, next door to a large and handsome house, with palm-trees and roses growing thickly on all sides of it. The incongruities of base-line are still more startling. One man, who builds on a bit of hill — and no man builds on any thing else — cuts it down, before he begins, to something like the level of his neighbor's house. But the next man who comes along, having no prejudice against stairs, sets his house on the very top of the pinnacle, and climbs up forty steps to his front door.

I ought to have said that it was going away from the sea that I found these streets. Going seaward, and bearing to the south, you find still sharper hills, still more picturesque streets. To reach them, you have to go through whole tracts of business streets, ordinary and shabby houses; but, once there, you understand why it should be the West End of San Francisco.

The names of these streets also I forget; but how can it matter? They lie on and along crags, not hills. Strangers coming to live there are warned by physicians not to walk to their houses by the steepest way. There are many instances of heart disease in San Francisco, brought on by walking too perpetually up and down steep places. Many of the houses on these highest seaward streets are handsome, and have pleasant grounds about them. But they are not so distinctively and peculiarly picturesque and sunny and homelike as the cheaper little flower-fronted houses on the other side of the city. And, going only a few steps further seaward, you come to or you look down on crowded lanes, of dingy, tumbling, forlorn buildings, which seem as if they must be for ever slipping into the water. As you look up at the city from the harbor, this is the most noticeable thing. The hills rise so sharply and the houses are set on them at such incredible angles that it wouldn't surprise you, any day when you are watching it, to see the city slide down whole streets at a time. If San Francisco had known that it was to be a city, and if (poor, luckless place that it is, spite of all its luck) it had not burnt down almost faster than it could build up, it might have set on its myriad hills a city which the world could hardly equal. But, as it is, it is hopelessly crowded and mixed, and can never look from the water like any thing but a toppling town.

But nothing can mar the beauty of its outlying circles of hills. The bay chose well its stopping-place. They curve and lap and arch and stretch and sink, as if at some time the very sands had been instinct with joy and invitation and passion and rest. Who knows the spells of shores, the secrets of seas? Surely the difference between stern, frowning, inaccessible cliffs, against which waters dash, but cannot prevail, and soft, wooing beaches, up which waves sweep far as they like, is not an insignificant fact in Nature. Does anybody believe that, if the Pilgrims had landed where Father Junipero Serra's missionaries did, witches would have been burnt in the San Joaquin Valley? Or that if gold strewed the ground to-day from Cape Cod to Berkshire, a Massachusetts man would ever spend it like a Californian? This is the key-note to much which the expectation and prophecy about California seem to me to overlook. I believe that the lasting power, the true culture, the best, most roundest result — physical, moral, mental, — of our national future will not spring on the Western shore, any more than on the Eastern. It lies to-day like a royal heir, hidden in secret, crowned with jewels, dowered with gold and silver, nurtured on strengths of the upper airs of the Sierras, biding the day when two peoples, meeting midway on the continent, shall establish the true centre and the complete life.

It takes one hundred pages of Bancroft's "Guide-book" to instruct strangers what to see in San Francisco and how to see it, — one hundred pages full of hotels, markets, meeting-houses, car-routes, museums, menageries, public schools, asylums, hospitals, foundries, mills, gas-works, private residences, and hack regulations. All these appear to do very well in their way, but to be singularly devoid of interest to any but the most business-like of travellers. The population of the city is about one hundred and fifty thousand; and this is all I know about San Francisco, considered from a statistical point of view. The hotels, I might add, have been so much injured by being called the best in the world that they are now decidedly poor. There is in the whole city but one hotel on the European plan, — which is the only endurable plan, — and this hotel is not more than a third or fourth-rate house.

There are two things to do in San Francisco (besides going to the Chinese theatre). One is to drive out of the city, and the other is to sail away from it. If you drive, you drive out to the Cliff House, to breakfast on the sight of seals. If you sail, you sail around the harbor, and feast on the sight of most picturesque islands. Alcatraz, Goat, and Angel islands are all fortified and garrisoned. If you are fortunate enough to go in a Government steamer, on a fort reception day, you land on these little islands, climb up their winding paths to the sound of band playing, and are welcomed to sunny piazzas and blooming gardens, with that ready cordiality of which army people know the secret. The islands are cliff-like; and the paths wind up steep grades, coming out on the plateau above. You see an effect which is picture-like. The green sward seems to meet the blue sea-line; piles of cannon-balls glisten on corners; the officers' cottages are surrounded by gardens: the broad piazzas are shady with roses; the soldiers' quarters are in straight lines or hollow squares; the sentinel paces up and down, without looking at you; the brass instruments shine and flash in the sun, at the further end of the square; and the sky and the bay seem dancing to the same measure, above and around. It is hard to believe that the scene is any thing more than a pleasure spectacle, for a summer delight. On one of the islands, — Alcatraz, I think, — the road up to the quarters is so steep that an officer has invented a most marvellous little vehicle, in which guests are hoisted to the commander's door. It is black; it swings low, between two huge wheels; it has two seats, facing each other; it is drawn by a stout, short-legged horse, who looks as if he had been imported out of the Liverpool dray service. The vehicle looks like nothing ever seen on wheels elsewhere. I can think of nothing to which to compare it except to two coal-scuttles joined together, one mouth making the front, one mouth making the back, and the rounded sides nearly straightened and overlapping each other.

The morning and the noon and the early afternoon all seem one on the bright, rainless skies which spread over San Francisco's matchless bay. It will be four o'clock before you get back to the city from this sail around the harbor; but you will find it hard to believe it.

The drive to the Cliff House must be taken early in the day, — the earlier the better; for you must be safely back again, under shelter of the city walls, before eleven o'clock, when the winds rise and the sands begin to blow about. To be anywhere on the outskirts, suburbs, or near neighborhood of San Francisco after this hour is like being out when deserts play at "Puss, puss in the corner." Any thing like the whirling sand-banks which are tossed up and around and sent back and forth in these daily gales cannot be imagined till one has seen it. Neither can the beauty of a sand-drift be imagined till you have seen one which has that very minute been piled up, and which will not lie where it is more than one minute longer. No snow-drift can be lovelier. Of an exquisite pale tint, — too yellow to be brown, too brown to be yellow, and too white to be either; too soft to glisten, too bright not to shine; mottled, dimpled, shadowed, and shaded; lined, graven, as it were, from bottom to top with the finest, closest, rippling curves, marking each instant's new level and sweep, as water-lines write on beaches. There it lies — in a corner of an open street, it may be, or even across your road. Look quick! Already the fine crest undulates; the base-line alters. In a minute more it will be a cloud of torturing dust, which will cover, suffocate, madden you, as it whirls away miles to east or west, to nestle again for another minute in some other hollow or corner.

The Cliff House stands on the very edge of the Pacific Ocean. From the westward piazza you look not only off; you look down on the water. The cliffs are not high; but they are bold and rocky, and stretch off northward to the Golden Gate. To the south, miles long, lies the placid beach. The low, quiet swell, the day we were there, scarce seemed enough to bring the tiniest shell. Buried deep in the sand lay the wreck of a brig, the prow pointed upward, as if still some purpose struggled in its poor, wrecked heart. The slow, incoming tide lapped and bathed it, washing, even while we looked, fresh sand into the seams and higher up around the keel. But out a few rods from the shore were navigators whose fates and freaks soon diverted and absorbed our attention.

It is so much the fashion to be tender, not to say sentimental, over the seals of the Cliff House rocks that I was disappointed not to find myself falling into that line as I looked at them. But the longer I looked the less I felt like it.

It is, of course, a sight which ought to profoundly touch the human heart, to see a colony of any thing that lives left unmolested, unharmed of men; and it, perhaps, adds to the picturesqueness and interest of the Cliff House situation to have these licensed warblers disporting themselves, safe and shiny, on the rocks. But when it comes to the seals themselves, I make bold to declare that, if there be in the whole animal kingdom any creature of size and sound less adapted than a seal for a public pet, to adorn public grounds, — I mean waters, — I do not know such creature's name. Shapeless, boneless, limbless, and featureless; neither fish nor flesh; of the color and consistency of India-rubber diluted with mucilage; slipping, clinging, sticking, like gigantic leeches; flapping, walloping with unapproachable clumsiness; lying still, lazy, inert, asleep, apparently, till they are baked browner and hotter than they like, then plunging off the rocks, turning once over in the water, to wet themselves enough to bear more baking; and all the while making a noise too hideous to be described, — a mixture of bray and squeal and snuff and snort, — old ones, young ones, big ones, little ones, masculine, feminine, and, for aught I know, neuter, by dozens, by scores, — was there ever any thing droller in the way of a philanthropy, if it be a philanthropy, or in the way of a public amusement, if it be an amusement, than this? Let them be sold, and their skins given to the poor; and let peace and quiet reign along that delicious beach and on those grand old rocks.

Going back to the city, you drive for two or three miles on the beach, still water on your right and sand-hills, covered thick with blue and yellow and red flowers, on your left. Surely, never an ocean met more gracious welcome. Many of the flowers seem to be of the cactus species; but they intertwine and mat their tangles so as to make great spaces of solid color. Then you take a road turning sharply away from the sea, eastward. It is hard and bright red. It winds at first among green marshes, in which are here and there tiny blue lakes; then it ascends and winds among more sand-hills, still covered with flowers; then higher still, and out on broader opens, where the blue lupine and the yellow eschscholtzia grow literally by fields full; and then, rounding a high hill, it comes out on a plateau, from which the whole city of San Francisco, with the bay beyond and the high mountains beyond the bay, lies full in sight. This is the view which shows San Francisco at its best and reveals, also, how much better that best ought to have been made.

I said there were but three things to do in San Francisco. There are four. And the fourth is to go and see Mr. Muybridge's photographs.

The scenery of California is known to Eastern people chiefly through the big but inartistic pictures of Watkins. When it is known through the pictures which Mr. Muybridge is now engaged in taking, it will be seen in its true beauty and true proportions. Every thing depends on stand-point; very few photographs of landscapes really render them. Of two photographs, both taking in precisely the same objects and both photographing them with accuracy, one may be good and the other worthless, to all intents and purposes. No man can so take a photograph of a landscape as to render and convey the whole truth of it, unless he is an artist by nature, and would know how to choose the point from which that landscape ought to be painted. Mr. Muybridge is an artist by nature. His photographs have composition. There are some of them of which it is difficult to believe that they are not taken from paintings, — such unity, such effect, such vitality do they possess, in comparison with the average photograph, which has been made, hap-hazard, to cover so many square feet and take in all that happened to be there. Mr. Muybridge's pictures have another peculiarity, which of itself would mark them superior to others. The skies are always most exquisitely rendered. His cloud photographs alone fill a volume; and many of them remind one vividly of Turner's studies of skies. The contrast between a photographed landscape, with a true sky added, and one with the usual ghastly, lifeless, pallid, stippled sky is something which it is impossible to overstate.

Mr. Muybridge has a series of eight pictures illustrative of the California vintage, all of which are exquisitely beautiful, and any one of which, painted in true color simply from the photograph as it stands, would seem to be a picture from a master's hand. One of the first pictures in the series, representing the first breaking of the soil for the vineyard, is as perfect a Millet as could be imagined. The soft tender distance, outlined by low mountain ranges; a winding road, losing itself in a wood; a bare and stricken tree on the right of the foreground; and in the centre a solitary man, ploughing the ground. Next comes the same scene, with the young vines just starting. The owner is sitting on a bank in the foreground, looking off dreamily over his vineyard. Then there are two pictures representing the cutting of the grapes and the piling of them into the baskets and the wagons. The grouping of the vintagers in these is exquisite. Then there is a picture of the storehouses and the ranges of casks; all so judiciously selected and placed that it might be a photograph from some old painting of still life in Meran. The last picture of all is of the corking the bottles. Only a group of workmen, under an open shed, corking wine-bottles; but every accessory is so artistically thrown in that the whole scene reminds one of Teniers.

I am not sure, after all, that there is any thing so good to do in San Francisco as to spend a forenoon in Mr. Muybridge's little upper chamber, looking over these marvellous pictures.

THE WAY TO AH-WAH-NE.

AH-WAH-NE! Does not the name vindicate itself at first sight and sound? Shall we ever forgive the Dr. Bunnell, who, not content with volunteer duty in killing off Indians in the great Merced River Valley, must needs name it the Yo-sem-i-te, and who adds to his account of his fighting campaigns the following naïve paragraph?

"It is acknowledged that Ah-wah-ne is the old Indian name for the valley, and that Ah-wah-ne-chee is the name of the original occupants; but, as this was discovered by the writer long after he had named the valley, and as it was the wish of every volunteer with whom he conversed that the name Yo-semite be retained, he said very little about it. He will only say, in conclusion, that the principal facts are before the public, and that it is for them to decide whether they will retain the name Yo-semite or have some other."

It is easy to do and impossible to undo this species of mischief. No concerted action of "the public," no legislation of repentant authorities, will ever give back to the valley its own melodious name; but I think its true lovers will for ever call it Ah-wah-ne. The name seems to have in its very sound the same subtle blending of solemnity, tenderness, and ineffable joy with which the valley's atmosphere is filled. Ahwahne! Blessed Ahwahne!

I look back with remorse upon the days we spent in resolving to go. Philistines poured warnings into our ears. I shudder to think how nearly they attained their end. At the very last, it was only lack of courage which drove us on; it seemed easier to endure anything than to confess that we had been afraid. O Philistines who warned, be warned in turn. Pray that ye never meet us again.

Early on a Monday, the 17th of June, we set out. The Oaklands ferry-boat was crowded. Groups of people, evidently bound on the long overland journey; and other groups bound, like ourselves, for the Valley. Everybody was discussing routes with everybody else. Each was sure that he was going the only good way. We were happiest, not being committed to any fixed programme, and having left it to be decided on the road whether we should go first to the Big Trees or to the Valley. Behind us sat a woman whose lead we almost resolved to follow, for the sake of seeing the effect her toilet would produce on landscapes. She wore a fiery scarlet cashmere gown, the overskirt profusely trimmed with black lace and scarlet satin, the underskirt trimmed high with the same scarlet satin. A black lace jacket, a point-lace collar and sleeves, and a costly gold chain. A black velvet hat, with a huge white pearl buckle and ostrich plume, completed this extraordinary costume. Gloves were omitted. The woman had beauty of a strong, coarse type. She laughed loud and showed white teeth. She also spat in the aisle or from the window, like a man. Such sights as this are by no means uncommon in California. One never wearies of watching or ceases to wonder at the clothes and the bearing of the women. Just behind this woman sat another, wearing an embroidered white pique and a fur collar. At one of the first stations entered a third, dressed in a long, trailing black silk, bordered around the bottom with broad black velvet. Her hands and arms were bare, and she carried a coarse sacking bag, half as big as herself, tied up at the mouth with a dirty rope.

Agents for hotels in Stockton, and for different routes to the Yosemite, went up and down in the cars. It was pitiful to see pusillanimous and will-less persons swaying like reeds in the breeze of their noisy statements.

The great San Joaquin wheat valley stretched away, on each side of the railway track, further than we could look. Except for the oaks rising out of the wheat, it might have been taken, under the gently stirring wind, for a sunlit sea.

Here and there went rolling along the mysterious steam-threshers; huge red wagon-like things, with towers and fans and a sharp clatter, doing by a single puff of steam the work of many men's arms, finishing in a single hour the work of many days. Here and there, also, we saw a narrow road through the wheat. The crowded, slender, waving columns walled it so high that a man on horseback looked like a man riding in a forest, and could not see over the tops of the grain.

A bad, a very bad dinner at a town named Peters; a change of cars at Stockton, — from the Central Pacific to the Copperopolis Railroad; a change from cars to stage at Burnet; and, before the middle of the afternoon, we had really set our faces toward Ah-wah-ne. The road lay at first through a fertile country, great parks, shaded by oaks, and sown with wheat; then through barer and less beautiful lands, stony and uncultivated, but picturesque and almost weird from the cropping out of sharp, vertical slate ledges, in all directions; then into still barer and stonier tracts of old mining-fields. These are dismal beyond description. The earth has been torn up with pick-axes, and gullied by forced streams; the rocks have been blasted and quarried and piled in confusion; no green thing grows for acres; the dull yellow of the earth and the black and white and gray of the heaped stones give a coloring like that of volcanic ruins; and the shapes into which many of the softer stones have been worn by the action of water are so like the shapes of bones that it adds another element of horror to the picture. Again and again we saw spots which looked as if graveyards full of buried monsters had been broken open, and the skeletons strewn about.

We were to sleep at Chinese Camp. The name was not attractive; and the town looked less so as we approached it. A narrow, huddled street of low and dingy houses, set closely together as a city; a thick, hedge-like row of dwarfed locust-trees stood on each side, making it dark and damp; many of the buildings were of stone, with huge, studded iron shutters to both doors and windows of the first story; but stone and iron were alike cobwebbed and dusty, as if enemies had long since ceased to attack. At the door of the hotel, a surprise awaited us. A middle-aged man, with a finely cut, sensitive face, and the bearing and the speech of a gentleman, came forward to receive us. It was the landlord, — the Count Solinsky, a Polish exile. His story is only the story of thousands of the pioneers of '49. Glowing hopes, bitter disappointments, experiment after experiment, failure after failure; at last, the keeper of a little tavern and the agent of an express company, he had settled down, no longer looking for fortune and success. There was something very pathetic in the quiet dignity with which he filled the uncongenial place, accepted the inevitable burden. His little daughter, twelve years old, had on her beautiful face a wistful look, — the stamp of unconscious exile. "What will be the child's fate!" I said to myself, as I watched her arranging with idle, lingering fingers a few bright, wild flowers in an old pitcher. Who knows? There is promise of great beauty in her face and figure. Not the least of the exiled Count's griefs must be the anticipation of her future, in this wild, rough land. Perhaps she may yet live to be the landlady of the inn, and so perpetuate the cleanliness and good service which to-day make it memorable in the journey to Ah-wah-ne. "I have not much I can give," said the Count, with the fine instinct of hospitality; but, if all come clean on, I know that is the most. I know what is most when one will travel."

It was only six o'clock, when we set out, the next morning. White mists were curling up from all the hollows in the hills, and the air was frosty: but, in an hour, the hot sun had driven the mists away; and the marvellous, cloudless blue of the rainless sky stretched again above us. This is a perpetual wonder to the traveller in California in spring, — day after day of such radiant weather: it seems like living on a fairy planet, where the atmosphere is made of sunshine, and rain is impossible.

Old mining-fields still lay along our road, dismal and ghastly, — sluices and gulches and pits and shelving banks, toppling masses of excavated rock, and piles of gravel and stones. Here and there a vineyard or fruit orchard, in some hollow or on some hillside, gave us a keen thrill of delight by its glistening green, and its suggestion of something to eat or drink besides the scorching gold. We passed a settlement of Digger Indians, too loathsome to be looked at. We crossed a swift river in a creaking rope ferry. We climbed up the side of a canyon, two thousand feet deep, with a foaming river at bottom. And then we came to Garrote No. 1.

"Why No. 1?"

"Because there is Garrote No. 2, three miles further along." It would seem as if one so hideous name might suffice to a district.

"And why do we not hurry on?" added we, being informed that we were to wait in Garrote No. 1 for two hours and a half. Replies were unsatisfactory. But only too well did we answer the question for ourselves at bedtime. Then we discovered that the whole programme of the route had been arranged by the stage company, with a view to the single end of compelling travellers to sleep one more night on the way. (Here let me forewarn all persons going by the Big Oak Flat route to the Yosemite, that there is not the slightest need of spending more than one night between Burnet and Gentry's, — Gentry's being the house at the entrance of the Valley. They should insist on spending the second night at Gentry's.)

However, ill winds blow good. This one blew to us the good of a sight of the hydraulic mining, such as we could not easily have seen elsewhere. The proprietor of the Treadwell Mine chanced to be in town, and, hearing of our desire to see the mine, took us to it. It lay, not far off our road, eight miles ahead. How we dashed over the ground, in a light buggy, behind two fast horses! It seemed like flying or ballooning, after our jolting in the heavy stage. It was not much more than a semblance of a road into which we turned off from the highway, at end of the eight miles. It led through fields, across morasses, up sharp, stony hillsides, through gaps in fences. A mile from the public road, we passed a small cabin, covered with white roses. Only the chimney and one corner of the ridgepole peeped out. We could not even see the windows. No one had lived in it for a year; and, in that short time, the roses had buried it. The well, also, was covered in the same way with pink roses. It was strange to see the look of desolation which even roses could have, left all alone.

Just beyond the rose-buried cabin, we came suddenly in sight of the mine. It looked like an acre or two of sand-quarry, or more like dozens of great, yellow clay cellars, with their partition-walls broken down irregularly, in places. It was spanned by a shining stream of water, arching high in the air, and making a noise like a small waterfall. This stream came from a huge, black nozzle on the right side of the excavation, and played with its full force, or like a jet from a fire-engine, into the cliff-like side of the opposite bank. It was a part of the Tuolomne River; and it had journeyed miles and miles through pipes to come to do this work. As it leaped through the air, it was white and pure, and flashed in the sun. After breaking against the yellow clay-bank, it fell turbid and thick, in masses of gamboge-colored foam, into narrow wooden sluices. These led off, slanting, for many rods across the yellow cellars, down a narrow wooded valley, and then through a sharp ravine, into the river again. At intervals in these sluices were set boxes, with wired sides and pebbled bottoms. Into these is put that unerring constable, quicksilver, which arrests, by its magic power, every grain of the precious gold. As we walked along on the rough bank, by side of the sluices, the rattle and rumble of the pebbles under the torrent seemed a sort of weird, defiant chorus.

> "Over and over and over,
> And give up the gold,
> The gold, the gold;
> And over and over and over,
> Untold, untold, untold!" —

I fancied it saying. There certainly was, in the sound made by the rolling over of the pebbles on the wooden surfaces, a strange predominance of that vowel-sound of O.

High up on the bank, opposite the spot upon which the stream played, was the superintendent's house. It was only a one-storied shanty, papered with pictorial newspapers, and floored with planed pine; but terraces, with little patches of garden, led up to it; and the whole scene, from the verandah, was one which might well have contented an artist to stay there for days. The high, yellow cliff opposite, with evergreen trees on top; the stirring arch of water, perpetually bridging the space between and undermining the cliff, — sometimes a large part of the front edge falling at once, like an avalanche; the foaming streams down the sluices; the dark ravine; the sunny sky; the inexpressible look of remoteness and loneliness over all; the utter silence, save for the thud of the water against the bank, and the rumble of the pebbly torrents over the wooden pavements, — altogether, it was a vivid picture, not to be forgotten.

The sweet face of the superintendent's wife was also not to be forgotten, — the sharp-cut, keen-visioned, sensitive-nerved New England face, with the repressed wistfulness born of long, solitary days in lonely places. When we said, in the flush of our enthusiastic delight at the picturesqueness of the scene, and at the exquisite neatness and order of the little home: —

"O Mrs. ——! would you not take us to board?" she sighed, as she answered: —

"Well, I don't know what you'd do with yourselves, after you got here. It's very pretty to look at once; but it's terrible still here, all but that water. An' sometimes I get listenin' to that till it seems to me it sounds louder and louder every minute, till it's as loud as thunder."

What genius could have invented a better analysis of the effect produced upon the mind by dwelling on a single sensation, under such circumstances?

We found the stage waiting for us at the point where we had left the public road. The passengers' impatience at our short delay had been assuaged by the pleasure of killing a large rattlesnake, whose rattles were triumphantly displayed to us, in token of what we had missed.

Now we began to climb and to enter upon forests, — pines and firs and cedars. It seemed as if the whole world had become forest, we could see off so far through the vistas between the tall, straight, branchless trunks. The great sugar-pines were from one hundred to two hundred and twenty feet high, and their lowest branches were sixty to eighty feet from the ground. The cedars and firs and yellow pines were not much shorter. The grandeur of these innumerable colonnades cannot be conceived. It can hardly be realized, even while they are majestically opening, receding, closing, in your very sight. Sometimes a sunbeam will strike on a point so many rods away, down one of these dark aisles, that it is impossible to believe it sunlight at all. Sometimes, through a break in the tree-tops, will gleam snowy peaks of Sierras, hundreds of miles away; but the path to their summits will seem to lead straight through these columns of vivid green. Perspective becomes transfiguration, miracle when it deals with such distance, such color, and such giant size. It would not have astonished me at any moment, as I gazed reverently out into these measureless cloisters, to have seen beings of Titanic stature moving slowly along, chanting service and swinging incense in some supernatural worship.

The transition from such grandeur, such delight as this to the grovelling misery of a night at Hogdin's (*g* soft, but not by rights) cannot be described. Except for a sense of duty to posterity, one ought never to allude to such places as Hogdin's, — that is, if there are any such places as Hogdin's, which I question. It was only half-past 5 o'clock when we arrived. The two shanties of which Hogdin's consists were already filled. Unhappy men and women, sitting on log steps, with their knees drawn up, glared at us savagely, as brigands might. They were wretched enough before. Now we had come, what would be done? How many to a room would it make? And wherewithal were we to be fed?

Only fifteen miles further was the comfortable little hotel kept by Mr. Gentry, at the entrance of the Valley. Would entreaties, would bribes, induce the driver to take us on? No. Entreaties and bribes, even large bribes, are unavailing. Mr. Hogdin has purchased an interest in the stage company, and no stage-driver dares carry passengers past Mr. Hogdin's house.

Three, four, five in a room; some on floors, without even a blanket. A few pampered ones, women, with tin pans for wash-bowls and one towel for six hands. The rest, men, with one tin basin in an open shed, and if they had any towel or not I do not know. That was a night at Hogdin's.

Food? Yes. Junks of beef floating in bowls of fat, junks of ham ditto, beans ditto, potatoes as hard as bullets, corn-bread steaming with saleratus, doughnuts ditto, hot biscuits ditto; the whole set out in indescribable confusion and dirt, in a narrow, unventilated room, dimly lit by two reeking kerosene lamps. Even brave and travelled souls could not help being appalled at the situation. Not in the wildest and most poverty-stricken little town in Italy could such discomfort be encountered. However, nobody dies of starvation for lack of one supper and one breakfast. Anybody can lie awake in a shed all of one night, and go without washing his face one morning; and, except for the barefaced imposition of the unnecessary night at Hogdin's, we could have laughed heartily at it the next day.

There was something uncommonly droll in the energetic promptness and loudness with which the landlady roused all her guests at half-past four in the morning.

"You don't suppose we were asleep, do you?" called out somebody, whose sense of humor had not been entirely extinguished by hunger and no bed.

It is seven miles from Hogdin's to the highest point on the road. This is seven thousand feet above the sea. It is the summit of the ridge which separates the Merced River from the Tuolomne. The Tuolomne we have seen; it is behind us now. The Merced is in the valley we seek. Already we feel a sense of the nearness of grander glories than we have seen. Vast spaces open on either hand. We look off over great tracks of tree-tops; huge rocks are piled up around us in wild, almost terrible confusion; the horizon line before us, and to the right and to the left is of serrated, glistening snow-peaks. The Sierras seem closing in upon us. The road descends sharply from the summit. We have almost a grateful feeling of protection in plunging again into the forests, and escaping from the wide outlook of the bleak, stony ridge. Down hill, seven more miles, to Gentry's. The road is steep, zig-zag, rough; the horses go at full speed; the three hours have seemed like but one, when we dash up in the sunny little clearing in front of "Gentry's." Tall pines wall the clearing on three sides; the third is open. Looking that way, we see blue mountain tops and infinite distance. Is it Ah-wah-ne? It looks as the Ancaufthal, in the Austrian Tyrol, might in some magic summer which had melted off all the snow. We run to the furthermost edge of the precipitous hill and bend out eagerly to look into its depths.

But it is not Ah-wah-ne. Ah-wah-ne makes no such half revelation of itself. Ah-wah-ne is behind and below the dark sugar-pines on the left; and there fastened to the posts, sound aleep, stand Hutchings's mules, ready to carry us down its wall.

THE DESCENT INTO AH-WAH-NE.

FALSTAFF'S men could find their proper mount at Gentry's when the saddle train comes up from Ah-wah-ne. Ten, twenty, thirty, horses, mustangs, mules, rusty black, dingy white, streaked red; ungroomed, unfed, untrained; harmless only because they are feeble from hunger; sure to keep on, if their strength holds out, to the end of the journey, simply because their one instinct is to escape somewhere; saddled with saddles of all possible shapes, sizes, colors, and dilapidation; bridled with halters, likely enough, or with clumsy Mexican bits, big enough to curb a mastodon, or not bridled at all if they are to carry luggage; gaunt-ribbed, swollen-jointed, knock-kneed, piteous-eyed beasts, — surely, nobody ever saw out of John Leech's pictures so sorry horseflesh. You stand on the piazza, at Gentry's, and watch the procession come slowly up. Nose after nose comes into sight, followed by reluctant, stumbling fore-feet; so slow they climb it seems to take a good while before you see the whole of any one horse. They stop long before they reach the piazza, thinking that their riders may as well get off a minute or two sooner. The guides whack their haunches and push them up to the steps, and the Ah-wah-ne pilgrims slip or spring from their saddles with sighs of relief.

You, who were longing for these to come out, that you might go in, look on with dismay. On all sides you hear ejaculations from the people waiting. "I'll never go on that horse;" "nor on that;" "that poor creature will never live to go down again." Everybody gazes intently toward the crest of the hill, over which the pathetic file is still coming. Everybody hopes to see a horse better than these. But there is not a pin's choice between them, when they are all there. Wherever their riders leave them, there they stand, stock-still, till they are pushed or dragged away. Heads down, tails limp, legs out, abject, pitiable things, — you feel as if cruelty personified could not have the heart to lay a feather's weight on their backs.

With the timid reverence natural in the mind of one going toward Ah-wah-ne for one coming from it, you approach the newly arrived and ask concerning these horses. Your pity and horror deepen when you are told that the poor creatures are never fed, never sheltered. They are worked all day without food, often being out from six in the morning until six at night, carrying people over steep, stony trails; then they are turned loose to shift for themselves in the meadows all night. By four or five o'clock in the morning the guides are out scouring the meadows to drive them in again. And so their days go on. There was but one alleviation to this narrative. It was the statement that every morning a good many horses cannot be found. They trot all night to find fields out of reach of their tormentors, or they swim off to little islands in the Merced and hide. Mr. Hutchings has lost seventy horses in this way since last year. When we were told these things, we said: —

"Very well. The horses that carry us down the wall of Ah-wah-ne shall be fed. We will not go down until afternoon, and they shall have all the barley they can eat between now and then."

Sol White, a ruddy-faced man, whom we had chosen for our guide as soon as we saw him laugh, assented with a comic shrug of his shoulders to this Quixotic humanity, and led off the astonished horses to the stable. But another guide who stood by — a tall, thin man, whose deep-lined face looked like that of a Scottish Covenanter — said, half sadly, half gruffly: —

"'Taint any kindness to 'em. The sooner they die the better."

We watched the rest of the saddle-train off, — the fat women on the little saddles, and the tall men on the short mules, and the eager children on horses that wouldn't budge, and the pack-mule going ahead, under a mountain of everybody's valises. Each one disappeared down the steep trail so suddenly it seemed as if he had pitched down headforemost; the last view of each tail and pair of hind-legs showing them in the air.

Ah! the comfort of that five hours' rest at Gentry's. If all travellers to Ah-wah-ne rested thus at the entrance of the Valley, we should hear less of the fatigues of the journey. After three hours of the severest jolting in a stage, to undertake three hours more of horseback riding is a serious mistake for any but the strong. The bread or the barley of our charity to the poor horses came back to us tenfold, and that speedily.

The pleasant little sitting-room, with its bright carpet and lace curtains and melodeon; the bedrooms, clean as clean could be and with two beds in each; the neat dining-room and good dinner; the log cabin for a linen closet; the running spring water; the smiling faces and prompt kindliness of the landlord and his wife, — what a marvel it was to find all these in this new clearing in a pine forest of the Sierra Country, seven thousand feet above the sea!

And better than the barley for the starved horses, and better than five hours' rest, and the dinner, and the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, was it that we entered Ah-wah-ne in the late afternoon, when the impertinent noon lights had passed and shadows went before us and journeyed by our side.

We set out at three o'clock. Our first sensations were not agreeable. We had seen how steep it looked when horse and rider disappeared over that hill-crest. It felt steeper. To an unaccustomed rider it is not pleasant to sit on a horse whose heels are much higher than his head. One's first impulse is to clutch, to brace, to cling, and to guide the horse. But there is neither comfort nor safety till you leave off doing so. With a perfectly loose rein and every muscle relaxed, sitting as you would sit in a rocking-chair, leaning back when the horse rocks down, leaning forward when he rocks up, and forgetting him altogether, riding down precipices is as comfortable and safe as riding on a turnpike. I do not say that it is altogether easy in the outset to follow these simple directions. But, if you are wise, it soon becomes so, and you look with impatient pity on the obstinacy of women who persist in grasping pommels, and sitting so stark stiff that it seems as if a sudden lurch of the horse must inevitably send them off, before or behind.

The first two miles and a half of the path down the wall of Ah-wah-ne are steep, — so steep that it is best not to try to say how steep. It is a narrow path, zigzagging down on ledges, among bowlders, through thickets. It is dusty and stony; it comes out suddenly on opens, from which you look over and down thousands, yes, thousands of feet; it plunges into tangles of trees, where a rider must lay his head on the horse's neck to get through, for oaks and pines and firs grow on this precipice; high ceanothus bushes, fragrant with blossom, make wall-like sides to the path, and bend in as if trying to arch it. In some places the rocks are bright with flowers and ferns, which look as if they were holding on for dear life and climbing up: they project so nearly at right angles from the steep surfaces. With almost every step we get a new view, — more depth, more valley, more wall, more towering rock. The small cleared spaces in the valley are vivid light green; they seem sunken like emerald-paved wells among the masses of dark firs and pines, whose tops lie solid and black below us. The opposite wall of the valley looks steeper than the wall we are descending. It seems within stone's throw, or as if we might call across; it is less than a half-mile distant. Its top seems far higher than the point from which we set out; for it lies in full sunshine, and we are in shadow. One waterfall after another comes into view, streaming over its edge like smooth silver bands. The guide calls out their names: "Inspiration Fall," "Bridal Veil Fall." The words seem singularly meaningless, face tc face with the falls. How do men dare to name things so confidently? The luggage mule, who is ahead, keeps clambering out of the path, in search of something to eat. We come upon him sometimes apparently standing bolt upright on his hind-legs, he is feeding on so sharp a slope. We all halt, while the guide spurs his horse up the rocks and drives the mule down again. We are almost grateful that the mule makes us laugh, for Ah-wah-ne overawes us. It takes an hour to reach the bottom of the wall. As we near it, the opposite wall appears to lift and grow and stretch, till the sky seems pushed higher. Our trail lies along the bank of the river, on sandy stretches of low meadow, shaded by oaks and willows and bordered by alders. Occasionally we come to fields of bowlders and stones, which have broken and rolled down from the walls above; then we pass through green bits of grass-grown land, threaded by little streams, which we ford; then we ride through great groves of pines and firs, two and three hundred feet high. These feel dark and damp, though the ground is sandy, for it is long past sunset here; but the gray spires and domes and pinnacles of the eastern wall of the valley are still bright in sunlight. The luggage mule trots off and disappears. After vain efforts to combine the two duties of looking after him and looking after us, Sol White finally gallops away, exclaiming: —

"That pesky mule'll swim the river with your baggage, an' not be heard of for days, if I don't keep close up to him. You can't miss your way. There ain't but this one trail up the valley, an' its only five miles to Hutchings's."

What miles they were. Mile by mile the grand rocks, whose shapes and names we already knew, rose up on either hand: The Cathedral Rocks, The Spires, El Capitan, The Three Brothers, The Sentinel. Already the twilight wrapped the western wall. The front of El Capitan looked black; but its upper edge was lined with light, as sometimes a dark cloud will be when the sun is shining behind. The eastern wall was carved and wrought into gigantic forms, which in the lessening light grew more and more fantastic and weird every moment. Bars and beams of sunlight fell, quivered, and vanished on summit after summit, as we passed. At last we heard the sound of waters ahead to the left. Soon we saw the white line, indistinct, waving, ghostly, coming down apparently from the clouds, for it was too dark to see distinctly the lip of a fall two thousand and seven hundred feet up in the air. This was the great Yosemite Fall. Its sound is unlike that of any other fall I have seen. It is not so loud as one would expect, and it is not continuous or even in tone. Listening to it intently, one hears strange rhythmic emphases of undertone on a much lower key. They are grand. They are like the notes of a gigantic violoncello, — booming, surging, filling full and rounding out the harmony of supernatural music. Sometimes they have an impatient and crashing twist, as if the bow escaped the player's hand; sometimes, for an hour, they are regular and alike, as the beats of a metronome. Men have said that these sounds are made by rocks thundering down under the water. They may be. I would rather not know.

For the last mile before reaching Hutchings's Hotel, the trail is little more than a sandy path, winding in and among huge granite bowlders, under and around oak and pine trees, and over and through little runs and pools, when the Merced River is high. It ends abruptly, in a rough and dusty place, partly cleared of bowlders, partly cleared of trees. Here are four buildings, which stand apparently where they happened to, between the rocks and trees. Three of these make up Hutchings's Hotel. Two of them are cottages, used only for lodgings. One of these is called "The Cottage by the River," and stands closer than is safe to the banks of the

Merced; the other is called "The Cottage in the Rocks," and seems half barricaded by granite bowlders. "Oh, Mr. Hutchings!" we exclaimed. "Put us in the 'Cottage by the River.' We cannot be happy anywhere else."

There are no such rooms in Ah-wah-ne as the rooms on the river-side of this little house. This is the back side; and those who wish to see the coming and going of people, the setting-off of saddle-trains, the driving up and down of the laundry wagon, would better take rooms on the front. But he who would like to open his eyes every morning on the full shining of the great Yosemite Fall; to lie in bed, and from his very pillow watch it sway to right and left under moonlight beams, which seem like wands arresting or hastening the motion; to look down into the amber and green Merced, which caresses his very door-sill; to listen at all hours to the grand violoncello tones of the mysterious waters, — let him ask, as we did, for back bedrooms in the Cottage by the River.

But if he is disconcerted by the fact that his bedroom floor is of rough pine boards, and his bedroom walls of thin laths, covered with unbleached cotton; that he has neither chair, nor table, nor pitcher; that his washbowl is a shallow tin pan, and that all the water he wants he must dip in a tin pint from a barrel out in the hall; that his bed is a sack stuffed with ferns, his one window has no curtain and his door no key, — let him leave Ah-wah-ne the next day.

Not that there are not tables and chairs and washbowls and pitchers and keys in Hutchings's Hotel; and not that you cannot, by a judicious system of "jumping" and coaxing and feeing, very soon collect these useful articles, and lock them up in your room, and live decently and with sufficient comfort for weeks in the muslin-walled bedroom; but the soul which in its first hours in Ah-wah-ne can be hindered or interrupted by sense of lack or loss on account of its body's being poorly lodged will never thrive in Ah-wah-ne air. It has come to the wrong place of all places in the world, and the sooner it takes itself and body away the better for it and for Ah-wah-ne.

AH-WAH-NE DAYS.

THEY do not dawn like days elsewhere. How should they, seeing that the sun has been long up before he looks over into Ah-wah-ne? They burst, they flash, they begin like a trumpet peal. One moment it is morning twilight. The swaying torrent of the Great Fall looks dim at the edges, and the pines and firs, high in the air by its side, look black. The next moment it is broad day. The Fall shines like molten silver under the streaming sunlight, and the firs and pines are changed in a twinkling from black to green. This miracle of dayspring was the first sight I saw in Ah-wah-ne. I was but half awake. From my pillow I looked out on the upper half of the Great Fall. An oval of gray sky; white foam pouring from it, and falling into a bed of black fir-tops; waving branches of near trees just beyond my window, — these were all I saw. Boom! boom! boom! sounded the mysterious violoncello accompaniment, measuring and making rhythmical the roar of the Fall. Suddenly, as suddenly as a light-house flashes its first beam seaward, came a great blaze of yellow light from the east, making the water dazzling bright, and throwing out into relief every green spire fir or pine on the precipice. With the sudden flood of light seemed to come a sudden flood of louder sound. I sprang to the window in wonder, which was not without a vague terror; but in that very second the transformation was past, the quiet look of full day had settled on all things. Almost I doubted the vision I had seen. It was simply broad daylight; that was all. The air was full of fleecy-winged seeds from Balm of

Gilead trees. They went slowly, sinking and rising, but steadily to the north, like a snowy flock following an invisible shepherd. As they passed, they seemed to spin fine silken lines athwart the Fall; and they came so fast and thick they hindered my seeing. There was a strange sweetness of peace and promise in their presence. The Great Fall so loud, so vast: they so small, so still. Three thousand feet from my window-sill up to the top of the wall over which the torrent of waters fell; within my hand's reach, the current, silent, irresistible, unmeasured, on which centuries of forest were gliding into place.

This was the first beginning of my first day in Ah-wah-ne. Two hours later was the second beginning of the same day. It is odd how much bustle there can be in Ah-wah-ne. Sit on the hotelward piazza of Hutchings's River Cottage from seven till nine, and no moment goes by empty. The little clearing is dusty; the sun beats down; people crossing from house to house, zigzag, to get into shade of the oaks or into dust an inch or so less deep. On every piazza sit groups ready to set out on excursions, and waiting for their guides to bring up the horses and mules. Under the trees, beyond the hotel, is a long line of the unfortunate beasts, saddled hap-hazard and tied to the fence, waiting the evil that may betide them. They have been saddled since four or five o'clock; perhaps they will stand there till three. Now and then a man comes riding over the bridge, driving in a few more, which he has just caught. Poor things! They miscalculated distances, and did not run away quite far enough in the night. Sometimes a wiry, weather-beaten old guide dashes round and round the clearing (I think I will call it plaza, since I do not know what name the Ah-wah-ne-chee had for little clearings) — dashes round the plaza, trying to break in a vicious mule or mustang. Sometimes the mustang gets the better; sometimes the guide. Then comes the laundry wagon, tilting up and down on its two big wheels, stopping at everybody's door for clothes for the laundry. It is painted bright blue, and, being the only thing seen going about on wheels in Ah-wah-ne, looks marvellously queer.

Then comes along an Indian woman, with a pappoose on her back. Half naked, dirty beyond words, her stiff, vicious-looking hair falling around her forehead like fringed eaves, her soulless eyes darting quick glances to right and left, in search of a possible charity, she strides through the plaza, and disappears among the thickets and bowlders. She belongs to a colony which has camped half a mile below. They will dance a hideous dance for a few pennies. They are descendants of Tenaya, no doubt ; but Tenaya would scorn them to-day.

Next comes a party of riders from one of the hotels below. They all sit straight, and try to prick their horses into a quicker gait, as they pass Hutchings's piazzas. Some of the women are dressed in bloomers, and ride astride. One can hardly believe one's eyes looking at them. They who have had strength of mind and body to persevere in learning to ride in this way say it is far easier and safer. But it would still remain a question whether there are not evils more to be disliked than fatigue and tumbling from one's horse ? We wonder vaguely where these riders can be going. The high granite walls appear to shut in upon all sides. There seems no way for any thing but water to get in, and no way for any thing at all to get out. One forgets the trail by which he himself came down, and listens doubtingly to the mention of others leading up on other places in the wall. Once in, once down in this magic abyss, which men have chosen to call a valley, all the rest of the world seems incredible, unreal, and unattainable. But the riders ride on, and are soon out of sight among the oaks and willows which shade the meadow beyond the hotel. They are going to Lake Ah-wi-yah, known now, thanks to some American importer of looking-glasses, as Mirror Lake. If they reach the lake early enough, they will see a water surface, two acres in extent, so smooth, so clear that the whole of the South Dome will be reflected in it. Across the lake, even to the roots of the sedges and white violets, reaches the pale picture of the majestic granite mountain, over four thousand feet high. The Ah-wah-ne-chee lived chiefly on acorns and wore wild beasts' skins; but there were poets among them who named this benignant gray stone mountain, for ever gazing calmly into the lake, "Tis-sa-ack," "Goddess of the Valley."

As this party disappears on the left, another winds slowly off on the right, — people going away from Ah-wah-ne. Every morning these are to be seen, and "Saddle-train for Gentry's will start at half-past six" is posted on the hotel walls. But the train rarely leaves at half-past six. There are obstacles in the way. As I have before said, there are the horses to be caught. But this is not the greatest obstacle. There is breakfast to be eaten (I was on the point of saying "caught"). Mealtime at Hutchings's is a species of secular pass-over: breakfast is a freebooting foray, lunch a quieter foraging excursion, dinner a picnic. As soon as one learns the order or disorder of the thing, one can get on; but it is droll to watch the newly arrived or the obstinately fastidious traveller, sitting in blank astonishment at the absence of most which he expects to find in a dining-room. Mr. Hutchings is an enthusiast, a dreamer, a visionary. He loved Ah-wah-ne well enough years ago to make his home in its uninhabited solitude, and find in its grand silences all the companionship he needed. He loves it well enough to-day to feel all the instinct of loving hospitality in his welcome to every traveller who has journeyed to find it by reason of the fame of its beauty. All this is plainly to be seen in his mobile, artistic face, and in the affectionate ring of every word that he speaks of the Valley.

But landlords are not made of such stuff as this. Artistic sensibility and enthusiasm do not help a man to order dinner. Mr. Hutchings has been for some time seeking a business partner, to relieve him of the practical cares of the hotel. When he finds the right person for this position, and is thus left at leisure himself to be the host of Ah-wah-ne, and not of a house, Ah-wah-ne will gain a most eloquent interpreter and travellers thither will fare better.

When the morning saddle-train is fairly off and the last excursion party has ridden away a lull settles down on the little plaza. A few horses are still left standing at the tethering-posts. They are the lamest and laziest and feeblest,—the refuse ones, that no guide takes unless he must. Poor things, their heads sink lower and lower, their tails shrink, and their legs shorten, the longer they stand. They do not move a muscle for hours, except to shift the burden of their lifeless weight slowly from one leg to another.

In this after-breakfast lull of our first Ah-wah-ne day we met John Murphy, guide. We had set our affections upon the ruddy face of Sol White, who had brought us into the Valley, and we had tried hard to press him into our service for the whole of our stay. But Mr. Hutchings was inexorable. Sol White could not be spared from the saddle-train.

"Then, Mr. White," said we, confidentially, "tell us who of all the guides you think we should like best."

"I reckon you'd like John Murphy. He's settled consid'able; but there ain't no better guide in the Valley. He knows every inch on't. I reckon he's just the sort o' man you folks 'd take to."

When John Murphy walked slowly toward us, as we sat on the piazza, I understood what the word "settled" had meant. Upon every inch of the tall, almost gaunt, frame was set the indefinable stamp of years of frontier life. No firmness was lost from the fibre, no elasticity from the action; but the firmness and the elasticity were as unlike those of a young man as the young man's would be unlike the boy's. To Sol White, no doubt, Murphy seemed old. As he came nearer, I saw that he was the very man whose face had so strongly impressed me at Gentry's, the day before, when, on overhearing my proposition to have the horses fed, he had muttered: "'Tain't no kindness to 'em. The sooner they die the better." It was an uncommon face; it was at once hard and tender, sad and droll, shrewd and simple. The eyes looked strangely younger than the weather-beaten cheeks and lined temples, and the voice was low and deep-toned.

"I did calkalate to give up guidin'," said Murphy. "I wa'n't goin' out again with anybody."

"Why so?" said we.

"Because I can't have anythin' 's I think it ought to be. I won't put folks on some o' these horses. An' I can't stand it to be goin' about with folks an' see 'm so dissatisfied all the time, an' blamin' me, too, for what ain't no fault o' mine."

"But, Mr. Murphy," we pleaded, "we will not be dissatisfied with any thing; and, if we are, we won't blame you. Do be our guide. We shall stay a week, and we want you to be with us every day."

"Well, I did tell Mr. Hutchings I was done guidin'. But I'll stick to you 's long 's you stay. But it's the last guidin' I shall do till things is fixed very different. You'll be the last, sure."

So John Murphy became our guide. How well we learned to know the pathetic, twinkling face before we parted from it. How familiar to our eyes became the queer brown-gingham Garibaldi, a little too short, which seemed in Murphy's esteem to be suited to all weathers.

After dinner we set out for the Pohono Fall. Not even the frequent hearing from the lips of companions of its other name — "The Bridal Veil" — could banish from my thoughts the sweet vowel cadences by which the Ah-wah-ne-chee had called it. Pohono was an evil spirit. His breath was a fatal wind, sweeping over this precipice and swaying the Fall. The Ah-wah-ne-chee hurried past it in fear, and would never sleep within sound of its waters. They believed, also, that the voices of its drowned victims were continually to be heard calling, through the roar and the foam: "Shun Pohono!"

Perhaps Pohono had cast an evil eye upon me this day, not knowing how reverently I was drawing near. Surely, nobody in the party had fuller faith in the legend of his wickedness and his power. But I was not permitted to reach his shrine that afternoon. Why I did not keep on is a secret between the mule, John Murphy, and me. I will not tell it. When at last I said: "Mr. Murphy, I must get off this minute. I will wait here by the road till you come back," he replied seriously: "Well, I didn't much think you could." But his face expressed the regret which his reticence did not utter. And, as he tied that mule to a low branch of a live oak, I heard some kicks on ribs and an unflattering epithet.

"Won't ye be skeared?" said Murphy, as he remounted his horse. "Ye hain't no occasion to be; but I dunno but ye'll be lonesome."

Lonesome! They were almost my best hours in Ah-wah-ne. As the last voice and hoof-fall died away in the distance, and the little cloud of dust settled slowly down on the brakes, an indescribable delight took possession of me. The silence seemed more than silence; it seemed to quiver without sound, just as the warm air shimmered without stir along all the outlines of the rocky walls. On my left hand rose the granite watch-tower Loya (Sentinel Rock), on my right the colossal buttress Tutocanula (El Capitan). The Cathedral, the Spires, the Three Brothers, all were in full sight. Wherever I stood, the mountain walls seemed to shut close around me in a circle. I said to myself, again and again: "Only between three and four thousand feet high." But the figures had lost their meaning. All sense of estimated distance was swallowed up, obliterated by the feeling of what seemed to be immeasurable height. It is said by some that the eye does not recognize differences of magnitude beyond a certain limit; that, for instance, a fall three thousand feet high does not look much higher than one fifteen hundred feet. This seems a safe proposition. Who can either prove or disprove it? But it would be hard to make one looking up to the dim upper edge of the wall of Ah-wah-ne believe that the grandeur does not gain, infinitely gain, by each height to which it mounts.

The road was sandy, and ran through forests of oaks and pines, which stretched to the base of the Valley walls on either hand. The ground was covered in some places with a dense growth of brakes; then came bare and sandy stretches, strewn with drift-wood by the spring freshets of the Merced, which was close at hand on the right. I walked down to its very edge, and tried to look up from thence to the top of El Capitan, which rose abruptly from the further bank. To do this, it is necessary to throw the head back, almost as if to look at a ceiling, so vertical is that grand wall. Its surface was of a sharp, dark gray, with black and white markings, so curiously blended they looked almost like giant hieroglyphs. In an earlier and stronger light afterward I saw El Capitan, of a pale pearl gray, hardly darker than the soft ashes of a wood-fire, and the hieroglyphs all melted away into indistinct tintings of brown and yellowish white.

Presently I heard axe-strokes in the distance, — two axes alternating with each other in rhythmic precision. After a time I walked toward them. Suddenly they stopped, and in that instant began a loud crash, which seemed to come rapidly nearer and nearer me. I could see nothing, but I involuntarily stepped back. The noise came nearer, but grew fainter. Then came the heavy thud on the ground; the tree had fallen. I could just distinguish the quivering top of it between the trees, a little way off. The crashing noise, which had seemed to journey toward me so inexplicably, was the noise of the breaking branches of other trees, past which it fell. I went close to it. Two woodsmen were sitting on the ground by it, and looked up in undisguised astonishment at the sight of me. The tree still trembled and vibrated along its whole length. Drops of water, like tears, were trickling out fast from its under side, — water which had been stored away for the summer in the cistern fissures of its rough bark. It was a pine, and nearly two hundred feet high; the circling rings which had kept record of its birthdays showed clear on the yellow disk, as on a dial-plate.

"How old was it?" said I. The men bent over and counted in silence.

"Well-nigh on to four hundred years it must hev ben," said they.

"And how long have you been cutting it down?"

A quick gleam passed over their faces. They had caught my feeling before I had put it in words.

"Well, about two hours, or mebbe three," replied one of them, glancing up at the sun.

"Only think of that!" I said. "Four hundred years growing, and cut down in three hours."

"I vow, I never thought o' that before, Jim. Did you?" said the youngest of the two.

"No, dunno's I did," replied Jim, hacking meditatively at the stump and looking down.

It was near sunset when the party came back from Pohono's Fall. I had spent the last hour sitting on an old oak log, in front of the majestic stone face of "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah." Three thousand feet up in the air, cut on an inaccessible peak, serene, sad, majestic, there it lives. It does not vanish on a slight change of position by the observer, as do other stone faces, sculptured by Nature's hand on mountain-walls. It seems to turn and gaze after you, whether you go up or down the Valley. It is watchful. It is the face of the first chieftain who ruled the Children of the Sun who lived in Ah-wah-ne. He loved Tis-sa-ack, the goddess, whose face, as I have said, is reflected each morning in Lake Ah-wi-yah. When she flew away, the down from her wings floated over the lake, and, sinking to the ground, sprang up in white violets, which blossom to this day on the shores of Ah-wi-yah. Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah left his kingdom and roved the earth in pursuit of his love. But, that his people might not forget him, he carved his face on this rock.

"Oh! has not the time seemed long to you?" exclaimed everybody, in sympathizing tones, as the party rode up. Murphy looked observantly into my face, a twinkle came into his eye, and, as he mounted me once more on that mule, he said, in a low tone:

"I reckon ye like bein' alone; don't yer?"

"Yes, Mr. Murphy," said I. "As well as if I were a woman of the Ah-wah-ne-chee."

PI-WY-ACK AND YO-WI-HE.

IN the language of the Ah-wah-ne-chee, who always spoke truth, "Pi-wy-ack" means "white water" or "shower of shining crystals," and "Yo-wi-he" means "the twisting" or "the meandering." These were the names of the two great falls by which the Merced (River of Mercy) leaps into Ah-wah-ne. Then came the white men, liars; they called the upper fall "Nevada," and the lower one "Vernal;" and the lies prevailed; being, as lies are apt to be, easier said than the truth.

Ah-wah-ne guides tell you that you can see both these falls in one day, leaving Hutchings's early in the morning and returning late in the afternoon. This is true, if the verb to see means simply to look at. John Murphy defined it better:

"Now, I'll tell you the way to see them two falls," he said. "You jest make your calkerlations to stay over night to Snow's an' you'll re'ly see 'em. There don't nobody see a thing that jest rides up to it, an' turns round an' rides away. It's jest the greatest place for moonlight, up on that Nevada Fall, you ever see."

Sol White was right. John Murphy was "jest the sort o' person" we "folks would take to." How much of Ah-wah-ne we should have lost or have but half known except for him!

So we set out for Pi-wy-ack in the early afternoon. We too rode through the mysterious opening in the line of tethering posts, where we had watched party after party disappear, just beyond the hotel. Right into an oak and willow wood, right into a swamp, right into an overflow of the Merced River itself rode Murphy. His white horse was up to the saddle-girths in water. It plunged and seemed to stumble. Murphy glanced quietly over his shoulder at us.

"Keep right behind me, and there's no danger. Don't bear to the left. It's ten foot deep just off there."

It was good generalship to make us concentrate our attention on the one point of keeping close in his steps. No doubt we could have ridden as safely a little to the left; but we should have been twice as frightened at the place we were in if we had not been occupied in trying to avoid a worse one. It was an ugly slough,—water ten feet deep on the left; the current running quite fast; the horses stumbling over the hidden rocks; and close on the right a confusion of high rocks, up which no horse could possibly clamber. But it only lasted a minute or two, and nobody fell in; and then we came out at once on the meadows. Ah! the beauty of the eastern meadow land of Ah-wah-ne, shaded by oaks and pines, and spruces and maples, in groves, without underbrush; threaded by little streams, which zigzag capriciously among thickets of alders and white azalea; and between, white shining bars and stretches of sand, like miniature beeches. They lose themselves in each other or in the Merced; or stop of a sudden, as if changing their mind. You leap them, you ford them, you indulge your horse in sipping them, one after another, just for the pleasure of it. They seem almost a relief sometimes from the grandeur of the lofty walls on every side. So, also, do the flowers, with which great spaces here and there are bright,—red lilies and yellow, deep blue larkspur, rose-colored everlasting, columbine, wild roses, and yellow honeysuckles, besides many others which do not grow out of Ah-wah-ne. After looking up at the terrible To-coy-ae and Tis-sa-ack, bald granite domes four and five thousand feet high, after following the line of overlapping arches and columns and peaks of stone; high up in the air on either hand as far as you can see, seeming to tower and grow, and threaten to topple under your very gaze, — there is a sense of protection in the neighborhood of an azalea, a new comradeship with a daisy. They have summered and wintered in Ah-wah-ne, and are not afraid.

Two miles of this meadow, and then the Valley ends, or, rather, branches into three, so narrow that they are called canyons. As we came near this point, the great walls seemed to have wheeled and opened. All the familiar summits looked new and strange, and new summits, almost grander, came into view. Our path lay up the canyon down which the Merced comes. The noise of its coming soon grew loud. The path winds close along its edge. Out of Ah-wah-ne, we should not call it a path. Steep, narrow, full of bowlders, between which your horse turns and twists at such sharp angles you sway to right and left dizzily, under low-hanging boughs, between bushes which catch you on either side, up and up and up it leads; and the Merced on the left leaps and foams and roars, louder and louder, mile by mile. Now we caught glimpses of its white foam between the dark pines; then it would plunge into still darker depths, and be out of sight for a time. As we came out upon open points here and there, and looked back, we could see no valley behind, no valley anywhere, only peaks and chasms and walls. Except for the green tops of the trees, struggling up among them or clinging to their sides, the sight would have been desolate. Yet it was among those peaks and chasms that we had seen the azaleas. Up from those abysses we had climbed, and still were to climb; for we seemed hardly midway. Far up on the right, so far up that the pine-trees looked like bushes on an almost vertical wall, Murphy pointed out to us a dark line. That, he said, was our path.

"But we shall have to wait at Lady Franklin's Rock," he said, "until the party that went up this morning gets down. There ain't no passing on that trail when *I'm* guidin', — at least, not if I can help it."

Just as he said this, we turned a corner, and came suddenly in sight of Pi-wy-ack. The Ah-wah-ne-chee spoke well. Three hundred and fifty feet of "white water," "shining crystals," there it was, with solid walls of glittering fir and pine on either hand. Lady Franklin — bless her loyal woman's heart — was carried in a litter up to this point, and rested on the broad flat rock which bears her name.

But Pi-wy-ack could not have been so beautiful when she saw it as on this day; for now the water was so high that the rock was wet, and the thick moss with which it is covered glistened as with dew. As we sat waiting, we heard the crackling of branches, and presently there came toward us four figures, bending low, running, parting the wet bushes above their heads, leaping from stone to stone. They were black and shiny. They looked like some novel specimen of upright seal or walrus; but they were men and women. They had come down under the spray of Pi-wy-ack. As they threw off the India-rubber wraps, and, sputtering and splashing, stamped on the ground, water dripped from them. But their eyes flashed with delight. They seemed almost to have brought the rainbows from the Fall along with them. The rest of their party, feebler or more timorous, were coming on horseback by the trail; it was for them we were to wait. It seemed long, for we were impatient, the passion for climbing deepens so fast and the lure of a mountain summit ahead is so magnetic. As soon as they came, we pushed breathlessly on, turning around a sharp corner of the rock-wall, and losing sight of Pi-wy-ack at once. Now the real climbing began. We smiled to think we had called it steep, lower down in the canyon. The trail zigzagged up precipice after precipice; it bent at as sharp angles as a ship's course, tacking in a gale. At each corner the horses stopped to breathe; and, if we had the nerve to look off and over, we looked down on the tops of the heads of the riders coming close behind us, on the very next bend below. They seemed winding in a stately dance. Further down one could hardly bear to look. The chasms into which we had looked before seemed to be merged in one gigantic abyss, the bottom of which was made of sharp mountain peaks and granite needles and ridges. We welcomed every shade of tree or shelter of rock which seemed to stand between us and the edge of this fathomless space; and yet the sense of grandeur was so great that it left little room for terror. We were drawing near to peaks higher than those we had left behind. Hundreds or, for aught we could feel, thousands of feet below us thundered the river. On the further side of it rose up Mah-tah, a perpendicular rock-mountain, two thousand feet above the top of the fall we were climbing to reach. What patriot first called this peak "Cap of Liberty" considerate history forgets.

As we approached the head of the canyon, we came out on fields of piled bowlders and low bushes. The trail was now literally a trail, — nothing but great, dusty hoof-tracks between these bowlders; and, as there rarely seemed any especial reason for following them, each horse picked his way much as he liked. To this I owe it that my first view of the Yo-wi-he Fall was so sudden that the whiteness of it blinded me for a second, as lightning does. For some minutes I had been absorbed in an ignoble contest with my horse. I had not observed that the roar of the Fall sounded louder. I looked up unexpectant, and the avalanche of dazzling foam flashed full before me. It is nearly twice as high as Pi-wy-ack and of much statelier movement. About midway — say three hundred feet from the top — the water falls against a projecting ledge. This twists and turns and throws out the upper half of the Fall in narrow, waving separate lengths, which look like myriads of gigantic Roman candles, made of snow-flakes, as they fall, fall, fall, perpetually, in front of the main body of water, that continues still unbroken, though it spreads suddenly out into a silvery sheet one hundred and thirty feet wide, and has a distinct swaying motion, as of a supple grace, which yielded way a little for courtesy, and not of need. Again we said of the Ah-wah-ne-chee: "How well they told the truth!" It had not seemed beforehand as if "Yo-wi-he," "The Meandering," could be a good name for a grand waterfall. As near the base of the Fall as the Fall will let it stand — in fact, so near that in some winds half the piazza is drenched with spray — stands Mr. Snow's little inn, "La Casa Nevada."

How we thanked Murphy for having brought us to sleep there.

"And now about the moon, Mr. Murphy. When will it be up?"

Murphy looked confused.

"Well, ye see I hain't been keepin' much run on her lately, an' the fact is, I'd forgot, when I spoke to you about seein' the Falls, how late she is. There won't be no moonlight here to-night till nigh one o'clock."

"Never mind. We'll sleep till one, and then get up and see the moonlight."

Nobody can be sure, after a half-day's horseback riding in Ah-wah-ne, of waking up at the hour they resolve upon. It was long after one o'clock that night when three shapeless figures, rolled up in Mrs. Snow's bed-blankets and comforters, went stumbling about in that trackless waste of bowlders, looking for the moon. The ground was black, the bowlders were black, the bushes were black. Blacker still loomed up the pine and fir-forests on either hand; and, above them, actually glistening like walls of black crystal, towered the granite peaks. The moon had shone her little hour in the canyon and gone on. A faint light in the dark sky to the south, outlining more distinctly the jagged summits and serrated forest tops, told that she was still shining the other side. The Fall showed ghastly whitish gray; the rapids all the way down from the base of the Fall to the bridge gleamed, but did not look white; the stars shone piercingly; and the silence was terrible, in spite of the roar of the water. We felt our way about; we lost the path again and again, and hardly dared to move, for fear of falling headlong down some precipice. The air was sharply cold, but the bed-blankets and comforters were very inconvenient. At last somebody said to somebody: "Don't you think we are fools?" And then we groped our way back to bed.

The next morning we climbed to the top of the Fall. Since the Fall is only seven hundred feet high, why it need be a four hours' climb up and down one side of it is not evident. But the path is steep, — partly through woods of fir, cedar, and maple; partly over sandy and rocky cliffs, where the trail is close to the edge and is full of sharp-cornered bits of granite, broken so fine it looks like gray loaf-sugar and is uncommonly hard to the feet. All the way up are wonderful glimpses of the Fall. Seen from the side, the long, slender shafts of foam look more like snowy Roman candles than ever. And, as you can often look between them and the main sheet of the Fall, it is easy to fancy them thrown off by invisible pyrotechnists (aquatechnists?) under the rocks. The swaying of the great avalanche to the right is also more clearly seen; and the stream on the left, which from below had looked merely like a stray thread of the Fall, proves to be almost another river, itself leaping and falling in cascades of such beauty one might well have climbed up for their sake alone. As we sank down breathless on the rocks at the top of the Fall, Murphy said: —

"Now you must keep on and take a look into the Little Yosemite Valley. It is only a few steps."

There was, then, a miniature Ah-wah-ne. We wondered and pressed on. The "few steps" were half or three-quarters of a mile along the river's sandy and rocky bank, through live oak and manzinita bushes and over mats of tiny low flowers, growing as thickly as our moss pinks. They were purple and blue and yellow and white, and I never saw one of them anywhere else, — not even anywhere else in Ah-wah-ne. They were almost too tiny to pick. They shrivelled and became nothing in one's fingers, and they seemed to have little root, coming off the dry rock surface at a touch; but they made solid masses of color under our feet.

Little Ah-wah-ne is like Ah-wah-ne the greater, — a brilliant emerald meadow, with the Merced running through it, shut in on the east and the west by buttressed and pinnacled walls, from two to three thousand feet high, and belted here and there by dark fir forests. It also has its stately pleasure domes, and streams run fast and free down its sides. It is two thousand feet higher than Ah-wah-ne, and will be as well known and loved some day.

From the top of the square granite rock off which the Merced leaps in the Pi-wy-ack Fall runs a narrow staircaseway down to the bottom of the canyon. It is a staircase, and not a ladder; for the steps are not rounds, and there is a railing to cling to. But it feels like a ladder, and most persons can get down easier by going backward. You land at the mouth of a shallow cave, whose whole roof is fringed with the dainty maiden's-hair fern. There is only a narrow rocky rim between you and the mad river, which is foaming down the canyon. On each side the stone walls rise almost vertically and are thickly wooded with firs and cedars. There you are, you and the river, together at the bottom of this crevice. It is easy to see what would become of you if the river were suddenly to crowd a little. Every pine, every cedar, every moss is glistening. The bowlders are black, they are so wet. You can look only a little way down the canyon, for the spray rises in clouds, which lap and roll and spread like steam. Going a few steps into it, and looking back to the Fall, you see that just at the upper edge it is emerald green, for a hand's-breadth, perhaps, — no more; then it breaks all at once, in an instant, into millions of distinct drops, sparkling, whirling, round as dew-drops, falling in perpetual shower. Ah! the Ah-wah-ne-chee. And ah! the miracle of water at its freest. Why should some water be stately and some be frolicful? Yo-wi-he leaps from as sharp an edge as Pi-wy-ack; but Yo-wi-he is full of majestic dignity, and Pi-wy-ack is radiant with fun.

Perhaps Pi-wy-ack gets clearer sight of its own rainbows. No need here to travel for the magic rainbow end, where the money lies. It follows you, it trips you up, it tangles itself around your feet. As I first walked back toward the Fall, after going as far out in the spray as I dared, I accidentally slipped on a rolling stone. I looked down quickly, to find a firmer footing; and I looked down upon a broad band of the most brilliant rainbow. I exclaimed at the sight; but, as I exclaimed, the rainbow slipped to the left, then as I advanced it slowly retreated, as if luring me to the Fall. Suddenly as it came it vanished, on the surface of a wet bowlder. A step or two back into the spray, and it danced under my feet; a step or two forward, and it was gone.

"These ain't any thing," said Murphy. "The place where you get the rainbows is down there," pointing into what looked like the mouth of a steaming cauldron, some rods down the canyon.

Through this we must go if we walked down to Lady Franklin's Rock. Remembering the choked breath and dripping hair of the people we had seen the day before, we hesitated; but, remembering also the joy which flashed in their eyes, we longed.

"It's pretty bad now," said Murphy, reflectively. "Dunno's I've ever taken anybody through when the river was higher. But you're pretty sure-footed. I guess you'd git along well enough. An' ye won't never be sorry ye did it. I can tell ye that."

Never, indeed! Only sorry that I cannot remember it more vividly. Leaping from stone to stone, poising on slippery logs under water, clinging to Murphy's hand as to a life-preserver, blinded, choked, stifled, drenched, down into that canyon, through that steaming spray, we went. It was impossible to keep one's eyes open wide for more than half a second at a time. The spray drove and pelted, making great gusts of wind by its own weight as it fell. It seemed to whirl round and round, and wrap us, as if trying to draw us down into the black depths. It was desperately uncomfortable, and dangerous, no doubt. But what of that? We were taken into the heart of a carnival of light. Rainbows rioted everywhere, and we were crowding and jostling through as we could. The air was full of them, the ground danced with them, they climbed and chased and tumbled mockingly over our heads and shoulders, and across our faces. I nearly lost my footing, laughing at one, made chiefly of blue and purple, which flitted across Murphy's left eyebrow. They wheeled and broke into bits and flew; they swung and revolved and twined. When I looked at them in the air, I could think of nothing but a gigantic loom, on which threads of rainbow were being shuttled and woven with magic swiftness. When I looked down into the confusion of dark bowlders and pools under our feet, I could think of nothing but gigantic mill-hoppers spinning round, and grinding up purple and blue and yellow and green and red. I held out my hand and caught the threads in the loom, — stopped them, turned them, snapped them. I leaned down and dipped into the purple and blue and yellow and green and red, and lifted them in the hollow of my palm. I do not think anybody could have come nearer to the secrets of rainbows if he had sat in the sky and watched the first one made.

There was nobody waiting at the Rock to laugh at us as we also came, running, bending over, parting the wet bushes over our heads, panting, stamping, dripping, and looking like upright seals or walruses.

"Oh, Mr. Murphy, how thankful we are to you for making us come down that way!" we exclaimed.

"I told ye ye wouldn't never be sorry if ye did," replied Murphy, shaking out the wet India-rubber coats and rolling them up in a bundle, which looked more like a seal than we had.

The east meadow land of Ah-wah-ne looked lovelier than ever as we rode slowly back through it at sunset. Long shadows linked tree to tree in the groves; the little brooks reflected bits of crimson cloud and yellow sky; the azalea blossoms seemed to expand, like white wings, in the dimmer light; and the primroses were all shut.

Just before we reached Hutchings's we passed a tent, where an adventurous party of pleasure-seekers were camping out. A small boy, with his head and the greater part of his face tied up in a blue veil, was piling brush on a large bonfire, close to the door of the tent.

"To keep off the black flies?" called I, as I rode by.

"Yes, and skeeters, too," said he, lifting up roguish eyes, reddened by the smoke.

"Oh, dear!" said I, "do you like camping out?"

"Yes, indeed," shouted he. "It's splendid. We killed six rattlesnakes yesterday!"

PATILLIMA AND LOYA.

STANDING one evening in the little clearing before Hutchings's Hotel, and looking up three thousand feet in the air, to the upper edge of Ah-wah-ne's southern wall, I saw a small point of bright light. It looked as a star might which had fallen and caught in a tree. While I was looking at it, Murphy passed by; and, in answer to my eager question what the light could be, he replied: —

"That's folks camping out on Glacier Point. That's where I'm going to take you to-morrow."

"Take us *there!*" I exclaimed. I realized for the first time how I had been overawed by Ah-wah-ne. If Murphy had said to me that "folks were camping out" in the Little Dipper, which lay calm and bright and apparently little further off on the sky, I should have accepted the statement as readily. Murphy laughed.

"Why, 'tain't much higher than 'twas where you came down from Gentry's. I'm goin' to take you more'n a thousand feet higher'n that, too. That ain't three quarters o' the way up to Sentinel Dome."

The shining point held my eyes spell-bound. I watched it late into the evening. Once I thought I detected a slight flicker in it; but with that exception it looked no more like a watch-fire than did the other countless outpost watch-fires in the sky above it.

The Ah-wah-ne-chee had an odd name for this jutting point. They called it Er-na-ting Law-oo-too, or Bearskin. But there was evidently a man or woman among them who loved musical sounds, and rebelled against these uncouth words; for another name has come down which is melody itself, — "Patillima." Nobody knows what it means; but I think it means "Picture of the Emerald Meadow." Does it not sound as if it might? It does when you are looking over its dizzy edge, down into the radiant Ah-wah-ne.

We set out at half-past six in the morning. One cannot grow used to the splendor of Ah-wah-ne morning; it is the dew and glitter and awaking of dawn, filled, flushed, and overflowed with the light and the warmth of noon. One fears, at first, that the noon will arrive arid, lifeless, and beggared. But the miracle is as long as the day. Until the sun drops out of sight the marvellous shining and balm and zest of the air last. We rode westward down the Valley. On our left hand rose the wall; daylight made it look only the more inaccessible. We rode on and on, past the lower hotels, — Black's and Leydig's.

"Oh! we would rather stay at the upper end of the Valley, even if Hutchings had nothing but acorns to eat!" we exclaimed, as we more and more lost sight of the Great Fall, and looked at the dreary sand-fields in which the other hotels stand.

"But how far behind we are leaving Glacier Point, Mr. Murphy!" said we. "It must be a mile back."

"Yes," said Murphy, his eyes twinkling. "The trail begins a mile 'n a half west. Ye hev' to work round considerable on sech a wall 's that to git up."

At the entrance of the trail we found a small toll-house, kept by a far-seeing Irishman, named Macaulay, who built the trail. It cost $3,000 and it took eleven months of steady, hard labor to build it, though it is only six or seven miles long. But it is a marvellous piece of work. It is broad, smooth, and well protected on the outer edge, in all dangerous places, by large rocks; so that, although it is far the steepest trail out of the Valley, zigzagging back and forth on a sheer granite wall, one rides up it with little alarm or giddiness, and with such a sense of gratitude to the builder that the dollar's toll seems too small. Looking off on the Valley side, however, requires nerve. You can see, usually, one terrace below you, — the one from which you have just turned, at an acute angle, into the one on which you are. Sometimes you can just see round the last bend of the one next below, and see a horse's head slowly climbing up. But this is the most. Below that, only tops of trees and empty space, out, out, down, down, to the very bottom of Ah-wah-ne. It is incredible while you see it. You seem to be ascending on a series of narrow shelves, swung like book-shelves, one above another, but from earth to sky. You gain a few feet at each turn; but you double and double the length of the face of the wall, more times than you can count, with each turn. The bottom of the valley looks further and further away, and yet the sky looks no nearer.

On this day a large party was coming up just below us. Looking down on the long line of horses, winding and turning at slow pace, one could think of nothing but a circus suddenly tilted up, and the manœuvres going on just the same on the wall.

In this party was one man never to be forgotten. He belonged to that class of healthy, irrepressible, loud-voiced travellers whom no grandeur can awe, no sentiment silence. Malicious fate had set him on a horse named January. January was lazy and slow of foot. Feeling along the path, echoing among the rocks, rising, sinking, doing every thing a voice can do, except die away, went the stentorian cry of that man: —

"Git up, Jenuerry! Git up, Jenuerry!"

At first we laughed at it. Then we looked grave. Then we set our teeth. Then we sinned with our tongues as we spoke one with another concerning that man. All the way from the bottom of the wall to the top he shouted, and gave no rest. The self-satisfied, jubilant hilarity of his tone was indescribably exasperating. Another sentence which we heard from his lips, however, had something so redeeming in it, that I treasured it. It was as we reached the summit of Glacier Point.

"The most romantic mind can here find enough of the picturesque to satisfy its wildest desires." So saying, he wheeled his horse and trotted off, the whole party following swiftly, saying to their guide: "Come on, Guide! We've gazed enough." They had been on the Point perhaps five minutes.

"I do hate to see folks do that way," muttered Murphy, looking contemptuously after them.

"Git up, Jenuerry!" "Git up, Jenuerry!" came faintly back from the depths of the wood, as the party plunged off to the left, on the trail to Clark's.

Three weeks later, by one of those deliciously improbable coincidences which fate itself must chuckle over when it brings them about, it happened that we saw this irrepressible, loud-voiced traveller again.

It was at night, on the Central Pacific Railroad, between Lake Donner and Truckee. We had been standing on the platform of the car for half an hour, watching the gleaming lights from the lake, where the Indians were fishing by torchlight. When we returned to our seat, we found it occupied by a sleeping man, whose head rested comfortably on our bags and bundles. It was the rider of January. As gently and gravely as we could, we roused him, and reclaimed our seat. I hope it is counted unto us for righteousness that we resisted the impulse to wake him by the cry, "Git up, Jenuerry!"

Standing on Glacier Point, we saw why the Ah-wah-ne-chee had called it Er-na-ting Law-oo-too. Its shape is not unlike that of a stretched bearskin, the head making the extreme point of the plateau. But we did not spend most of our time on Glacier Point standing. We spent it crouched between high rocks, or lying flat on our breasts, peering over the edge, drinking in the loveliness of this marvellous miniature picture of Ah-wah-ne. Its green was as vivid as ever. Its river and its lake shone like crystals; but its towering trees looked no higher than mosses. Great spaces of forest looked a hand's-breadth wide. Mr. Tamon's fruit orchard, four acres square, and containing five hundred trees, made merely a tiny dark spot in the glowing green meadow. No living thing, man or beast, could be distinguished from that height. The few buildings seemed hardly separate from the gray rocks among which they stood. There was no motion, no sound. Vivid, bright, beautiful, like the sudden picture shown by a wizard's spell of some supernatural land, there the Valley lay. We knew that we had come from it; we knew that we should return to it; but not even this knowledge could make it seem real that we were on a level with the top of the Great Fall on the opposite side of the Valley, — could make the Great Fall look any less as if it came from the sky. We, also, seemed to be on a field of sky. To-wi-he and Pi-wy-ack were in full sight, looking, in the radiant distance, not so much like foaming waterfalls as like broad molten silver bands, by which the dark spaces of forest might be linked together and welded to the granite mountains.

But grander than the falls and more wonderful than all the other mountain walls, was the great South Dome, Tis-sa-ack. Seen from this point, its expression is so significant that even its stupendous size is partially forgotten. When half of Tis-sa-ack fell, the northeast front was left a sheer, straight granite surface, nearly six thousand feet high. The top is still rounded. No human foot has ever trod it or ever will. The longer I looked at it, this day, the more its contour assumed the likeness of a colossal visor, closed. But this peculiar expression is seen from no other point. Therefore, I think that it was here on Patillima that the Ah-wah-ne-chee first crowned it "Goddess of the Valley," and first wove the legend of the mysterious maiden, with yellow hair and blue eyes, who sat upon its crest and won the love of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, and then disappeared for ever, leaving Tis-sa-ack to guard her memory and her secret together.

"I hate to hurry ye," said Murphy, after we had been a half an hour here; "but, if we're goin' to the top of Sentinel Dome, we must re'ly be goin'. We hain't got none too much time now."

A few more minutes he gave us, touched by our entreaties; but then he sternly followed us about from rock to rock with our horses, and compelled us to mount. The trail led down into the woods again, along a little brook-course, over beds of ferns, among which blue forget-me-nots waved as they wave on the shores of the Alban Lake. The magic Valley, the colossal domes, the radiant infinite distances, all had disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. It might be any other sweet forest out of Ah-wah-ne through which we were quietly riding. Just as I was thinking how wonderful the transition seemed, and how hard it was to realize that we were really three thousand feet high and riding on the rim of Ah-wah-ne, Murphy cantered up by my side, and said, in a low tone: —

"Ye wouldn't think now, would ye, when ye're in these woods, that ye was jest on the edge of the Valley?" Was there any shade of feeling, any point of beauty which this silent and half-grim old guide did not know?

"I always think it's a real rest after the Pint to get in here," he continued; "an' it kind o' prepares ye for the Dome."

"An' here's a first-rate place to eat your lunch," he added, stopping under a big pine, whose scraggy roots thrust out like wharves into the brook. The poor, hungry horses eyed our gingerbread, and nibbled disconsolately at bushes they did not like. There was not a blade of grass. We fed them with all that we could spare, and they took the crumbs from our hands gratefully as dogs. Oh! the pitifulness of the Ah-wah-ne horses. It is hard to bear the sight of it.

When we left the woods, we struck out into open, rocky fields. There was hardly a vestige of a trail, to our inexperienced eyes; but Murphy rode on, turning to the right and to the left, and as we followed him we could see that on either hand of our way the rocks and stones and pebbles and sand looked even less like a road than those under our feet. Before us rose Loya, the bald, gray dome, the sentinel; on its top one low pine tree, and on the side nearest us a big belt of snow.

"Ye'll have to walk up the rest of the way," said Murphy. "This snow won't bear the horses."

I jumped from my horse just in the edge of the first snow-drift; and I alighted on beds of tiny, low flowers, growing like those I had seen at the top of the Nevada Fall, in thick mats, but with even smaller blossoms, all of a delicate pink color. The snow-drifts bore us, and in some spots the crust crackled under our feet as it does in the New England winter. Yet the air was soft and balmy, and almost at the top of the Dome I picked one little yellow pansy. The pine-tree was low, and so bent it seemed to have crouched in terror. One long, gnarled branch grew out for many feet to the south; but on the north side all was bare and scarred. We looked at the snow-drifts, at the tiny flowers, at the tree, all before we looked off at the Sierras. Only by glimpses at first could we bear the grandeur of the sight. We were one thousand feet above the highest fall in Ah-wah-ne. Ah-wah-ne itself—shrunk to a narrow abyss, with vivid gleams of green and silver at its bottom—was only a near line in the vast distance on which we looked. Little Ah-wah-ne was an emerald spot, walled by bare granite masses. Mountains seemed piled on mountains; and yet, beyond them and between them, we could see the great valley stretches of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, and to the west a dim blue line, which marked the Golden Gate. Looking northward across the Valley, we could see Mount Hoffman, eleven thousand feet high, covered with snow; and the gigantic North Dome, seeming almost to nestle under its shadow. Only one thing except the far Sierras was higher than we. That was the eternally sealed mask of Tis-sa-ack.

The Sierra Nevada, in its immortal white, lay only thirty miles away, every peak sharp-cut on the intense blue of the cloudless sky. Beyond Ah-wah-ne we saw, coming from the north, the slender thread of white which makes Ah-wah-ne's Great Fall. It seemed somehow to be the one thing which linked it with the human world, proved it real, and made it safe.

"You folks ought to go round the whole Valley and camp out," said Murphy, who had watched us more and more approvingly. "It wouldn't take more than two weeks, and there's lots of places you'd like as well's you do this."

"Mr. Murphy, do you believe that you are speaking truth?" said we, severely.

Murphy's eyes smiled a little, but he said no more. He liked our loyalty to Loya.

On our way down, we stopped for a few moments to rest on Union Point, half way between Glacier Point and the Valley. Here we found an Irishman living in a sort of pine-plank wigwam, from the top of which waved the United States flag. In a low tree, on the very edge of the precipice, I saw a small bunch of flowers. "Oh! somebody has lost a bouquet," I exclaimed. But, when I tried to take it from the crotch in the branch, I found it was firmly wedged in and confined by a twig bent across the opening. The Irishman came running up, and, handing it to me, with a broad smile on his ugly red face, said: —

"It was me tied it up. I thought some leddy 'd be comin' along that 'd like it."

"I will keep it always, in memory of Union Point and you," exclaimed I.

Alas! long before I reached the bottom of that dizzy wall it had fallen from my belt. But, nevertheless, it is true that I keep it still in memory of Union Point and the lonely, chivalrous Irish gentleman who lives there and looks down into Ah-wah-ne.

POHONO.

"MR. MURPHY," said I, "do you believe that the Evil Spirit of the Bridal Veil Fall would let me come near enough to see it, this afternoon?"

Murphy stared at me for a moment in real alarm, thinking I had lost my senses. Then he broke into one of the few laughs I ever heard from his lips, and made a reply which must have seemed to a bystander singularly irrelevant.

"That pesky mule hain't been seen since that afternoon. I reckon he's swum the river, and as like 's not he won't never be heard from again. 'Tain't no great loss, nuther; though I dunno but he did 's well 's any on 'em for a pack mule. I allers did hate mules," continued Murphy. "I never could see no sense in 'em; an' I reckon *you* don't ever want to see another."

And Murphy's eyes glistened mischievously at the reminiscence of the untimely end of my trip to Pohono.

Why the Ah-wah-ne-chee should have given this sad name to the most beautiful fall in their valley, and have associated with it such gloomy legends and superstitions, it is not easy to conceive. The stream which makes the Fall rises in a small lake, on which there is said to be a perpetual strong wind; and there is a tradition that once an old woman who was gathering seeds just above the Fall, fell into the stream and was carried over the precipice. But these facts are not sufficient to account for the terror which the Indians felt at approaching the Fall. They always hurried by at the top of their speed; nothing would induce them to sleep near or down the Valley was considered certain death. The air of Ah-wah-ne is so much rarer and more stimulating than other air, life seems there so much less a thing of the accredited five senses than anywhere else, that such legends and superstitions take hold on the imagination in spite of one. I confess that, as I rode toward Pohono that afternoon, I could not for one moment forget that we were doing what an Ah-wah-ne-chee would not have done for his life; and, musical as is the word Pohono, is it all a fancy that it sounds as if it might be the name of a malignant and treacherous spirit?

To reach Pohono from Hutchings's, you follow the trail down the Valley for some six miles westward. Much of the way it is on the bank of the Merced, which at times spreads out foaming and shallow, and then narrows again into a deep, dark, resistless-looking current. In these narrow depths the Merced has most exquisite spaces tinted with amber and malachite, shaded up to black. As it glides swiftly along, the serrated tops of the firs and pines are reflected in these shining surfaces like spear-points and plumes of ranks of soldiery in the shield and bosses of a leader flashing by. And above and before the serrated spear-points and plumes stand, silent, massive, impregnable for ever, the high buttresses of rock.

The last two miles of the way lay near the southern wall of the Valley, through wild lands, almost like jungles, — firs and cedars and maples and Balm of Gilead and dog-wood and alders growing densely; and on each hand and as far as we could see thickets of white azalea, Ah-wah-ne azalea, — not azalea as New England knows it, in gaunt, straggling bushes, bare-stemmed nearly to the top and with flowers set somewhat scantily on the spreading ends of branches, — but azalea in thickets, in banks which would be solidly leafy and green from bottom to top if they were not solidly snowy, but which are so snowy that only little points and tips of green are rose-pink; and I have had branches on which these royal flowers were set in bunches two hand's-breadths broad, like great flattened snowballs.

Our first sight of the Fall was at a moment when the wind, or the breath of Pohono, was lifting its whole fleecy mass and swinging it to the west. "Can it be water?" we exclaimed. It looked like a fluttering cloud, driven before the wind and clinging to the rock. But in a second it swayed back again, with an undulating motion no cloud could show. And yet the fleecy, filmy grace of its shape seemed too ethereal for water, and the sound seemed, for some inexplicable reason, to come from a point much further to the left. But, in looking up at it from the base, — and that is looking up nine hundred feet, — all wonder at its fine-spun, gossamer fleeciness is swallowed up in wonder at its zone of rainbow. At some hours of the day, and when the spray is very heavy, there are five or six of these rainbow belts arching across it, sinking and rising and swaying to right and left with it.

But I shall never believe that this effect can be so beautiful as that we saw produced by one broad, brilliant rainbow, — a perfect semicircle, — its apex in the centre of the Fall and its bases reaching to our very feet. We sat on a high bowlder, some rods away from the Fall; and yet, when a sudden gust of wind blew the spray toward us, we were wet as in a shower. The bright, broad zone of color, arching, and yet seeming to belt and confine the flowing lengths of fleecy white, — expanding and spanning them still when they seemed to seek to be free, — deepening, flashing with brighter color, like renewed jewels, and clasping closer when they seemed to sink and yield, — there was an infinite tenderness of triumphant passion, of mingled compliance and compulsion, surrender and conquest, in the whole expression of the movement of the two, as they swung and swayed and shone and melted together in the radiant air. Almost one felt as if he knew more than he should, in watching them; as if, perchance, they believed themselves alone. As the sun sunk lower, the rainbow zone rose higher and higher and grew narrower and fainter. The parting grew near. I would not have seen it. As we rode slowly home, in the early twilight, the pinnacles and spires and towers of rock on the southern side of the Valley were changed by shadows into fantastic shapes.

The serene and majestic face of Tu-tock-ah-nu-la alone looked unaltered. Neither light nor shade can change the benignant, watchful look on its grand and clear-cut features. Just beyond it a rounded peak took suddenly the shape of a man's head, in a pointed monkish cowl. As we rode on, it slowly changed to the outline of a Bedouin, half wrapped in a cloak and riding a gigantic camel. The long neck of the camel and the folds of the cloak were perfect; and a sharp ledge line, lower down, gleamed like a spear, poised low in the rider's hand. The weird effect of such phantom shapes as these, when seen three thousand feet up in the air and of such great size, cannot be imagined. A little further on, a colossal cat-like face suddenly looked out from the sky. The mouth grinned and the ears were erect. It was rather the face of a tiger than of a cat, and yet it had no fierceness of expression. In a moment it was gone, and we could see that the left ear had been a pine tree. No doubt the tree was two hundred feet high, but it did not seem in the least out of proportion as an ear on the gigantic head.

Behind this head, in the far southeast, we could see clouds rest, six thousand feet above us. Its top was still rosy pink with the sunset glow, which had so long left the Valley; and below the pink lay a broad snow-belt, silver white.

As Murphy lifted me from my horse, he looked at me closely, and said, with a little hesitation of manner:

"Feel a little stiff, don't ye?"

Pride rebelled at the suggestion; but candor conquered, and I replied:

"Yes, Mr. Murphy. I must own that I do. So many hours on horseback is a pretty severe thing to one unaccustomed to riding."

"I only wonder the ladies stand it so well's they do," said Murphy courteously, detecting, I have no doubt, my foolish pride. "But, if you was to take a good long hot-bath to-night, you'd feel as good as new tomorrow."

"A long hot-bath," exclaimed I, remembering the shallow milk-pan which served me for wash-bowl. "Are any corners of the Merced heated?"

"Yes," replied Murphy, with perfect gravity. "A good deal of the Merced is kept hot all the time."

It was my turn to stare now. Murphy twinkled, but did not speak till I said:

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Murphy?"

"Jest what I say," he replied, slowly, enjoying my bewilderment. "There's a good deal of the Merced kept hot all the time in the bath-tubs in Mr. Smith's saloon. And, what's more, you won't find any nicer bath-rooms anywhere, not even in San Francisco."

This sounded incredible. The fourth of the three buildings in the little plaza was a long, low, dark-brown house, with a piazza on two sides, which I knew was called saloon, and at which, for that reason, I had looked without interest. But I was soon to discover that it was one of the wonders of Ah-wah-ne.

This long, low, dark-brown house, called the "Cosmopolitan Saloon" and kept by a Mr. Smith, consists of nine rooms. A billiard-room, where are two fine billiard-tables; a reading-room, where are the California newspapers, and a long writing-table, with stationery ready to one's hand; a small sitting-room, furnished with sofas and comfortable easy-chairs, and intended exclusively for the use of ladies; and five small bath-rooms, perfectly appointed in all respects and kept with the most marvellous neatness. A small store-room at the end completes the list of the rooms.

The bath-tubs shine; the floors of the bath-rooms are carpeted; Turkish towels hang on the racks; soaps, bottles of cologne, and bay rum are kept in each room; a pincushion stands under each glass, and on the pincushion are not only pins, but scissors, needles, thread, and buttons of several kinds. Has anybody ever seen public bath-rooms of this order? And Mr. Smith mentions, apologetically, that the button-hooks for which he has sent have not yet arrived.

A tall and portly black man, with that fine polish of civility of which the well-trained African servant is the only master on this continent, attends to every requirement of Mr. Smith's customers, and exhibits the establishment many times a day, with most pardonable pride.

To have seen the slates of those billiard tables coming down the wall of Ah-wah-ne on the backs of mules must have been an amazing spectacle. As we looked at their great mahogany frames, it seemed more and more impossible every moment. But to all our exclamations Mr. Smith replied, with great quietness, that there was no difficulty in bringing any thing whatever into Ah-wah-ne, and that he intended to bring a piano next year. A mule can carry six hundred pounds weight of any thing which can be strapped on his back; and, once strapped firmly on his back, the load will be carried with far less jolt and jar than on wheels. Poor mule! The very Wandering Jew of burden and misery among beasts. From sea to sea, from continent to continent, the spell of his evil destiny stretches. Cairo or Ah-wah-ne, it is all one to him. But I think that never even in Cairo could have been seen a mule of which so little was to be seen as of the one which came down the Ah-wah-ne precipices under Mr. Smith's billiard-tables.

FROM BIG OAK FLAT TO MURPHY'S.

ONLY one day's ride; but a ride so vivid with characteristic color, so picturesque, so pathetic in panoramic narrative that I think there can hardly be in all California any other one day's journey more essentially Californian.

Big Oak Flat is a little mining town, about sixty miles from Stockton. In going from Ah-wah-ne to the Calaveras Big Trees, we slept there; but it looked so desolate, so apart, that I never thought of its having any relation to the rest of the world — even to the points of compass — and I remember it only as the spot where this vivid day's ride began.

First down-hill — down, down, through a canyon whose sides were made of bare overlapping hills, grass-grown, and fringed and barred with low bushes. At the bottom ran a stream; on all sides were old mining-sluices, little green vine-yards, piles of broken quartz rock. Then the road ran through the bed of Moccasin Creek. The Creek had shrunk, and was licking along abjectly in the sand on the right; and we rattled and jolted over its pebbly channel. The low hills in the distance were oddly shaped, like cones and triangles, and seemed to be joined and fitted like pieces in a puzzle, to be taken apart. Red chasms and crevices marked their sides; tottering old stone chimneys and blackened hearthstones showed where cabins had been; solid squares of shining green vineyard and orchard, mixed, surrounded the cabins of to-day.

Then we came to Keith's Fruit Garden, a bit of color worth painting. A low cabin-like house, white and set behind white palings. At the gate tall branching oleanders, rosy with blossoms; from the gate to the door a dark fig-tree grove; a broad piazza, wreathed with honeysuckles from eaves to sill, with hanging baskets made of strung acorns and holding green vines, and bird-cages holding linnets and gold-finches; on the piazza a table, set with fruit, — pears, figs, apricots, plums, apples; and this was only the 29th of June. Last year's wine, too, in bottles, with red roses printed on the labels; and above the table, nailed to the wall of the house, a cheap colored print of somebody, — Ceres, or Flora, or Pomona, — crowned with flowers and bearing in her hands a salver of prodigious fruit. A running spring on one side the house; and on the other a glistening yellow bed of straw, alive with downy, trembling, peeping chickens, just out of the shell. On both sides and behind, stretching away so that you peered down into its alleys, lay the vineyard, shaded dark by alternating rows of fig, of peach, of apricot, of plum, of almond trees. Last, not least, and everywhere at once, a blue-eyed maid child, a little older, perhaps, than the linnets, and the goldfinches, which she said she had had "always." Then more cabins, more vineyards, and a foaming river on our left, the earth all red wherever it lay open, and little yellow streams running about like lost babies; great piles of crushed quartz rock here and there, and rough skeleton mills, with the huge round wheels, which had broken it up. The hills grew more yellow, the country grew more bald and bare and sterile. Deserted cabins, with vines running riot, and sluices, dry and rusty tin pans, left out in the sun, told their half of the story of the barren tract. Now we climbed again, slowly, steadily, up to a broad plateau, called Table Mountain. Here were huge oaks, all tremulous at top with mistletoe, but seamed and seared below like old fossils. Wheat-fields came into sight in the distance, and their pale yellow looked cooler and wholesomer than the orange-tinted streams and the red earth. In lonely places were twos and threes of ragged, hopeless Chinamen, bent double over the old worn-out gullies and hollows, shaking the thin sands and peering and groping after a penny's worth of gold. They looked like galvanized mummies, working out some spell which could bode no good to anybody. Now and then a house and now and then a cross-road made the solitudes seem less remote, and gave a strange, sudden reminder of civilization and humanity. But in a moment we had plunged again into thickets and tangles of pines and manzanita; then out upon desolate, frightful, stony fields, where crowds of limestone rocks reared themselves up like hobgoblins and gnomes. And so, before noon, we came to Sonora.

Sonora's main street is narrow, and walled thick with green locust-trees. The buildings are chiefly half shop and half house, excepting those which are all saloon. They are wooden and low and of uneven heights; the shop fronts are wide open, being made of two huge doors. This gives the street the look of an arbor of cluttered and miscellaneous wares. In the centre of the busiest part of the street, we came upon hydraulic mining in one of the cellars, the hose playing away as for a fire, and the yellow bank crumbling and melting into the sluices.

"What is this?" said we.

"Oh! the man that lived there found gold in his cellar. So he moved off his house and went to mining, and he's taken out $10,000 already," replied the Street.

"But are you all living over gold mines?"

"Shouldn't wonder. But mining isn't such lively work as it used to be. It's dull times in Sonora now. Twenty-dollar pieces used to chink on this street from morning to night." And the Street sighed.

Next to Sonora comes Columbia, only four miles off. I think there is not in sight on either hand of that four miles of road, a half-acre of land which is not tunnelled, trenched, scooped, torn to pieces, and turned bottom side up by mining. The wildest confusion of bowlders ever seen on a mountain-top looks like the orderly precision of a cabinet by side of these deserted mining claims. The rocks are worn and fretted by the old action of water into ghastly and grotesque shapes, which add an element of weird horror to the picture. They look like giant skeletons, like idols, like petrified monsters, which might come to life and hold hideous carnival in their burial-place. A little way out of Sonora stands a small church, on a high hill, surrounded by a graveyard. The land on one side of it has been mined away, until the hill is left standing like a seashore cliff, steep, abrupt, many feet above the yawning, rocky chasms below. The little paling of the graveyard and the white gravestones nearest it look as if at any minute they might topple off, by the caving in of the bank,—the greed of gold has so grudged even to the dead the few inches they need.

Columbia houses are like cabins, bowered in vines and flowers; and Columbia's streets literally run with gold. As we drove through, on this 29th of June, we saw dozens of small boys panning out gold in the little streams which ran close to their fathers' gates.

"For Fourth of July?" called we.

"Yes, to see the circus," shouted the infant gold-seekers.

"How much can you get a day?" I said.

"*He* got twenty-five cents yesterday," said a wistful little fellow, pointing to the great man of their exchange.

A little further on we met a squad of the dismal Chinamen again, walking with their shovels, pans, and pickaxes slung in a clattering bundle on their backs.

After Columbia came a gentler and greener country, woods again, and a glorious canyon, down which we zigzagged and whirled round ox-bow bends, and came to the swift, coffee-colored Stanislaus River at bottom. Over this, in a swinging ferry-boat, made fast to an iron cable, and then up the other side of the canyon. The hills were covered densely with the low greasewood bushes, which, now that the white flowers were fallen, had taken on a most exquisite tint of brilliant yellow-brown. Once out of the canyon, we bore away across stretch after stretch of wilderness again. Woods, woods, woods, or else bare rocky fields; now and then a dismal little village, which once had a hope of gold, but now has lost it, and found nothing else in its stead. Pitiful faces meet you at each turn in these luckless little mining towns, — faces of women hardened and weary and lifeless; faces of little children sick and without joy; faces of men dull, inert, discouraged, and brutal. It is hard to fancy what will become of them.

As we drove up to the inn at "Murphy's," I could have fancied myself in some little Italian village. The square stone walls were gray, and in spots grimed with mould; the windows were sunk deep, like embrasures, and heavy black shutters flapped and creaked. Bright green locust-trees shaded it, hens and chickens were running about, and the padrona and several servants stood on the doorstep, smiling. Murphy's one narrow, long street is picturesquely dismal, — old wooden sidewalks, loose, broken in in places, with grass growing up in the holes; deserted houses, with the ridge-pole sinking low in the middle and the chimney-bricks lying strewn about; unused warerooms, with iron shutters on the outside, barred tight and crossbarred by cobwebs; back yards and front yards, here and there, all gullied and piled with heaps of rock, where gold used to be. One we found surrounded by a high fence, the gate tight locked with a padlock, and the pickaxes and pans lying where they were dropped at sunset. This within stone's throw of an apple-stand and a meeting-house. Just beyond the street limits, in all directions, are fields of mining claims, — some deserted, some still being worked. The rocks are hollowed and scooped, and thrown up in even wilder and more fantastic shapes than those we had seen before. By moonlight they were terrible. A few years ago Murphy's was alert and gay. Gold came free, and no man stopped to ask how soon the rocky treasure-house would be empty. To-day

Murphy's would hardly exist except that it is on one of the routes to the Calaveras Big Trees, and most of the Big Tree pilgrims by this route sleep two nights at Murphy's.

For this we too had come to Murphy's. And for this we too rose at five in the morning, and set out to climb four hours up-hill. Twenty-three hundred feet we were to rise in sixteen miles. In what good faith we did it. And how sharp set were we, mile by mile, for the first sight of the first Big Tree. On either side forests stretched, almost unbroken for much of the way. Scarcely a sign of human habitation is to be seen along the road. We grew impatient, in spite of ourselves, and weary of the monotonous aisles of pines. At last we came out on higher ground; distant mountains were revealed, — the Coast Range in the west and to the north and east the shining snow-points of the high Sierras.

"Almost there now," said the driver; and as he spoke we saw the gleam of the white house among the trees. Looking eagerly to right, to left, we sprang out on the piazza. Trees on all hands, majestic, straight, but just such trees as we had been living with for weeks, it seemed to us. What did it mean? "Where are the Big Trees?" we exclaimed to bystanders. Bystanders looked astounded. We seemed such pigmies, I suppose, and our question so hugely impudent.

"There are a few of them," curtly replied some one, with a dignified wave of his hand to the left.

We looked, we gazed; earnestly, honestly. We said no more, but we walked off at a brisk pace to the giants nearer at hand. We followed a sandy road, which wound in and out among the trees. Pine shingles, with names of great and little men printed on them, were nailed to the trunks, — history, poetry, politics, press, and pulpit, all jumbled together. Bryant, and Grant, and Clay, and Cobden; Henry Ward Beecher and Uncle Tom; Dr. Kane and James King, Esq., — whoever he may be, — Vermont and Florence Nightingale and

Elihu Burritt. Could any thing be droller than for such trees, after their centuries of royal solitude, to find themselves with labels of pine shingle tacked to their sides, calling them by the names of these men of a day? Perhaps, except for the shingles, the trees might sooner have seemed big; but it took long to forget those. The would-be poetical names were worst of all.

"Mother of the Forest" (set down on the catalogue as being "without bark"), "Three Graces," and "Beauty of the Forest,"—these were the names that stirred most fury in our souls. It seems strange that neither satire nor resentment has taken shape in this matter. Many hearts must have been touched to the quick by the sight of the poor trees, by the spectacle of might so dishonored.

But, in spite of the shingles, the trees were grand. The inevitable underestimate at first sight wears off, and the reaction from it is intense. When it takes twenty-four steps to climb up a ladder set against the side of a fallen tree, and your head swims a little as you reach the top, with nothing to hold on by; when you sit in a pavilion built on and only just enclosing a tree-stump over nine yards in diameter, on which thirty-two people have danced at a time; when you walk into a fallen tree, which is half-buried in earth, and walk on and on under its curving roof, and see apertures in it so high above your head that you cannot reach the grasses which have taken root in the crumbling bark around their edges; when, as you walk here, you see, a hundred feet away, a tall man coming toward you, he also finding the brown ceilinged chamber high enough; when you see a horse, carrying a rider, gallop through the same mysterious archway, wonder does not long delay; and when, later, walking on and on in the forest, you find many trees as large in circumference as these standing bright and full-leaved from two to three hundred and twenty-five feet high, wonder becomes akin to veneration.

But many things in Nature move us more than size;

wonder, even tinged with veneration, is shorter-lived than tenderness. The most vivid memory I brought away from the Calaveras Grove is of a tiny little striped squirrel, which had fallen from its nest, high up in one of the largest trees. The little thing could not have been many days old; its eyes were scarcely open and it could not crawl. It lay on the ground, uttering the most piteous cries. We waited and watched a long time, hoping that the mother might come to its help. Then we made a soft bed of leaves and moss in a deep cleft of one of the roots, and hid it from sight. After we had made the circuit of the grove, we returned to this tree, hoping that the little creature would either have died or have been found by its parents. It still lay there, moaning; but the moans were feebler. It was strangely hard to come away, and leave the helpless dying thing; but I think it could not have lived long, and I never think of it without remembering a good word said somewhere in our Bible about that feeble folk, the conies, for whom the Lord cares.

LAKE TAHOE.

A LAKE six thousand feet above the sea, thirty miles long, sixteen miles wide, surrounded by mountains from which no summer melts all the snow, walled round the edges by firs and pines, set at the rim in a Mosaic of polished pebbles and brilliant flowers, — is not that a lake to be loved? And I have not yet said a word of its water, which is so blue that it seems impossible it should not stain, and so clear that one can see fishes swimming more than a hundred feet below his boat, and so cold that ice would not cool it. For its water alone it could be well loved, if it lay in a desert. It has had some hard fortune in way of names. A German once named it Lake Bompland, and a militia general named it, after a governor, Lake Bigler. But ten years ago, by some marvellous good luck (I wish we knew whom to thank for it), it was rechristened by the old Indian name, Tahoe, pronounced by the Indians Tah-oo, and meaning "Big Water."

To find Lake Tahoe, one must journey on the Overland Railroad six days west from New York or one day east from San Francisco, and leave the cars at Truckee. Truckee is as odd as its name. It looks so much as it sounds that one wonders if it could have been named beforehand. Truckee has one street. It is a broad, rocky, dusty field. The railroad track runs through it, so close to the houses on one side that you step from the cars to the hotel piazza. From the railroad side to the other plank, walks are laid at intervals: but there is no road, no semblance of a road, up and down the field. Enormous bowlders lie here and there, and you drive around them. Poor Truckee has had no time to blast rock on its highway, for it has been three times burnt out in nine months. Opposite the hotel is a long line of low wooden shops, with a row of slender evergreen trees in front, — trees cut down and stuck into the ground, not planted. Beyond these comes the Chinese quarter, — another long row of low, huddled, rickety wooden buildings, half of them black from the smoke of the fires, and all of them swarming with shiny-faced Chinese children. Newly cleared hill-slopes, hideous with blackened stumps, come down to the very backs oi the houses. Truckee sells timber, and cuts down the nearest first. If anybody had had sense, the near slopes would have been left covered with trees, and Truckee would have had comfort and beauty; but now it is stripped, shelterless, dusty, as if it had been set down in a rocky Sahara.

Blackberries and strawberries and apricots and peaches and pears and apples can be bought on the sidewalk in Truckee early in July. You will be invited to an Indian-corn dance, too, if you can read the Indian language; for you will meet the invitations on all the corners. They are painted in red and white and black on the foreheads and cheekbones of Indian men and women. We supposed, at first, in our ignorance, that this was the usual style of promenade paint on the noble savage of these latitudes; but it was explained to us that it was their method of circulating the news and extending the invitations of a great Festival, the corn-dance, which was to take place a few weeks later. What a delicious device of taciturnity. There they stood, — men, women, wrapped in blankets, proud, impassive, speechless, — looking at each other, and us, and the street, their sharp, fathomless eyes gleaming out from among the glistening scarlet and white hieroglyphics on their faces. "Request the pleasure of," etc., looks uncommonly queer done in Indian red over an eyebrow. But one needs to think before calling it silly or barbarous. It has its merits: no words lost, for one thing;

economical, too, for another; and no replies expected, best of all, — though one could not be sure, perhaps, of this last. I do not know that a few days later the whole tribe might not have been seen painted in new colors and shapes, to signify their intended absence or presence.

The road from Truckee to Lake Tahoe lies along the bank of the Truckee River, a small stream, which comes foaming and roaring down from the High Sierras, in a swift fashion for a carrier of wood. But wood it carries — all it can lift and spin and whirl — every day; and in many places we saw it choked full of the black, shiny logs, and groups of men ("log-drivers"), up to their waists in the water, trying to separate them and hurry them along. We saw also a "log-shoot," which is a fine sight of a sunny morning, — a yellow, glistening line from the top of the mountain straight to the river's edge. This line is made of two split logs, laid lengthwise, close, smooth side up. Down this, logs are sent sliding into the river. Before the log is half way down the planks beneath it are smoking, blue and fast, from the friction. Sometimes they take fire. As the log hits the river-edge, it often somersaults twice, and leaps with such force that the water is thrown up in a sparkling sheaf higher than the tops of the trees. Four or five times over, taking less than half a minute a time, we saw this swift, craunching slide, pale smoke-wreath, and glittering water-spout.

And then we came to a foundling asylum for trout. We went in, and the proprietor set all the infants fighting for food at once, to amuse us. Their dormitories were cool and well ventilated, certainly, consisting of a series of unroofed tanks: and the chopped liver on which they are fed must have been of the very best quality, for they scrambled for it faster than beggars ever scrambled for pennies. The youngest of all were put in shallow covered boxes, with gravelled bottoms and only a little water. Those that were but four days old were droll. There were millions of them in a box.

They looked like white currants, with two black beads for eyes and a needle-point for tail. The man said they would be trout presently and weigh two or three pounds apiece. It seemed unlikelier than any thing I ever heard.

You are three hours going from Truckee to Lake Tahoe, and it is so steadily up hill that you begin to wonder long before you get there why the lake does not run over and down. At last you turn a sharp corner, and there lies the lake, only a few rods off. What color you see it depends on the hour and the day. It has its own calendars — its spring-times and winters, its dawns and darknesses — incalculable by almanacs.

It is apt to begin by gray, early in the morning; then the mountains around it look like pale onyx and the sky, too, is gray. Then it changes to clouded sapphire, and the mountains change with it also to a pale, opaque blue; then to brilliant, translucent, glittering sapphire, when the right sort of sun reaches just the right height. And, when there is this peculiar translucent sapphire blue in the water then the mountains are of opal tints, shifting and changing, as if heat were at work in their centres.

Then, if at sunset the mountains take on rose or ruby tints, the water becomes like a sea of pink pearl molten together with silver; and as the twilight wind cools it it changes to blue, to green, to steel-gray, to black. This is merely one of its calendars of color; one which I happened to write down on a day when, lying all day by a second-story window, I saw no interval of foreground at all, — only the sky arching down to the lake, and the lake reaching, as it seemed, up to my window-sill. I felt as one might who sailed in a hollow globe of sapphire or floated in a soap-bubble.

There are two tiny steamboats on Lake Tahoe. Every morning one lies at the little wharf opposite the hotel, and rings its miniature bell and whistles its gentle whistle; but it will wait while the head waiter puts up more lunch, or the bridegroom runs back for the forgotten shawl. The twenty or thirty people who are going off in her all know this, and nobody hurries. There are several small villages on the shore of the lake; there are some Hot Springs; there is Cornelian Beach, where tiny red and yellow cornelians can be picked up by handfuls; there is Emerald Bay, where are sharp cliffs many hundred feet high, and water of a miraculous green color. It takes all day to go anywhere and come back in one of these boats, for the engines are only of one tea-kettle power. In fact, as the little craft puffs and wriggles out from shore, it looks as if it had the Quangle Wangle for steersman, and as if Lionel and his companions might come back on the rhinoceros's back. The row-boats are better; and, if you take a row-boat, Fred is the man to row you. Everybody at Lake Tahoe knows Fred. He it was who rowed us out to one Sunday service we shall not forget. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Summer afternoons on Lake Tahoe are warm till sunset — never has the mercury been known to rise above 75 degrees in this magic air; and it rarely, during July and August, falls below 62 degrees. The delight and the stimulus of this steady, clear, crisp air, snow-cooled, sun-warmed, water-fed, cannot be told. Day after day of warm sunlight, such as only rainless skies can show; and night after night of the sleep which only cool nights can give; almost it seems to me that miracles of cure might be wrought on these shores.

The Lake Tahoe House (one of the very best in all California) stands in a small clearing on the shore of the lake. A minute-and-a-half's walk, chiefly downstairs, and you are at the water's edge. For a few rods up and down the lake the trees are felled; there are also four or five small houses; but, once past these, you glide instantly into shadow of the firs and pines, and can believe that you are the first to sail by. On this Sunday we rowed to the south, keeping close into the shore. Two miles below the hotel we had seen a picturesque lumber-mill, standing in another small clearing, which from the lake looked like a flower-garden, so gay was it with solid reds and blues.

Searching for this, we rowed slowly along, — now coming so near the shore that we could reach the brakes and mosses, now striking out far into the lake to go around a fallen tree, which walled our path as effectually as if we had been on foot in the woods. As we drew near the mill, and saw the gay colors more distinctly, we looked at each other in speechless wonder. We had seen fields yellow with the eschscholtzia, and spots so blue with blue-larkspur that we had taken them for ponds ; but never had we seen such radiance of color as this. Spaces six feet, ten feet, twelve feet square, set thick with the scarlet-painted cups growing and flowering in such fulness it hardly looked like itself, and fully justified its common name in California, — "Painter's Brush." Mingling with this, also, in great solid spaces, a light blue forget-me-not, flowering in full heads ; two other blue flowers grew in great profusion all about ; one grew in low clumps. The flowers were set on the stem like the foxglove flowers, but three rows thick, making a wide spike, which on its front gleamed like a row of blue steel tube-mouths, so deep was the color, so lustrous the surface. What would we have given to have known or to have been able to find out the name of this superb flower. The other blue flower was like a snap-dragon and grew on slenderer stems. Then there was a royal pennyroyal, with white flowers in heads like clovers ; and a graceful branching plant, full of small trumpet-shaped blossoms, of a vivid cherry red. We gathered them not by handfuls or by bunches, but by armfuls, and staggered back into the boat, literally loaded down.

Then we said to Fred : —

"Now, row us back to that thicker part of the wood where we saw those fine green ferns."

Jumping out to get the ferns, and going a few steps into the wood, we came upon a still more wonderful spot. The water of the Lake had made up in the spring into a small hollow among the bushes; this was now left green as a river meadow. It was not more than ten or twelve feet either way, and the grass in the centre was wet and rank. On its outer edges grew red lilies, scarlet columbines, high green brakes, and willows; but these were not its glory. Tall, stately, white as Annunciation lilies, there stood forty or fifty spikes of a flower we had never seen. It was from two to five feet high. The blossoms were small, resembling syringa blossoms, but set thick on long, tasselling stems, as corn blossoms are; and these again massed thick around the central stem, making a branching, drooping, and yet erect and stately spike, not unlike the spike of the flower of the Indian corn, except that it was much thicker and more solid. It was the most regal flower I ever saw growing. Among these were growing many lower spikes of a tiny white flower like our lady's-tresses. But even these spikes of this tiny flower were at least two inches in circumference at the bottom, tapering up to the top exquisitely.

Again loaded with sheaves, we climbed back into the boat. Fred looked on wonderingly. There was no room to step, to sit. He never carried such multitudes before.

"Now, row out, Fred, into the middle of the lake," we said, as we sank down.

By this time the sunsetting had begun. The sky and the mountains and the water were all turning rose-pink; and we came shooting anon in the midst of the rose-color, bringing our fiery reds and stately white. We set the tall snowy spikes upright along the sides of the boat; great nodding yellow disks, too, of the elecampane and the vermillion bells of columbine. Then we made one huge bouquet of the scarlet-painted cups and the blue forget-me-nots; one of the red trumpet flower and the white pennyroyal, with a solid base of the mysterious dark blue flowers; one of the white lady's-tresses, with the red trumpets; and one of the stately white spikes, with branching ferns. Then, setting these up as royal passengers, we lay down humbly at their feet, and, with our heads low, looked off over the rose-colored waters. Much I doubt if so gorgeous a pageant will ever float again on that water.

The next day we rowed early in the morning. Fred had assured us that in a still morning one could see the bottom of the lake where it was one hundred and fifteen feet deep. We doubted, but longed to believe. The water was like glass. We rowed out toward the centre of the lake. The snow-covered mountains on the further side were reflected in long, white, shimmering columns on the purple surface of the water.

"Thirty," "fifty," "sixty," "one hundred feet deep," Fred called out from time to time as he rowed steadily on. And we, hanging half out of the boat, exclaimed with irrepressible wonder at the golden-brown world below, into which we were gazing. We could see the bottom of the lake as clearly as we could see the bottom of the boat. It was a dusty field, with huge bowlders, covered with a soft brown growth, which made them look like gigantic sponges. Then would come great ledges of rock; then dark hollows, unfathomably deep.

"I shpect if she be dry she be shust like these mountains," said Fred, — "all canyons and pig beaks."

And in a moment more: "Here it ish one hunder fifteen feet clear," he called out triumphantly, and lifted his oars.

Not a stone was indistinct. We could count small ones. It seemed as if we could touch them with ease; and, swift as an arrow, apparently within our hand's reach, went by a shining trout.

"How far down was he, Fred?" we called.

"Ach! Don't know. Maype fifty feet," said Fred. The trout were an old story to him.

But it was when we turned to row back that the full wonder of such a transparent sea was revealed to us. The sun was behind us. As we looked over the bows, we could see the shadow of our boat, of our heads, of the moving oars, all distinct on the soft brown bottom of the lake. This shadow lay off to the left, a little ahead, gliding as we glided, pausing as we paused; then, directly ahead, gliding as we glided, pausing as we paused, went another double, equally distinct, but dark and shimmering on the surface. This was the reflection. Over the edges of this phantom boat we seemed to be leaning with even more eagerness than over the edges of the one below. It was an uncanny sight. To have two shadows would have been too much for even Peter Schlemihl. It added much to the unreality of the sight that every round stone, every small object on the bottom was surrounded by a narrow line of rainbow. These gave a fantastic gayety to the soft amber-brown realm, and, beautiful as they made it, made it also seem more supernatural.

"You pe shust in time," called Fred. "In two minute you not see nothing. There vill pe vint."

Sure enough. Already the ripple was in sight, coming rapidly toward us from the north. The air stirred faintly, our glass sea quivered and broke noiselessly under us, and the phantom boat below disappeared.

As we rowed on the shallower water, nearing the shore, where we could still see the bottom distinctly, the effects of the sunlight on it were exquisite. It lay in lapping and interlacing circles and ovals of yellow, and the surface ripples were reflected there in larger lines. The reflection of the oars in the water on each side of us looked like golden snakes, swimming fast alongside, and the beautiful rainbow lines still edged every object on the bottom, — even an old shoe and the ace of diamonds, which were the last things I saw on the bottom of Lake Tahoe. "Not so inappropriate, either," said we, "ugly as they are. For the old shoe meant good luck, and diamonds are trumps all the world over."

MY DAY IN THE WILDERNESS.

IT was the morning of our eighth day in Ah-wah-ne; and the next day we must go.

If it had been my birthday of my eightieth year in Ah-wah-ne, I could not have clung to the valley more fondly. As I looked up to the dark line of firs on either side of the Great Fall, I pictured to myself the form of that six-year-old boy of the Ah-wah-ne-chee, who, when the white men entered the valley, was seen climbing, naked, like a wild chamois, on the glistening granite face of the rock-wall, midway between heaven and earth, to escape the enemy. A cruel man of his tribe lured him down and gave him captive to the white men, who christened him Reuben, put trowsers on him, and sent him to school. But just when they thought they had him tamed, he stole two horses and ran away, "to illustrate the folly of attempting to civilize the race," says the biographer of the poor Ah-wah-ne-chee; "to illustrate the spell of Ah-wah-ne," say I. Swift on the stolen horses I know he rode back to Ah-wah-ne, and finding it in the hands of white men, fled on to some still remoter walled valley, where he lives in a wigwam to-day.

"John Murphy, guide," as with quaint dignity he writes his name, stood near me, also looking up at the Fall.

"When you come back next year, 's ye say you're comin', but then folks never does come back when they say they will," said Murphy, "I'll hev a trail built right to the base o' thet upper fall."

"Why, Mr. Murphy, where will you put it?" I said, looking along the sheer gray wall three thousand feet high.

"There's plenty of places. I'll make it as broad 'n' easy a trail 's there is in this valley," said Murphy quietly; "'tain't half so steep as 'tis up Indian Canyon, where they've just finished a new trail this week; at least so they say; I hain't seen it."

"Up Indian Canyon," I exclaimed, for I knew where that lay; it was the next one to the east of the Great Fall, and in one of the steepest parts of the valley. "Then why can I not go out of the valley that way, and strike across to Gentry's?"

Murphy hesitated.

"Well, ye might; an' 'twould be jest what you'd like; you could cross the Yo Semite Creek just above the Fall, an' go up on to Eagle Pint; an' the view from there is finer than 'tis from Sentinel Dome where I took ye yesterday. But ye see I mistrust whether the river ain't too high to ford."

What more could be needed to make one resolve to go? Boom-boom-boom, sounded the deep violoncello undertones of the Fall, thundering down from the sky, three thousand feet up. Ford that? Every drop of blood in one's veins took a bound at the thought.

All the Scotchman in Murphy demurred about the undertaking; but the woodsman and the sympathizing guide conquered.

"I'd like to hev ye see it first rate," he said, "but I want ye to understand before we set out, that I shan't cross if I think there's any resk."

This last with a determination of tone which was worthy of Cromwell.

In an hour all was ready, and, in spite of shaking heads and warning voices, we set out. In that short time the usual amount of conflicting testimony had been gathered as to the trail and the condition of the river. "The trail was finished;" "the trail was only half done;" "the river was much too high to be forded;" "a man had come across yesterday, without trouble."

"I expect ye'd kind o' hate to give up, an' come down into the valley agin?" said Murphy, inquiringly, as we rode out into the meadows.

"Mr. Murphy," I replied, "I shall not give up, and come down into the valley again. There must be some other way of getting across, higher up. Is there not?"

If Mr. Murphy perceived the truly feminine manner in which I defined my position, the delicious contrast between my first sentence and my last, he did not betray any consciousness of it, but answered with undisturbed gravity: —

"Why, yes; there's the old Mono Trail, a good piece farther up the river. But I dunno 's you could ride so far 's that. However, we don't know yet but what we can get over to the first ford." And Murphy relapsed into his customary thoughtful silence.

The meadow was dewy and sweet; through the lush grass and brakes we rode past red lilies, white azalias, columbines, and wild roses: after half an hour of this, we struck the new trail and began climbing the wall.

Almost at once, by the first two or three bends of the trail, we were lifted so high above the valley, that its walls seemed to round and close to the west, and the green meadow and its shining river sank, sank, like a malachite disk, slowly settling into place, at bottom. The trail was steeper than any we had seen. Even Murphy muttered disapprovingly at some of its grades, and jumped down and walked to make the climb easier for his old gray. On our left hand rose a granite wall, so straight that we could see but a little way up, so close that we had need to take care in turning corners not to be bruised by its sharp points, and so piled up in projecting and overlapping masses that, mountain as it was, it seemed as if it might topple at any second. On our right hand — space! nothing more; radiant, sunny, crisp, clear air: across it I looked over at the grand domes and pinnacles of the southern wall of Ah-wah-ne; down through it I looked into the depths of Ah-wah-ne; away from it I turned, dizzy, shuddering, and found the threatening rocks on the left friendly by contrast. Then, with impatience at my own weakness, I would turn my face toward the measureless space again, and compel myself to look over, and across, and out and down.

But it could not be borne for many minutes; even Murphy did not like it.

"I reckon this trail won't be much of a favorite," he said grimly; "'pears to me it's worse'n 't used to be gettin' up among the trees, on the Injun trail." We zigzagged so sharply that we seemed often to be merely doubling on our own track, with no perceptible gain, although each ascent was so steep that the horses had to stop for breath every two or three minutes. But to all my propositions to walk Murphy replied with firm denial.

"You'll be tired enough, come night, anyhow," he said, with a droll mixture of compassion and approbation in his voice: "you stay where ye be; that horse can do it well enough."

But he led his own more than half the way.

New flowers, and new ferns, that I had not found before in all Ah-wah-ne, hung thick on the rocky wall, which, facing south, has sun all day, and can make the most of Ah-wah-ne's short summers.

Every cleft was full of color or of nodding green. High in the very topmost crevices waved scarlet and blue blossoms like pennons, so far above our heads that we could see no shape, only the fluttering color; and long sprays of yellow honeysuckle swept into our very faces again and again.

Suddenly, Murphy halted, and exclaimed:

"I vow!"

Several other voices spoke at once, surprise and curiosity in their tones: a bend in the trail concealed the speakers. I hurried around it, and found myself facing four men working with pickaxes and spades on the trail. A small fire was burning on the rocks, and a big iron pot of coffee boiled and bubbled above it, exhaling delicious fragrance. The men leaned on their tools and looked at me. I looked at Murphy. Nobody spoke. This was the end of the new trail!

"I s'pose ye can get through well enough; the bushes are cut down," said one.

Murphy said something in a tone so low I could not hear; I fear it was not complimentary to my riding.

"Mr. Murphy," said I, "I would rather ride all day and all night in the woods than ride down this precipice again. Pray keep on. I can follow wherever you can go."

Murphy smiled pityingly at me, and went on talking with the men. Then he walked away with them for a few moments. When he came back, I read in his eyes that we were to go on.

"There's the old Injun trail," he said, "there ain't any trouble about the trail. The thing that stumps me, is the river; there don't none of these men think you can get over."

"But I'm goin' to get you through to Gentry's, somehow, before I sleep," added Murphy, with a new and delightful doggedness spreading over his face; and he sprang into his saddle, and pushed on. One of the men picked up his hatchet, and followed, saying: —

"There's a bad piece just out yonder; I guess I'll fix a little for the lady."

The "piece" consisted simply of a brook, full of bowlders, water running like a mill-race, fallen trees and bent saplings, and tangled bushes all woven and interwoven above it. How we got over I do not know. Then the knight with the hatchet went back, and we began to pick our way up Indian Canyon. I could see no trail. All I knew was that Murphy was zigzagging along before me, on the steep side of the Canyon, through thickets of interlaced growths of all sorts, and over numberless little streams which were foaming across our track, and that I was following him.

"Don't try to guide the horse," he called back to me every few minutes. "He'll follow me, or pick out a better way for himself."

The "better way" resulted presently in a most surprising sensation. Lifting one forefoot after the other carefully, and setting them both down firmly on the farther side of a big fallen tree, my horse whisked his two hind feet over at one jump, which nearly threw me over his head.

"You villain!" shouted Murphy, who happened to be looking back. "That's because he's gettin' tired; I'll look out and not lead ye over any more trees big enough to jump."

Many an extra half-mile did we ride before night by reason of this: it was hours before I could ride my horse at the smallest log without a sharp terror.

But Indian Canyon did not last long. Once at the head of it, we came out into magnificent spaces of forest; pines and firs from one hundred to three hundred feet high, all about us, and as far as we could see, and it seemed as if we could look off as far as upon an ocean, for the trunks rose straight, and bare, and branchless for fifty, sixty, eighty feet. The ground was soft, with piled layers of brown pine needles, and high-branching brakes, which bent noiselessly under our feet. In and out among the fallen trees, now to right, now to left, Murphy pushed on, through these trackless spaces, as unhesitatingly as on a turnpike.

Following a few paces behind, I fell into a silence as deep as his. I lost consciousness of every thing except the pure animal delight of earth, and tree, and sky. I did not know how many hours had passed, when Murphy suddenly stopped, and said: —

"You set as if you was getting tired. I reckon you'd better rest a spell here; and I'll go down on foot to the river an' see if we can get across. You'll feel better, too, if you eat somethin'." And he looked at me a little anxiously.

It was past noon. Murphy was right: it was high time for rest and for lunch, but merely to leave the saddle was not rest. The intense realization of the grandeur and the solitude was only heightened as I sat all alone, in such silence as I never knew, in such space as I never felt. Murphy was not gone, he said, more than ten minutes, but in that ten minutes I lived the life of all hermits who have ever dwelt in desert or mountain.

As he came slowly towards me, I studied his face: Ford? or no ford?

I could not gather a gleam of indication, but one learns strange reticence with reticent people. I did not speak, only smiled: Murphy did not speak, only smiled, but shook his head, and began at once to fasten the saddle-bags on his saddle again.

In a moment, he spoke. "No use. Couldn't get across there myself, nohow. I never see the river so high 't this time o' year."

Now what was to be done? The old Mono trail, of which Murphy had spoken, came up the other side of Indian Canyon, and struck the river four miles higher. We could not be many miles from that trail; but the finding it was a matter of luck and chance. We might strike off on the ridges along the river, in just the line to hit it. We might wander about for hours, and not find it. Then, again, when we had found it, and by it had reached the river, what if even there the river proved unfordable? This was Murphy's great point of perplexity, I could see.

"We should have hard work to get back to the valley again to-night," he said.

I shuddered at the thought of riding down that wall after dark. But I kept silence. I did not wish to seem to bias his decision. At last he burst out with, —

"I'm blamed if I know what to do. I hate to give up an' go back's bad 's you can. I can sleep well enough under a tree, if wust comes to wust, but I dunno 's 't 's right to run any risk on't for you."

Sleeping under a tree, with brave, kind, old Murphy to keep a watch-fire burning, looked to me like paradise in comparison with riding down Indian Canyon at night.

"Mr. Murphy," said I, "you must decide. I myself would far rather ride all night, or sit all night under a tree, than go down that trail again. I am not in the least afraid of any thing excepting that. But I promised to be guided by your judgment, and I will. I will turn right round now, and go back to the valley, if you say so. But you must decide. Do just what you really think best."

This I said because my whole heart was set on going to Gentry's by the Mono trail.

Murphy pulled out his watch. It was half-past one o'clock.

"I don't think we could be later'n three, gettin' to the river," he said. "I'll do it! I'll resk it!"

"But I dunno 's now I'm doin' right," he added, as I clapped my hands and sprang up. I sat down again and looked at him reproachfully.

"Yes, yes, I'll resk it," he exclaimed. "I wan't agoin' back on myself, but I dunno 's I'm doin' right for all that."

After we were mounted, Murphy stood still for some minutes, looking carefully all around, taking his bearings. Then he rode off in a direction apparently at right angles to the river. Now I was to find out — I who had thought the trail up Indian Canyon well-nigh impassable — what it is to ride where there is no trail. Over steep slopes, thick with bowlders and bushes, and no trace of a path, — along rocky ledges, where loose stones rolled under the horses' feet at every step, — three times Murphy tried too near the river to get up to the Mono trail. At last he turned back and struck down into the leveler spaces of forest again. It began to seem as if we were riding round and round in circles; north and south, and east and west, seemed alike; it was hard to believe that Murphy had any plan, any instinct. Acre after acre of pine-forest, hill after hill of bowlders and bushes, valley after valley with threading streams at bottom, we crossed. Sometimes we came upon great fields of low berry-bearing bushes, under the majestic pines. There was something touching in the sight of these stores of tiny fruit for the feeble folk who live on wing and in nests in the wilderness. Clumps of the strange red snow-flower, too, we saw in the wildest and most desolate places. Surely there can be no flower on earth whose look so allies it to uncanny beings and powers. "Sarcodes sanguinea," the botanists have called it; I believe the spirits of the air know it by some other.

Imagine a red cone, from four to ten inches in height, and one or two in diameter, set firmly in the ground. It is not simply red, it is blood-red; deep and bright as drops from living veins. It is soft, flesh-like, and in the beginning shows simply a surface of small, close, lapping, sheath-like points, as a pine-cone does. These slowly open, beginning at the top, and as they fold back you see under each one a small flower, shaped like the flower of the Indian Pipe, and of similar pulpiness. This also is blood-red; but the centre of the cone, now revealed, is of a fleshy-pinkish white; so also is the tiny, almost imperceptible stem which unites the flower to it. They grow sometimes in clumps, like the Indian Pipe, three or four in a clump, sometimes singly. As far off as one can see down the dim vistas of these pine-forests will gleam out the vivid scarlet of one of these superb uncanny flowers. When its time comes to die, it turns black, so that in its death, also, it looks like a fleshy thing linked to mysteries.

At last Murphy shouted triumphantly from ahead: "Here's the trail. Fetched it this time; now keep up, sharp;" and he rode off down a steep and rocky hillside, at a rate which dismayed me. The trail was faint, but distinct: at times on broad opens, it spread out suddenly into thousands of narrow dusty furrows; these had been made by flocks of sheep driven through earlier in the season. From some of these broad opens were magnificent views of the high Sierras; we were six thousand feet high, but they were five and six and eight thousand feet higher still; their glistening white peaks looked like ice-needles, sharp, thick-set against the far blue sky; between us and them, a few miles off, to the left, lay the beautiful granite-walled, meadow-paved abyss of Ah-wah-ne, but its narrow opening made no perceptible break in the grand surfaces of green and gray over which we looked to the horizon. It seemed long before we reached the river. At first sight of its gleam through the trees, Murphy drove his spurs into his horse, and galloped towards it. Slowly he rode up and down the bank, looking intently at the water. Then he turned and rode back to me. As before, I studied his reticent face in vain. But, when he began to speak, his eyes twinkled.

"It's runnin' pretty fast, but I can get ye over: I'll do it now, if I have to carry ye. But I'm goin' to ride over fust to see how the stones lay," and he plunged in. I had hard work to hold my horse back from following. Suddenly Murphy looked back and shouted, "Come on. 'Taint so deep 's I thought; come right on." For a second I shrank. Murphy was half across; the water was foaming high; I could see no bottom; Murphy's feet were thrown up by an inexplicable gymnastic twist, so that they were nearly on his horse's back, and nearly to his feet the water came; the current seemed to me swift enough to carry any living thing, man or horse, off his legs in a second. But shame made me bold, and I rode in. At the first gurgling rush of the water under me, and the first sway of my horse's body in it, I leaned forward, clutched his neck, shut my eyes, drew up my left foot, and tried not to think. It could not have been more than four or five minutes across, by the watch; but there are other measures of time than time. When I scrambled out dripping on the bank, Murphy sat on his horse looking at me kindly.

"Ye done that fust rate," he said, "an' now the sooner we push on the better."

I pleaded for five minutes' rest for the horses to nibble the low green grass which grew in the little bit of meadow at the ford. Poor things! it was half-past four o'clock; not a mouthful of food had they had since morning. For the last two hours mine had been snatching mouthfuls of every eatable and uneatable shrub we had passed.

But Murphy was inexorable. "'Twon't do them no good, the little bit they'd get, an' we've got considerable ridin' to do yet," he said.

"How far is it to Gentry's now?" said I.

"I dunno exactly," replied Murphy, Wise Murphy! "If we'd come out on Eagle Pint, where we calculated to, it 'ud ha' been about six miles from there to Gentry's. But it's some farther from here."

Some farther! into sunless, pathless woods, miles and miles of them, — out on bare plateaus, acres and acres of them, — down canyons, steep and ledged with bare rocks, or jungled with trees and bushes, down one side, over the stream at bottom, and up the other side, across three of them, led that Mono trail. And after the woods, and the plateaus, and the canyons, came more woods; "the last woods," said Murphy. These were the great Tamarack Flats. Dense, dark, desolate; trees with black-seamed bark, straight and branchless, unloving and grim, up to the very tops; and even the tops did not seem to blend, though they shut out the sky. A strange ancient odor filled the air, as from centuries of distilling essence of resins, and mouldering dust of spices. Again, and again, and again, we were stopped by a fallen tree, which lay, barring our path for a hundred feet each way, and was crossed again itself by other fallen trees, till we had to whirl and twine and ride up and down to get out of the corral. Then we would come to a huge snow-bank, nine, ten feet high, curiously dotted and marked over the whole surface, where rain-drops had pattered down, and pine-needles had fallen; around these also we had to ride, for they were too soft to bear the horses' weight.

After these circuits it was very hard to find the trail again, for there was no trace of it on the ground, — only old blazes on the trees to indicate it.

Sometimes Murphy would tell me to wait where I was, and not stir, while he rode back and forth looking for a blaze on a tree. Sometimes I spied the blaze first; and then I felt a thrill of real backwoods achievement.

On one of the opens he suddenly halted, and, waiting for me to come up, pointed to a mark in the dust.

"There's something ye never see before, I reckon," he said.

It was a broad print in the dust, as if a mitten had been laid down heavily.

"That's the trail of a grizzly," exclaimed Murphy exultantly, "he was the last along this road."

A little further on he stopped again, and after leaning low from his horse and looking closely at the ground, called back to me: —

"There's been a whole herd of deer along here, not but a very little while ago. I'd ha' liked it if you could ha' had a look at 'em."

"Grizzlies, deer, and if there were any other wild creature there, I should have been glad to see them all. Murphy and I seemed to belong to the wilderness as much as they. I felt ready to meet my kin, and rather lonely that they were all out of the way. But I wished that they kept their house better lighted. It was fast growing dark; very dark very fast. It was already impossible for me to see the blazes on the trees; and Murphy had often to ride close up to a tree to make sure he was right. The blazes were old, and in many places almost the color of the rest of the tree. I could see that Murphy was anxious. He kept his horse at the fastest gait he thought I could follow, and said to me every now and then. "Ye must keep up 's well 's ye can. These woods is pretty dark."

My horse was a pacer, originally; but bad usage and old age had so robbed him of his gait, that the instant he moved quickly he became almost unendurable. It was neither pace, trot, nor run, but a capricious mixing of the three. Hunger and crossness now added to the irregularity of his motions, and it was simply impossible for me to bear more than a few minutes at a time of any thing but a walk. I felt also a singular indifference to getting out of that wood. It was uncanny in its gloom and damp and chill; but I liked being there. Its innumerable and impenetrable black vistas had an indescribable fascination. And here and there, even in the darkest distances, gleamed out the vivid warmthless glow of the mysterious snow-plants; sometimes just in the edge of the snow-drifts; sometimes on the banks of inky brooks.

Very dark, very fast, it grew; Murphy rode pitilessly ahead, and I crept patiently along, keeping my eye on the ghostly winding white of his horse among the trees. Suddenly I saw a light to the left, and Murphy wheeling towards it. I hurried up. Never shall I forget the picture I saw. A smouldering fire, two evil-looking men crouching over it; their mules tied to a tree; and a third still more villanous-looking man leading up a third mule.

But Murphy hailed them with as cheery good fellowship as if they had been old friends.

"How far is it to Gentry's?"

"Five miles," said they sullenly.

"'Tain't now," exclaimed Murphy, startled into a tone of real astonishment.

"Guess you'll think so before you get there; five *good* miles," said the man who was leading up the mule.

Murphy rode on without a word, but in a few moments he turned to me, and said, energetically: —

"Ye must reely keep up smart now. I couldn't possibly follow this trail, if it was to get much darker," and he fairly galloped off; turning back, however, to say in a lower tone, "I shouldn't wonder if them men were runnin' a man off from jail."

Luckily, the last three miles of the five were on the high road. It had not seemed very long to me, though it was so dark that I could not have followed Murphy easily except for his being on a white horse; when he stopped, and, waiting for me to come up, said, "I suppose 'twould surprise ye now if I was to tell you that the road is jest out yonder!"

"No, Mr. Murphy," I replied, "nothing could surprise me less."

"Well, here 'tis," he said, a little crest-fallen, "and our troubles are all over."

It had a friendlier look than the black wood, after all, —the broad gray belt of distinct road. And then first I realized how very dark it had been. Even in the road it was real night.

Three miles now down to Gentry's, the very road over which, eight days before, we had rattled so furiously in the stage, going to Ah-wah-ne.

I jumped off my horse; for five minutes I lay at full length on a mossy log.

"I thought ye'd have to own up to bein' some tired before ye was through with it," said Murphy, with more compassion in his voice than in his words. "I tell *you*, though, I couldn't ha' followed that trail half an hour longer. It ain't so dark yet 's it's going to be."

Gayly we cantered up to Gentry's piazza. The lamps flared as the astonished landlord opened his door to see who came riding so late. It was almost nine o'clock; twelve hours and more I had been in my saddle.

"Do tell," and "ye don't say," were the ejaculations with which everybody received the news of our having ridden out and from Ah-wah-ne by Indian Canyon and the old Mono trail.

What a night's sleep it was, to be sure, which I took that night at Gentry's! and what genuine sympathy there was in Murphy's voice, the next morning, when he came early to my door, for any orders to take down into the valley! and I said: "Tell them I am not one whit tired, Mr. Murphy."

"Well, I'm reely glad," replied Murphy. "I was reely a'most afraid to ask ye."

When we bade Murphy good-bye the next day, we found it hard to make him take the small gift we meant as token of our friendship, and our appreciation of his kindness and faithfulness as guide. At last he consented, saying: "I've refused a great many times to take any thin' this way. But I'll tell ye what I shall do. When I get a place of my own, I shall jest put this money into some books, and write you folks' names in 'em to remember ye by."

But we are beforehand with him in the matter of names.

Here let his stand written, to remember him by: —

JOHN MURPHY:

Best of Guides in Most Wonderful of Valleys.

NEW ENGLAND.

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.

IT lies in the uplands, and you can go within a mile of it by rail. But where are the uplands, and whence departs the train to find them, and what is the real name of the town, it is far from my purpose to tell. I christened it "Hide-and-Seek Town" myself one day as I was drawing near it, and observed how deliciously it dodged in and out of view while it was yet miles away. One minute it stood out on its hill like a village of light-houses on a promontory of the sea, the next it skulked behind an oak grove and was gone, then peered out again with its head of meeting-house spires, and then plunged down between two low hills, as lost as if it had leaped into a well; and so it behaved for a half hour, its white houses laughing like white teeth in a roguish mouth, as we vainly strained our eyes to get one good sight of the unknown place to which we were bound. You can come, as I said, within a mile of it by rail; but when the little insignificant train drops you in a silent nook at the entrance of a wood, and then crawls away between two sandy banks of sweet fern and red lilies, you are overwhelmed with a sudden sense of the utter improbability of a town anywhere within reach. The stage, — why does New England say "stage," and not "coach"? — which waits for you, is like hundreds you have seen before, but here it looks odd, as if it were Cinderella's chariot; and when you find that there are nine to ride outside, besides the nine in, the inexplicableness of so many people having come at once startles you. They become seventeen mysteries immediately, and you forget that you are the eighteenth.

No questions are asked as to your destination; with a leisurely manner the driver puts his passengers into the coach and shuts the door gently, — no hurry. There is a mile to go up hill before you reach the town. On some one of the longest, steepest hills, he will swing himself round in a marvellous bit of amateur acrobatism from the top of the coach to the lowest step, and, putting long arms into the windows, collect the fares, and find out to which of the Hide-and-Seek houses you wish to go. If you are a stranger arriving without prejudices, and ready to take your chance anywhere, it is a beautiful thing to watch the impartiality of his tone in giving to you the names of the different hotels and boarding-houses. The most jealous and exacting landlord could not find fault with him.

At the end of his enumerations you are as much at a loss as you were in the beginning, and probably end by jumping out before the first house at which the stage stops. Pages have been written about the inquisitiveness of the rural New Englander; comparatively little has been said about his faculty of reticence at will, which is quite as remarkable. I doubt if any man can be found to match him in a series of evasive and non-committal replies. This habit or instinct is so strong in him, that it often acts mechanically when he would not have it, as, for instance, when he is trying to tell you the road to a place.

There is a mile to go up hill before you reach the town. The first part of the road is walled on the right hand by a wood, — a thick wall of oaks, birches, maples, pines, chestnuts, hickories, beeches, ashes, spruces and cornels; yes, all these growing so close that none can grow broad, but all must grow high, and, stretch up however much they may, their branches are interwoven. This is one of the great pleasures in Hide-and-Seek Town, — the unusual variety of tree growths by the road-sides and in the forests. I do not know of a single New England tree which is not found in luxuriant abundance.

On the left-hand side of the road are what are called by the men who own them, "pastures." Considered as pastures from an animal's point of view, they must be disappointing; stones for bread to a cruel extent they give. Considered as landscape, they have, to the trained eye, a charm and fascination which smooth, fulsome meadow levels cannot equal. There can be no more exquisite tones of color, no daintier mosaic, than one sees if he looks attentively on an August day at these fields of gray granite, lichen-painted bowlders lying in beds of light-green ferns, bordered by pink and white spiræas, and lighted up by red lilies.

The stretches of stone wall tone down to an even gray in the distances, and have a dignity and significance which no other expedient for boundary-marking has attained. They make of each farm a little walled principality, of each field an approach to a fortress; and if one thinks of the patience which it must need to build them by the mile, they seem at once to take a place among enduring records or race memorials. I suppose that a hundred years would make little or no impression on a well-built stone wall. I know that I spent many happy hours in my childhood on one which was even then very old, and must be now well on the way to its centennial.

There was a mile to go up hill. We have come half way. The wood wall has ceased; open fields on either side give us long stretches of view to the north and to the south. The road-sides are as thick-set with green growths as the sides of English lanes. To my thinking they are more beautiful; copses of young locusts, birches, thickets of blackberry and raspberry bushes, with splendid waving tops like pennons; spiræa, golden rod, purple thistle, sumach with red pompons, and woodbine flinging itself over each and all in positions of inimitable grace and abandon. How comes it that the New Englander learns to carry himself so stiffly, in spite of the perpetual dancing-master lessons of his road-sides? With each rod that we rise the outlook grows wider; the uplands seem to roll away farther and farther; the horizons look like sea-horizons, distant and misty, and the white houses of the town might be signal stations. Presently we come out upon a strange rocky plateau, small, with abrupt sides falling off in all directions but one, like cliff walls. This is the centre of the town. It is simply a flattened expanse of a mountain spur. The mountain itself is only three thousand feet high, and this plateau is nearly half way up.

It would seem a brave thing, the climbing up here to build frame-houses to take the brunt of such winds as sweep across this ridge; but the Indians were so much fiercer than the winds, that I dare say those early settlers never observed the howling of the gales which to-day keep many a nervous person wide-awake of nights. The mountain was a great rendezvous of hostile Indians in the days when the Colony of Massachusetts Bay was fighting hand to hand for life. There are some old, tattered leather-bound books behind the counter of "the store," which are full of interesting records of that time. There are traditions of Governors' visits a hundred years before the Revolution; and a record of purchase of twelve square miles, "not including the mountain," for twenty-three pounds, from three sachems of the Nipmucks. In 1743 the first settlement was made on the present town site, by a man who, being too poor to buy, petitioned the Colonial Government to give him the land for his home, setting forth, "that your petitioner, though a poor man, yet he humbly apprehends he hath the character of an Honest and Laborious man, and is minded to settle himself and his Family thereon."

It was given to him on the condition that he should keep a house for the accommodation of travellers "going West!" Immortal phrase, which only the finality of an ocean can stay.

Twenty years later, the handful of settlers voted "to hire four days' preaching in May next, to begin ye first

Sabbath, if a minister can be conveniently procured," and that Christian charity was as clearly understood then as to-day may be seen by another record a few pages further on, of the town's vote to pass on to the next settlement, a poor tramp with his family: "Hepzibah, his wife, Joseph, Isaac, Thankful, Jeduthun, Jonathan, and Molly, their children." There is an inexplicable fascination in this faded old record on the ragged page. Poor fellow; a wife and six children in such a wilderness, with no visible means of support! Why did they call that first girl "Thankful"? And what can it be in the sound of the word Jeduthun, which makes one so sure that, of all the six children, Jeduthun was the forlornest? As we approach the Revolutionary period, the records grow more distinct. There is even a sort of defiant flourish in the very tails to the y's and g's, with which that ancient clerk, God rest his soul, records that the town had voted, "not to pay the Minute Men for training;" and that the minister is to be "inquired of" for his conduct in "refusing to call a Fast," and for his "Publick Discourses to the Minute Men, as tending to discourage people in defending their Rights and Liberties," and, "for taking cattle suspected to be Colonel Jones's." A wide range of delinquencies, surely! A little later, a committee is appointed to "keep him out of the pulpit." One wonders if in those days ministers were in the habit, or under the necessity, of knocking down in the aisles all parishioners who didn't wish to hear them preach.

Even while the town was training its Minute Men, the records open, "In his Majesty's name;" but a few months later, comes a significant page, beginning, "In the name of the Government and People of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay." This page records the vote of the town, "To concur with the Continental Congress in case they should Declare Independence." Five months later is a most honorable record of a citizen who went to the Provincial Congress, rendered his account for fifty pounds for his expenses, and then, so that no heirs of his should demand it in future, presented it to the town in a formal receipt, "from him who wishes them every good connected with this and the Future State." Could any strait of the Republic to-day develop such a Congressman as that? After spending a few hours in looking over these old records, one feels an irresistible drawing toward the old grave-yard, where sleep the clerk and his fellow-townsmen. It is the "sightliest" place in the town. On the apex of the ridge, where the very backbone of the hill sticks out in bare granite vertebræ, it commands the entire horizon, and gives such a sweep of view of both land and sky as is rarely found from a hill over which runs a daily used road. By common consent, this summit is called Sunset Hill; it might as well have been named for the Sunrise also, for, from it, one sees as far east as west; but the Sunrise has no worshippers, and all men worship the Sunset. In summer, there are hundreds of strangers in Hide-and-Seek Town; and every evening, one sees on Sunset Hill, crowds who have come up there to wait while the sun goes down; chatting lovers who see in the golden hazy distance only the promised land of the morrow; and silent middle-aged people to whom the same hazy distance seems the golden land they long ago left behind. The grave-yard lies a few steps down on the south-west slope of this hill. In August, it is gay with golden rods, and the old gray stones are more than half sunk in high purple grasses. The sun lies full on it all day long, save in the south-west corner, where a clump of pines and birches keeps a spot of perpetual shade. Many of the stones are little more than a mosaic of green and gray lichens. Old Mortality himself could not restore their inscriptions. The oldest one which is legible is dated 1786, and runs: —

"Thy word commands our flesh to dust;
Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again."

Another, quite near, bearing the same date, takes the same uncomfortable license of rhyme: —

> "Alas! this brittle clay,
> Which built our bodies first,
> And every month, and every day,
> 'Tis mouldering back to dust!"

Seven years later, a man, who was, as his grave-stone sets forth, "inhumanly murdered" by one of his townsmen, was laid to rest, under the following extraordinary stanza: —

> "Passengers, behold! My friends, and view,
> Breathless I lie; no more with you;
> Hurried from life; sent to the grave;
> Jesus my only hope to save;
> No warning had of my sad fate;
> Till dire the stroke, alas! too late!"

Side by side with him sleeps a neighbor, dead in the same year, whose philosophical relatives took unhandsome opportunity of his head-stone to give this posthumous snub: —

> "How valued once, avails thee not;
> To whom related, or by whom begot;
> A little dust is all remains of thee;
> 'Tis all thou art, — and all I soon must be."

The sudden relenting candor of the last phrase but imperfectly atones for the gratuitous derogation of the first two lines. Surely, in those old days only the very queer survived! And, among the queerest, must have been the man who could carve upon a fellow-man's tomb such a light tripping measure as this: —

> "This languishing head is at rest;
> Its thinking and aching are o'er.
> This quiet, immovable breast
> Is heaved by affliction no more.
> This heart is no longer the seat
> Of trouble and sorrowing pain;
> It ceases to flutter and beat;
> It never will flutter again."

But one cannot afford to spend in the old grave-yard, many of his summer days in Hide-and-Seek Town. Fascinating as are these dead men's sunny silent homes with the quaint inscriptions on their stone lintels, there is a greater fascination in the sunny silent homes of the living, and the roads leading to and fro among them. North, south, east, and west, the roads run, cross, double, and turn, and double again; as many and as intricate as the fine-spun lines of a spider's web. You shall go no more than six or seven miles in any direction without climbing up, or creeping down, to some village; and the outlying farms of each meet midway, and join hands in good fellowship.

There is a fine and unbroken net-work of industry and comfort over the whole region. Not a poverty-stricken house to be seen; not one; not a single long stretch of lonely wilderness; even across the barrenest and rockiest hill-tops, and through the densest woods, run the compact lines of granite walls, setting the sign and seal of ownership and care on every acre. The houses are all of the New England type; high, narrow-angled, white, ugly, and comfortable. They seem almost as silent as the mounds in the grave-yard, with every blind shut tight, save one, or perhaps two, at the back, where the kitchen is; with the front door locked, and guarded by a pale but faithful "Hydrangy;" they have somehow the expression of a person with lips compressed and finger laid across them, rigid with resolve to keep a secret. It is the rarest thing to see a sign of life, as you pass by on a week day. Even the hens step gingerly, as if fearing to make a noise on the grass; the dog may bark a little at you if he be young; but, if he is old, he has learned the ways of the place, and only turns his head languidly at the noise of wheels. At sunset, you may possibly see the farmer sitting on the porch, with a newspaper. But his chair is tipped back against the side of the house; the newspaper is folded on his knee, and his eyes are shut. Calm and blessed folk! If they only knew how great is the gift of their quiet, they would take it more gladly, and be serene instead of dull, thankful instead of discontented.

They have their tragedies, however; tragedies as terrible as any that have ever been written or lived. Wherever are two human hearts, there are the elements ready for fate to work its utmost with, for weal or woe. On one of these sunny hill-sides is a small house, left unpainted so many years, that it has grown gray as a granite bowlder. Its doors are always shut, its windows tightly curtained to the sill. The fence around it is falling to pieces, the gates are off the hinges; old lilac bushes with bluish mouldy-looking leaves crowd the yard as if trying their best to cover up something.

For years, no ray of sunlight has entered this house. You might knock long and loud, and you would get no answer; you would pass on, sure that nobody could be living there. No one is living there. Yet, in some one of the rooms sits or lies a woman who is not dead. She is past eighty. When she was a girl, she loved a man who loved her sister, and not her. Perhaps then, as now, men made love idly, first to one, next to another, even among sisters. At any rate, this girl so loved the man who was to be her sister's husband, that it was known and whispered about. And when the day came for the wedding, the minister, being, perhaps, a nervous man, and having this poor girl's sad fate much in his thoughts, made the terrible mistake of calling her name instead of her sister's, in the ceremony. As soon as the poor creature heard her name, she uttered a loud shriek and fled. Strangely enough, no one had the presence of mind to interrupt the minister and set his blunder right, and the bride was actually married, not by her own name, but by her sister's. From that day the sister shunned every one. She insisted that the bridegroom had been married to her; but she wished never again to see a human face. She is past eighty, and has not yet been able to die. Winter before last, in the time of terrible cold, it was noticed for a day or two that no smoke came out of the chimney of this old house. On the fourth day, the neighbors broke open the door and went in. They found the woman lying insensible on the floor, nearly frozen. A few embers were smouldering on the hearth. When they roused her to consciousness, she cursed them fiercely for having disturbed her; but, as the warmth from fire and wine began to steal into her blood, she thanked them, — the only words of thankfulness heard from her lips for a half century. After all, she did not want to die! She has relatives who go to the house often and carry her food. She knows their voices, and, after parleying with them a few minutes through the closed door, will open it, take the food, and sometimes allow them to come in. I have twice seen her standing, at twilight, in the dank shade of her little yard, and fumbling aimlessly at the leaves of the lilacs. She did not raise her head, nor look toward the road, and I dared not speak to her. A gliding shape in a graveyard at midnight would not have seemed half so uncanny, so little of this world.

He who stays one month in Hide-and-Seek Town may take each day a new drive, and go on no day over a road he has seen before. A person of a statistical turn of mind, who knows the region well, has taken pains to find this out. We are more indebted than we realize to this type of person. Their facts furnish cloth for our fancies to come abroad in. There are souls of such make that, to them, any one of these roads must seem enough for a summer; for that matter, enough for any number of summers; and, in trying to frame a few of their beauties in words, to speak of them by the mile would seem as queer and clumsy as if one, in describing a sunset, should pull out his almanac and remind you that there were likely to be three hundred and sixty odd of them in a year. Yet, there is no doubt that, to the average mind, the statement that there are thirty different drives in a town would be more impressive than it would be if one could produce on his page, as on a canvas, a perfect picture of the beauty of one, or even many of its landscapes; to choose which one of the thirty roads one would best try to describe to win a stranger's care and liking, is as hard as to choose between children. There is such an excelling quality in each. After all, choice here, as elsewhere, is a question of magnetism. Places have their affinities to men, as much as men to each other; and fields and lanes have their moods also. I have brought one friend to meet another friend, and neither of them would speak; I have taken a friend to a hillside, and I myself have perceived that the hillside grew dumb and its face clouded.

If I may venture, without ever after feeling like a traitor to the rest, to give chief name to one or two of the Hide-and-Seek roads, I would speak of two, — one is a highway, the other is a lane. The highway leads in a north-westerly direction to a village on the shore of a lake. It is seven miles long. Three of those miles are through pine woods,— "the long woods," they are called, with curt literalness, by the people who tell you your way. Not so literal either, if you take the word at its best, for these miles of hushed pines are as solemn as eternity. The road is wide and smooth. Three carriages, perhaps four, might go abreast in it through these pine stretches. There is no fence on either side, and the brown carpet of fallen pine-needles fringes out to the very ruts of the wheels.

Who shall reckon our debt to the pine? It takes such care of us, it must love us, wicked as we are. It builds us roofs; no others keep out sun so well. It spreads a finer than Persian mat under our feet, provides for us endless music and a balsam of healing in the air; then, when it finds us in barren places where bread is hard to get, it loads itself down with cones full of a sweet and wholesome food, and at last, in its death, it makes our very hearthstones ring with its resonant song of cheer and mirth.

Before entering these woods, you have driven past

III.

MILKWEED.

O, patient creature with a peasant face,
Burnt by the summer sun, begrimed with stains,
And standing humbly in the dusty lanes!
There seems a mystery in thy work and place,
Which crowns thee with significance and grace;
Whose is the milk that fills thy faithful veins?
What royal nursling comes at night and drains
Unscorned the food of the plebeian race?
By day I mark no living thing which rests
On thee, save butterflies of gold and brown,
Who turn from flowers that are more fair, more sweet,
And, crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down,
And hang, like jewels flashing in the heat,
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts.

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870, IN BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ONE does not need to go to Ammergau. On a night, not of appointment beforehand, so far as we knew, we went to sleep in Bethlehem, New Hampshire. We were content, but not expectant. Ranges of mountains, solid, blue, and stately hedging us round, yet leaving open for our untiring gaze so wide a circle, that, at its outer rim, even in clearest days, lingers a purple haze; near fields of brown ferns, scarlet cornels, and gray bowlders frosted with myriad lichens; woods, spicy and sheltered with firs, soft under foot with unnumbered mosses and mats of Linnæa, and rich in all sorts of forest growths of bush and shrub and low flowering things: all this seemed enough. We went to sleep, as I say content, but not expectant of more than we had had. We heard no sound in the night. We made no haste in the morning.

With the delicious leisureliness which wraps solitary people in the warm, autumn mountain weather, we set ourselves to beginning the day, and by chance looked out of our window.

Like children at sight of a merry juggler's show, we first shouted with delight, then drew in long, silent breaths, with bewilderment too like awe to find easy shape in speech. O whence! O who! How had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree which stood within our sight? Every maple-tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet or cherry or orange or pale yellow. Every ash-tree had turned from green to dark purple or farms and farmhouses, and meadow lands well tilled; old unpruned apple orchards, where the climax of ungainliness comes to have a sort of pathetic grace; fields of oats and barley and Indian corn and granite bowlders, and not an inch of roadside all the way which is not thick grown with white clover. Rabbit's foot, Mayweed, shepherd's purse, ferns, blackberry, raspberry, elderberry, and here and there laurel, and in September blue gentians. There is one bit of meadow I recollect on this road. It is set in walls of pines; four little streams zigzag through it. You cross all four on narrow bridges, in a space of two or three rods; the strips of meadow and strips of brooks seem braided together into a strand of green and blue, across which is flung your road of gray, bordered with dark alders. This is the way it must look to a bird flying over.

The lane is one of many ways to a village on a hill lying west of this town. The hill is so high that, as you look westward, its spires and housetops stand out against the sky, with not even a tree in the background. In this lane nature has run riot. It is to all the rest of the Hide-and-Seek roads what California is to New England. All the trees and plants are millionnaires, — twenty, thirty per cent interest on every square foot. One ignorant of botany has no right to open his mouth about it, and only a master of color should go into it to paint. It is an outburst, a tangle, an overflow, of greens, of whites, of purples, of yellows. For rods at a time there are solid knitted and knotted banks of vines on either hand, — woodbine, groundnut vine, wild or "false" buckwheat, clivis, green-brier, and wild grape. The woodbine wreaths the stone walls; the groundnut vine springs from weed to weed, bush to bush, tree to tree, fantastically looping them all together, and then, at last, leaps off at top of a golden rod or sumach bough, waving a fine spiral taper tendril a foot long, loose in the air. The false buckwheat, being lightest, gets a-top of the rest and scrambles along fastest, making in July a dainty running arabesque of fine, white flowers above every thing else. The clivis and the green-brier fill in wherever they can get a corner. They are not so pushing. Then comes the wild grape, lawless master of every situation. There is a spot on this lane where it has smothered and well-nigh killed one young oak, and one young maple and a sumach thicket. They have their heads out still, and very beautiful they look, — the shining, jagged-edged oak leaves, and the pointed maples, and the slender sumachs, waving above and in the matted canopies of the grape; but they will never be trees. The grapevine is strongest. This lane leads over high hill-crests, from which you have ever-changing views, — now wide sweeps to the south horizon, now dainty and wood-framed bits of near valleys or lakes, now outcropping granite ledges and spots strewn thick with granite bowlders, as grand and stony as Stonehenge itself. Now the lane dips down into hollows in woods so thick that for rods the branches more than meet over your head; then it turns a corner and suddenly fades away in the queer front door-yard of a farm-house flanked by orchards and cornfields; then it dips again into a deeper hollow and denser wood, with thick undergrowths, which brush your wheels like hands thrust out to hold you back; then it comes out on a meadow stretch, where the lines of alders and milkweeds, and eupatoriums and asters, border it so close that you may pick, on any September day, your hands full of flowers, if you like, by merely leaning out of your carriage; not only flowers, but ferns, — high three-branched brakes and graceful ostrich-plume ferns you can reach from your seat. These are but glimpses I have given of any chance half-mile on this lane. There are myriads of beautiful lesser things all along it whose names I do not know, but whose faces are as familiar as if I had been born in the lane and had never gone away. There are also numberless pictures which come crowding, — of spots and nooks, and pictures on other roads and lanes in this rarest of regions. No one, who knows and loves summer, can summer in Hide-and-Seek Town without bearing away such pictures; if he neither knows nor loves summer, if he have only a retina and not a soul, he must, perforce, recollect some of them. A certain bridge, for instance, three planks wide, under which goes a brook so deep, so dark, it shines not like water, but like a burnished shield. It comes out from a wood; and, in the black shadow of the trees along the edge of the brook stand, in August, scarlet cardinal flowers, ranks on ranks, two feet high, reflected in the burnished shield as in a glass; or a meadow there is which is walled on three sides by high woods, and has a procession of tall bulrushes for ever sauntering through it with lazy spears and round-handled halberds, points down, and hundreds of yellow sunflowers looking up and down in the grass; or a wood there is, which has all of a sudden, in its centre, a great cleared space, where ferns have settled themselves as in a tropic, and grown into solid thickets and jungles in the darkness; or another, which has along the roadside for many rods an unbroken line of light green, feathery ferns, so close set it seems that not one more could have grown up without breaking down a neighbor; under these a velvety line of pine-tree moss, and the moss dotted thick with "wintergreen" in flower and in fruit; or a lake, with three sides of soft woods or fields, and the fourth side an unbroken forest slope two thousand feet up the north wall of the mountain. These are a few which come first to my thought; others crowd on, but I force memory and fancy together back into the strait-jacket of the statistical person, and content myself with repeating that there are thirty different drives in Hide-and-Seek Town!

Next winter, however, memory and fancy will have their way; and, as we sit cowering over fires, and the snow piles up outside our window-sills, we shall gaze dreamily into the glowing coals, and, living the summer over again, shall recall it in a minuteness of joy, for which summer days were too short and summer light too strong. Then, when joy becomes reverie, and reverie takes shape, a truer record can be written, and its first page shall be called

A ROAD-SIDE.

I.

WHITE CLOVER.

In myriad snowy chalices of sweet
Thou spread'st by dusty ways a banquet fine,
So fine that vulgar crowds of it no sign
Observe; nay, trample it beneath their feet.
O, dainty and unsullied one! no meet
Interpretation I of thee divine,
Although all summer long I quaff thy wine,
And never pass thee but to reverent greet,
And pause in wonder at the miracle
Of thee, so fair, and yet so meekly low.
Mayhap thou art a saintly Princess, vowed,
In token of some grief which thee befell,
This pilgrimage of ministry to go,
And never speak thy lineage aloud!

II.

WILD GRAPE.

Thou gypsy camper, how camest thou here,
With thy vagabond habits full in sight,
In this rigid New England's noonday light?
I laugh half afraid at thy riotous cheer,
In these silent roads so stony and drear;
Thy breathless tendrils flushed scarlet and bright,
Thy leaves blowing back dishevelled and white,
Thyself in mad wrestle with every thing near;
No pine-tree so high, no oak-tree so strong,
That it can resist thy drunken embrace;
Together, like bacchanals reeling along,
Staying each other, ye go at a pace,
And the roadside laughs and reaps all your wealth:
Thou prince of highwaymen! I drink thy health!

to pale straw-color. Every birch-tree shimmered and quivered in the sun, as if gold-pieces were strung along its branches: basswoods were flecked with white; beeches were brown and yellow, poplars were marked and spotted with vermilion; sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of fire; not a single tree was left of solid, dark green, except the pines and the larches and the firs; and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as a setting for these masses of flashing color Single trees in fields, near and far, looked like great hewn jewels; with light behind them, the tint flickered and waved as it does in transparent stones held up to the sun. When the wind shook them, it was like nothing but the tremulousness of distant seas burning under sunset. The same trees, filling in by tens of thousands in spaces of the forests, looked not like any thing which we know and name as gem, but as one could fancy mid-air spaces might be and look in some supernatural realm whence the souls of ruby and amethyst and topaz come and go, taking for a little while the dusty shapes of small stones on earth.

All this in this one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same. Miles away, at the very feet of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hands' reach, at neighbors' gates, stood the stately splendor.

With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer, we found that the scarlet or the claret or the crimson or the orange, which we had seen from the distance as one pure, uniform tint, was no longer scarlet or claret or crimson or orange, but all of these, and more than all of these, shading up and down and into each other by gradations indistinguishably fine and beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other, in single leaves or in clusters on boughs, with an infinity of change and combination almost like caprice or frolic.

I have seen our Western prairies in their June flowering; I have seen also the mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so much as look without shaded eyes, and from which Titian learnt color: I have seen old altar fronts on which generations and centuries of kings have lavished jewels, till they are so thick set that not one more dot can be added: but I have never seen such flaming, shading, shaping, changing, lavishing, rioting of color as in this death of the autumn leaves on these Bethlehem hills.

Every day we said, "This will be the last;" and it was the last bearing away with it its own tint of glory never to return. But the next day was as beautiful, sometimes we thought more beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense. Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun. Gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous heats in the colors; we had unthinkingly believed that sunshine helped instead of hindering. In this was a lesson. Also in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, tiny hidden leaves of unnoted things, under foot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in edge of dusty roads, but bright and burnished and splendid as any one of those loftiest in air. Strawberry leaves dappled with claret spots, or winy red with rims of yellow; raspberry and blackberry shoots as brilliant as maples; the odd little shovel-shaped sorrel leaves a deep, clear cherry just pricked with orange; patient old "hardhack" sticking to its heavy plumes of seed through thick and thin of wind, its pretty oval leaves all tinted with delicate browns and yellows and pinks blended; "fireweed" by thickets in desolate places, six feet tall, and no two of its sharp, slender, spike-shaped leaves of a tint, some mottled, some yellow, some scarlet, some green; — all these we found and more, whose colors I cannot define, and whose names, more shame to me, I do not know. And so the days of the miracle play went on, to seven, to ten, to fourteen. There were few to see it; but even the busy and usually unobservant farming people took note of it. "Never'n all my days did I see such a sight's 'tis here naow," said one man, driving his oxen off to the right of the road to make room for me with the best part of a maple-tree on my shoulder. And, "Hev yew ben daown on the Wing Road?" said another.

"No," said I; "are the leaves very fine there?"

"Wall, I jest wish you'd go 'n' see! I was a thinkin' abaout yew only last night, 'n' I sez to my wife, 's we wus drivin' along ther, sez I, 'Naow them folks that's allers a gittin' these 'ere leaves 'd better come daown this road.'"

And another, a good old deacon, in pathetic mixture of piety and poetry: "Wall, I've lived here on this Bethl'em Street all my born days, 'n' I never see no sich a color to these 'ere woods afore. I guess the Lord knows abaout 's well haow to fix this world o' hisin 's any on 'em do thet's allers a tryin' to make aout haow he might ha' done it."

There is no doubt that many years will come and go before Bethlehem hills will see such sights again. All her people agree in saying that they never saw such before; and I myself, during fifteen autumns of such mountain living and rambling as only a passion for them can inspire have never seen any thing like it. As I write, the air is full of whirling leaves, brown and yellow and red. The show is over. The winds like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery. They are capricious and lawless workmen, doing nothing for a day or two, and then scurrying about madly by night to make up for lost time. Soon the naked wood of the stripped trees will be all that we shall see to remind us of last week's pomp and spectacle. But the thing next in beauty to a tree in full leaf is a tree bare; its every exquisiteness of shape revealed, and its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured; and, more than the beauty of shape and the outlining on sky, the solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears and reveals in its tiny gray buds.

Last night, as if in final symphony to the play and grand prelude of welcome to the conquering winter which draws near, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had been daring to touch and pick in leaves off stems, now floating and dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light, as in celestial garments. Fixed stars seemed reeling in their embraces; the whole firmament seemed to furl and sway and undulate, as if it might presently be borne off like a captured banner in their passing. From the zenith to the eastern and western and northern horizons, not one spot was dark. If there had been snow on the ground, it would have been lit to redness as by fire. The village looked on in solemn silence; bareheaded men and women stood almost in awe at every threshold and gate. This also was such sight as had never before been seen from their doors. The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora. It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

Next morning white frost and a clear, sparkling air, the first of the autumn; the very street seemed alive with quickening sense of its stimulus. There was separate delight in each footfall; it felt like a wing stroke.

"Guess it's cleared off naow, the right way," called out one old man to another, as they passed on the road.

"Wall, yes. I call this abaout 's pooty a day 's ye ever see fur enny kind o' bizness," replied his friend.

I did not smile at the phrase of his speech. Our hearts were in unison; and he was better off than I, for his homely simplicity had found words where I had been dumb!

A GLIMPSE OF COUNTRY WINTER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IT is worth staying or coming to see. There is nothing like it in cities; it should not have name in common with that black, blustering, dripping-from-eaves, knee-deep-in-slosh misery, which is all that New York or Boston associates with the word "winter."

It began a month ago, as gently and cautiously as if Nature were trying experiment, and did not know how the earth could bear it: first, snow on the distant mountains, to show us of what color it would be; glistening white like crystal, at noon; solid white like white rock, if the day grew cloudy; and deep pink at sunset, like pink topaz, or conch-shell pearls, or cinnamon roses; our eyes could not grow wonted to the splendor. Then came fine soft showers, a few moments long, sifting lustreless silver on every grass-blade and tree-twig; in an hour or two no trace was left, on the fields or by the roadside; but going into the woods, one found fringes and patches of it on fallen logs, in hollows, and laps of mosses. It is sad to think how few people have heart (or chance) to go into the woods after early snows begin. The hush of them is sweeter than their sound in summer; there are just as many colors, and all new; and as for shape, the first light outlining of snow is an almost miraculous revelation of infinitesimal points, curves, peaks, jags, wreathings, and intertwinings of all things that grow. There is not a dark corner from beginning to end of the wood; there is not a single unillumined moss stem; no, not one, in great spaces where moss and Linnæa, and partridge-berry vines are so inextricably tangled, that lifting up any all the rest come with it, in mats two feet wide; no man could count the fallen beech and maple leaves in even so little room of ground as he might in five minutes tread full of steps; but every one of the leaves holds its own diamond drop of water, or carven crystal of snow: they are curled into millions of shapes; an artist might come and draw from them alone, until next year interrupted him. "O, what is that?" said my friend yesterday, as I held up to her a scrolled cornucopia of amber brown, with a twisted stem two inches long. It looked like a fantastic goblet, cut out of something finer than wood, more shining than glass, and dyed as silk can be dyed. Over and round the rim, there stayed, solid and still, what might have been frozen foam of the last toast drank. It was only a huge beech leaf; it had rolled itself up as it fell, and poised in a cleft of its own tree's root, so as to catch in open mouth all the snow it could hold.

The hardier ferns are as green as in summer; all the mosses are greener; and the lichens are but just beginning to show what scarlets and yellows they mix; and low-lying leaves, cornels, tiarellas, and a myriad more, are tinted wondrously with claret and purple and pink; gay, almost, as were the maple and ash leaves which made the upper air so brilliant a month ago. Only the firs and spruces seem unchanged; perhaps their dark glossiness is a little deepened; but they do not take much note of these sprinkling snows; they bide their time of beauty, which will be the first hour of storm; then, moment by moment, they will be transformed into a dazzling Gothic architecture, the like of which is not to be found on the earth, unless perchance there may be arctic cathedrals built of ice in open polar fields, where no men go to worship.

The light snows gently went and came, until we grew aware of their promise and impatient of their delay. Had it been her first snowing, Nature could not better have won us to be ready for her spectacle. She was honest too; for there were days of sleet; the window froze down, and the roads were icy and horrible.

In these days a bustle of preparation was to be hear and seen in the village. Men who had for weeks spen most of their time in a miserable sort of waking trance on tilted chairs around the stove of the village "store," were to be seen hard at work "banking up" thei houses. The heaping and boarding of these flowerless flower-beds of earth around the lower stories of countr houses is sensible, perhaps, but not artistic. The German peasantry keep out cold by a more picturesqu method, piling their fire-wood compactly round an round their houses, leaving small loopholes at windows till, finally, the whole structure is a combination o castle and log-cabin, by no means ugly to see.

In the days too, potatoes, if accurately quoted, i market phrase, might have been said to be "lively;" for they were being shovelled and tumbled by bushels into cellar windows all along the street.

The blacksmith's anvil had no rest from morning til late at night. His great red fire glared out like a angry watchful eye long after dark; much I fear th poor country horses fared ill in his numb and wear hands.

Builders' hammers, too, rang out more vigorousl than ever. There are eleven new houses going up i this little town. Next summer's hospitality will hav open doors enough, and nobody will turn away, a scores have done this year, for want of room.

In these days also came Elder MacNaughton th Baptist, crying "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and the Baptists prepared it after a bitter fashion laying violent hands on a little meadow brook, an damming it up, till it made of itself a muddy pool, som six feet square. Down to this pool, on a Sunday noon came six young women, one with her lover, to be baptized in the icy water; also there was "that sacre being," as good George MacDonald says, "a maid child." The village people came in silent, solem groups to look on; some standing closely in row along the edge of the stream, others sitting and standing a few rods off on top of the high sloping bank. We felt almost as if we had come upon some gathering of old Covenanters, under the gray sky of a Scottish winter; the bare frozen fields, the black fir woods, the circling mountains, the rough rocks, the uncovered heads and awed faces, the low minor cadences of the psalm, and more than all the unutterable silences in intervals of the service, — all made up a scene which we shall not forget, and which will make that little meadow brook sing less merrily in our ears for many a summer to come.

But the days went on: and we being strangers in the land, having neither houses to build or bank, nor horses to be rough-shod, nor faith in Elder MacNaughton's preaching, grew almost weary of waiting for sight of grand, full winter.

Already the far-away Green Mountains were white, and their distant slopes seemed to lift and lie level along the horizon, as one could fancy icefields lying white and high among blue icebergs. Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams were a snowy wall to the east; and glistening in the sun to the south lay the Franconias, gentle and gracious still under all their snows, as in summer's green; every thing far and near, great and small, was silvered, or tufted, or mounded with snow. But not one smallest outline was lost or altered; we could still see on Strawberry Hill the maple branch on which the yellow-hammers had their nest; each seed-plume of golden-rods which we had spared in the lanes stood upright, and only more beautiful for being frosted over; stone walls and fences stretched out plainer than ever, being braided of black and white; and wheels still rattled in frozen ruts half filled and barely hid by snow. This was not winter. We waited for more.

At last it came, as I almost think it loves best to come, in the night; soft, complete, shining; small trace now of any man's landmark, by wall or fence; no color but white and no shape but snow, to any shrub or tree or wood; looking out, we perceived that no man could any more tell us of Labrador, or Greenland: they cannot be more than the whole of winter; the whole of winter lay between the horizon and our doorstep. For a little there was not even road; if we had had our way, no human being should have taken step to make footprint between that sunrise and sunset; nor should there have been sound, save the slide of drifts from pine boughs in the forest, and the whir of little snow-birds' wings. But we discovered that it is not possible to look out on such a night's snow so early that it shall not be found printed here and there with the tiny star-shaped impress of feet so light that they barely jarred the crystals; also that the loud shouts of merry boys are no more discordant in such morning's air than the gentle noises snow-birds make when they fly.

In a few hours the village surveying and road-making were over, and work began and went on. Since then there has been no surprise, no change; except that every day the mountains have some tint of purple, or blue, or gray, or red, which they have not had before, and the great dome of sky looks higher and higher. After living for months on such a plateau as this, from which half the sky there is can be seen at once, it will seem like groping blindfolded to walk about city streets and see sky only by strips, through chinks; or more, perhaps, as if the great celestial umbrella had been suddenly shut down on our heads, and we were darkly fumbling among the wires and bones.

Each day as we walk up and down the soft roads, scattering the feathery flakes with our feet, craunching a few now and then, or rolling them up into balls and tossing them aimlessly, the good people of the village stare at us with mingled amazement and pity. We know they look upon us compassionately, thinking in their secret hearts that we must be banished by some sin or misfortune into this wintry exile. But we smile as we pass them, and say under our breath, "Yes, pity us; we are glad of your pity; we need it; for we must go away next week!"

A MORNING IN A VERMONT GRAVEYARD.

IT is the warmest spot I have found to-day; a high wall of soft pines and willow birches breaks the force of the wind on two sides, and the noon sunlight lies with the glow of a fire on the brown crisp grass. The blackberry vines, which this year have brighter colors than the maple-trees, flame out all over the yard in fantastic tangles and wreaths of red, and the downy films of the St. John's wort and thistle seeds are flying about in the air. Half an hour ago an express train went by, on the river bank, many feet below, and the noise seemed almost unpardonable so near the graves. Since then not a sound has broken the stillness, and the fleecy clouds have seemed to come down closer and closer until they look like thin veils around bending faces.

Do they take note, now and then, of their graves, I wonder, the old worthies and unworthies who have passed on? The Mrs. Jemima Tute by whose grave I am sitting might well remember to come back to this hillside sometimes, for she went through terrible days here. Only a few rods off stood Bridgman's fort, from which she and her seven children were carried into captivity by the St. Francis Indians in the summer of 1755. She was then Mrs. Howe. On the 27th of July, — how well she must still recollect the day, — she and two other women — Mrs. Eunice Gaffield and Mrs. Submit Grout — were left alone with their children in this fort, while their husbands went to hoe corn in the meadow. No doubt the day seemed long; but when twilight set in and their husbands did not come home their terror grew great. They crowded around the door of the fort anxiously listening to the faintest sounds. At length came the trampling of horses' feet, and voices; the excited women never stopping to make sure that they were the voices of friends, hastily threw open the door, when, in the language of the quaint old Bunker Gay, who wrote out the story in 1809, "Lo, to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians, to whom they and their tender offspring became an easy prey."

Their husbands, on their way home, had been surprised by this same party of Indians. Grout escaped unhurt; Gaffield was drowned in attempting to swim the river, and the unlucky Howe, having had his thigh broken by a fall, fell from his horse, was scalped and left for dead. He lived, however, till the next morning, and was found by a party of men from Fort Hinsdale. His body had been thrust through by a spear, and a hatchet had been left sticking in his head, but he knew his friends, spoke, and did not die till after he was carried into the fort.

Mrs. Howe's experiences during her year of captivity are told with simplicity and minuteness in a narrative by Bunker Gay, in Bingham's "American Preceptor" for the year 1809. She is also mentioned in the "Essay on the life of the Honorable Major General Putnam," written in 1788 by David Humphreys, one of General Washington's aids, and minister at Madrid.

Major Putnam met Mrs. Howe at the home of General Schuyler, who had ransomed her from the French officer to whom she had been sold by her Indian master. By General Schuyler's aid, she recovered five of her children and returned to the colonies under Major Putnam's escort. She must have been a woman of uncommon beauty and charm; and her experiences as a captive were in consequence rendered much more distressing. Major Putnam himself seems not to have escaped wholly from the power of her beauty. Humphreys says, "She was still young and handsome, though she had daughters of marriageable age. Distress, which had taken somewhat from the original redundancy of her bloom and added a softening paleness to her cheeks, rendered her appearance the more engaging. Her face, which seemed formed for the assemblage of dimples and smiles, was clouded by care." The grass is netting its meshes and roots more and more closely round the base of the old slate stone at her grave, and I had to separate it with my fingers and tear it away before I could copy the last lines of the epitaph :

"MRS. JEMIMA TUTE,
Successively relict of Messrs. WM. PHIPPS, CALEB HOWE and
AMOS TUTE.
The two first were killed by the Indians :
PHIPPS, July 5, A. D. 1743;
HOWE, June 27, 1755.
When Howe was killed she and her children,
Then seven in number,
Were carried into captivity.
The oldest daughter went to France,
And was married to a French Gentleman ;
The youngest was torn from her Breast,
And perished with hunger.
By the aid of some benevolent Gentle'n,
And her own personal heroism,
She recovered the rest.
She had two by her last Husband,
Outlived both him and them,
And died March 7th, 1805, aged 82 ;
Having passed thro' more vicissitudes,
And endured more hardships,
Than any of her cotemporaries.

No more can Savage Foes annoy,
Nor aught her wide-spread Fame destroy."

Mr. Amos Tute's grave is next to his wife's. Its marble stone although fifteen years older than hers, looks comparatively modern, and the inscription is clear. It is strange that with the white marble ready to their hands on so many hillsides, the old Vermont settlers should have put so many of their records into keeping of the short-lived slate:

"Mr. Amos Tute,
who died April 17th,
1790, in the 80th
year of his
Age.

"Were I so tall to reach the Pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

Near these two graves is that of her son Jonathan, whose epitaph certainly takes place high on the list of church-yard oddities:

"Here lies, cut down like unripe Fruit,
A son of Mr. Amos Tute
And Mrs. Jemima Tute, his wife,
Called Jonathan, of whose Frail life
The days all summe'd (how short the account),
Scarcely to fourteen years Amount.
Born on the Twelfth of May Was He,
In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-Three.
To Death he fell a helpless prey,
April the Five & Twentieth Day,
In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-Seven,
Quitting this world, we trust for Heaven.
But tho' his Spirit's fled on High,
His body mouldering here must lie.
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by inoculation.
The means improved his life to save,
Hurried him headlong to the grave.
Full in the bloom of youth he fell.
Alas! what human tongue can tell
The Mother's Grief, her Anguish show,
Or paint the Father's heavier woe,
Who now no nat'ral offspring has
His ample Fortune to possess,
To fill his Place, stand in his Stead,
Or bear his name when he is dead.
So God ordain'd. His ways are Just.
The empires crumble into dust,
Life and the world mere bubbles are,
Set loose to these; for Heaven prepare."

A few rods from the graveyard, is a small red farm cottage in which live some of Mrs. Howe's descendants. I stopped there one day to talk with them, and to see the door of Bridgman's fort which I was told they had.

The door turned out to be not a door at all, but a single board which might or might not have been part of a door, and at any rate did not belong to Bridgman's fort, but to another which stood a little further north, and was never picketed, but in which Mrs. Howe and her family had lived. The board was roughly hewn, many inches thick, and had a bullet hole in it. A girl, perhaps thirteen years old, was playing in the yard with her little brother. Her beauty was striking: a finely cut outline and the rarest coloring. She was a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Jemima Tute. Somehow she seemed to me a much closer and more direct link with the old story than the board, which had doubtless been often swung to and fro by her great-grandmother's hands.

Only a few steps from the immortalized Jonathan is the grave of another: —

"The unfortunate MIRANDA, daughter
Of JOHN and RUTH BRIDGMAN,
Whose remains are here interred,
Fell a prey to the flames
That consumed her father's house,
On ye 6th of June, 1771,
Aged 28.

The room below flamed like a stove;
Anxious for those who slept above,
She entered on the trembling floor;
She fell, she sank, and rose no more."

In another sunny corner, lie side by side the three wives of Mr. Abijah Rogers. The first died in 1784. Her tombstone bears the following epitaph: —

"Look down on me: i slumber here;
The grave's become my bed;
And think on death that's always near,
For life may quickly fade."

Five years later, the unlucky Mr. Rogers buried another wife in friendly neighborhood to the first, and avoided all appearance of partiality by putting on her tombstone precisely the same stanza, line for line, letter for letter, except that the personal pronoun in the first line is represented by a capital, but this was probably due to the progress of education in the country, and not to any unhandsome distinction in Mr. Rogers's mind. In 1798, the again bereaved widower was called to put up a third stone at the third wife's grave, and this time the village muse (or his own) took a new flight, as below: —

"Reader, behold, and shed a tear;
Think on the dust that slumbers here;
And when you read the fate of me,
Think on the glass that runs for thee."

Last of all, the man died also, and appears to have been buried as far from all three of his wives as possible, and to have eschewed poetical epitaphs.

It is strange to see how some one mortuary stanza would have a run, so to speak, in a neighborhood, and be put on stone after stone, for male and female, old and young, and (we must suppose) righteous and unrighteous alike. Here is one such which occurs no less than six times in a few rods' space: —

"Sickness sore long time I bore
Physician's skill in vane
Till God did send death as a friend
To ease me of my pane."

One of the most moss-grown stones in the yard, though not one of the oldest, is a double one, two arches joined by a Siamese twin arrangement, and in memory of a husband and wife. The husband died in 1789, and under his name stands this strikingly matter-of-fact statement: —

"In health one night as heretofore,
He went to bed and rose no more;
Death lurks unseen, and who can say
He's sure to live another day."

The other half of the stone waited just ten years for its record of the widow's death. A business-like view of such events must have been a family trait throughout that community, for they found nothing more tender or solemn to say of her, than —

"Death is a debt to nature due,
Which I have paid and so must you."

By a round-about road through pine and beech woods, dark with the undergrowth of shining laurel, we wind down from the hill into the town below. We shall pass another curious burial-ground on our left. It is not enclosed; has no tombstones; and, so far as anybody knows, there have been no interments in it for thousands of years. The only traces of builders which are to be seen in it, are the marks of the teeth of beavers, who had dams in it when it was a pond. Now it is only a muck bed. The most distinguished, or, at any rate, the biggest person ever buried there, was an elephant. Two years ago, some Irish laborers dug part of him up. Even in a muck bed, among the Green Mountains, he was not any safer than he would have been in Trinity Church yard in New York; all they found of him — only forty inches of one tusk, to be sure — is on exhibition at the State Capitol, and has been mended with glue by the State Geologist.

COLORADO.

14

A SYMPHONY IN YELLOW AND RED.

WE owe a great debt to Mr. Whistler for having reclaimed the good word "symphony" from the arbitrary monopoly of music writers. At first we wondered at the daring reprisal; but presently the right of it became so plain that we only wondered no man had done it before.

Henceforth they who make harmonies for the eye will hold the word fraternally in common with those who make harmonies for the ear, and no just person can call it an affectation. And he also who seeks to render in words, as others in music or color, some one of nature's gracious harmonies which has greatly delighted him, will do it all the better by the help of this good word in the beginning. Except for it, I think I should have never believed it possible to tell what I am going to try to tell now. One day an artist in Colorado spoke to me of Mr. Whistler's Symphony in White.

"Ah," said I, "Colorado is a symphony in yellow and red." And as soon as I had said the words, the colors and the shapes in which I knew them seemed instantly to be arranged in my thought: places miles apart began to knit themselves together into a concerted and related succession; spots and tints I had only vaguely recognized became distinct and significant, each in its order and force; and more and more as I looked from the plains to the mountains and from the mountains to the plains, and stood in the great spaces crowded with gay and fantastic rocks, all the time bearing in mind this phrase, it grew to seem true and complete and inevitable.

I ought to say at the outset that in speaking of the coloring of Colorado, I speak only of the part of Colorado which I know thoroughly, the vicinity of the town of Colorado Springs, which lies seventy miles south of Denver, at the foot of Pike's Peak. There is a similar brilliance and variety of coloring in other parts of the Territory, but I know them less.

"The eye paints best in the presence, the heart in the absence, of the loved object," said Bettina. To-day, as I sit on a New England hillside and look westward, the pale blue bar of the horizon line seems a vista, rather than a barrier, and I see the Colorado plains lying beyond; see them as distinctly as if I were standing on their very edge, and counting the belts and bands of color which I know the fiery Colorado sun is at this very moment printing on their surface.

When I first saw them they were gray; blank, bald, pitiless gray, under a gray November sky. "A sea of gray ice!" I said to myself. "It is terrible." To the east and the south and the north they stretched, apparently endless; broken only by a few buttes rising as gray icebergs might, frozen fast in the gray sea. To the west, a mountain wall; mountains which looked like black adamant crystallized into immovable and giant shapes. Had I passed by then, and never seen those plains and mountains again, the picture would have lived in my memory always as the picture of a place fit for the old Scandinavian hell. I recall the scene now, as one recalls a vision from a nightmare dream. No darkest day ever produced it again. After I had once seen the plains aglow, nothing could make them any thing but beautiful. We know no face till it smiles. If the smile is a true smile, the face is transfigured to us for ever.

These plains are thick-covered with grasses; the buffalo grass, which grows in low tufts or mats, with a single tiny, dark, spear-shaft head on each stalk; and two or three other sorts which have fine feathery blossoms. These dry in wonderful colors, yellows and reds; the yellows shade up to scarlets, and the reds down to the darkest claret. There are also numerous weeds, whose tiny flowers dry on their stalks in the marvellous preserving air of the plains. These too dry into yellow and berry-red. I especially remember one of these which eluded me for a long time. I had noticed, in my drives, spots of vivid red here and there on the ground at short distances from the road, but saw nothing to explain them. When I walked over the same ground I found only the usual grasses and indifferent-colored weeds. At last, one day, I saw a big patch of this color, half a rod long; when I reached the spot, I found myself walking over myriads of infinitesimal stems, not more than an inch or two from the ground, each holding at top a tiny dried calyx, bright red, the size of a pin's head. Singly or in small bunches they would hardly be seen, and yet I afterwards recognized that they made superb masses of color in many places. I carried a bunch of them home, but their color had gone out. In vain I set them in strong light on a window-sill; they would not be bright red any longer. They needed the free air of the plains, and the sun striking through.

There are no trees or bushes on these plains, except along the small and infrequent creek courses. Looking down from heights you trace the creeks from horizon to horizon, not by glistening lines of water, but merely by zigzag lines of deeper color; in the summer by lines of vivid green, in the winter by lines of dark red, pale yellow, and gray. The bare cotton-wood trees are gray; the willows, of which there are several varieties growing luxuriantly, are yellow and red: yellow as gold, and with the sheen of satin on their stems; red as wine, and taking the sun as flashingly. A little marsh filled with them, and lying in a hollow of the plain, makes, on a bright day, such a blaze of shaded and graduated color as I do not know elsewhere. When above these claret and yellow willow stems rises a copse of leafless cotton-woods, of soft, filmy gray, the whitest gray ever seen, the combination of color is at once so dainty and so vivid that one is amazed that so subtle an effect can last day after day. Yet there they stand, all through

January, all through February, all through March, and through April, well into May, a perpetual delight. These are the months in which the coloring of the plains is at its best. When spring fades the willows, covers the cotton-woods with light green leaves, and turns the plains to a pale olive-green, the landscape becomes tame in comparison with its winter hue. I have spent winter afternoons on the bluffs to the east of the town, looking down on the plains when they were yellow as wheat fields in August, of as even surface as a close shorn lawn, and with great belts and irregular spaces of paler or deeper yellow, berry-red, claret, and dark brown. Looking at these miles of shaded and blended colors one finds the worn-out simile of a carpet almost fresh in one's thought, because so inevitable. Then, when swiftly moving clouds make a play of shadows upon the carpet, it looks more like a sea. There is a peculiar tint of blue in all shadows in Colorado. When they are cast upon snow the effect is indescribably beautiful. A fantastic chariot in mazarine blue glides noiselessly by your side as you drive; a double in ghostly clothes of blue steel slips on ahead of you as you walk. These shifting blue shadows on the yellow plains give them a wonderful semblance to the sea under alternating sunlight and shade.

The northern horizon of this shining carpet, this sunlit sea, is a deep blue wall. This is the Divide, the table-land separating the Denver plains from ours. It is eight thousand feet high at its highest, and thickly grown with pines; but it looks simply like a solid bar of blue.

The western horizon is the top of a mountain range, Pike's Peak, nearly fifteen thousand feet high, its central and culminating point, whose tints shall be fiery red, golden yellow, or deep purple blue, according as you see them: fiery red at dawn, yellow in the first flood of sunrise, and purple just after the sun has set. The southern and eastern horizons are sky or plain, you know not which. Whether the sky bends and droops, or the plain hollows and curves up to the tender, vanishing line in which both cease to be, you never know; and your not knowing is the charm, the spell, under which you gaze and gaze into the immeasurable distance, until myriads of worlds seem to be coming and going just along the outer edge of this one. On a very clear day, two blue pyramids rise in the south, and a long, low, undulating line like blue mist is seen at their right. These are the Spanish Peaks, a hundred miles away, and the range is the Sangre di Cristo. What a strange audacity of reverence there seems in the way the Spaniard has set the name of his Christ everywhere! In the east, there are a few near buttes or bluffs. They also are yellow, darkened by low growths of pines and firs. They rise up like fortresses. Among them lie and wind labyrinthine valleys, — sheltered spots in which sheep-raisers find warm nooks for themselves and for their sheep at night. These buttes or bluffs are mainly of yellow sandstone; the growth of firs and low oaks is so thin that it does not hide the yellow tint, only makes a dark fretwork over it. Coming closer to them, you see that their sides are strangely rounded, and, as it were, hewn into projections like towers, bastions, parapets, arches, — ledges and chasms and toppled bowlders everywhere. No wonder the yellow plain looks like a sunlit sea, for not so very long ago, as the earth reckons her ages, it was a great lake, and these were the cliffs on its shores. Climbing up these bluffs, and wandering in their shady recesses, one thinks of Edom and Petræa. Strange shapes of yellow sandstone are standing or lying about in a confusion which is at once suggestive and bewildering. They are mostly rounded and grooved columns, of tapering and irregular forms, sometimes broken short off, but more often widening at the top into a broad cap, like an anvil. Many of them are of such grotesque shapes that at every turn they take new and fantastic semblances, seem to have leering or malicious faces, sometimes almost to be peering out and disappearing mockingly behind the trees. Their color is not a uniform yellow, but is of a variety of shades and tones, often deepening into orange or scarlet, often shading up to nearly white at top, and then finished off with the anvil-like cap of dark brown, green, or red. The ground is strewn with odd, round pebbles, large and small, of the same friable yellow stone. Many of them are broken open into equal halves, a round hollow in the centre of each, as if they were petrified husks of nuts. Many of them bear fantastic resemblances to birds or beasts. There was one well known for months to all frequenters of the bluffs; it was as comical a rooster as could have been moulded out of clay. The gardener had put it on the top of a pile of stones, where two roads crossed, and it was a familiar landmark. At last, one day, a traveller carried it to the Colorado Springs Hotel, and showed it in triumph as a rare trophy. It was recognized at once.

"Why, that is the rooster from Austin's Bluffs."

"You cannot have that. It is private property. Mr. Austin's gardener put it on that pile of stones. You must carry it back."

Public opinion was too strong for the traveller to resist. The rooster was carried back and remounted on his pedestal; only, alas, to disappear again, in the grasp of some less honest visitor, who, I hope, may read this paragraph and blush to recollect how he "robbed" that "roost."

Twelve miles northward of Colorado Springs is a group of beautiful small valleys known as Monument Park, from the great number of these strange sandstone rocks. It is the liveliest of all lonely places. You drive over a grassy road in the middle of a narrow green meadow, the sides of which slope up like the sides of a trough, the narrow strip of meadow ending abruptly at the base of high yellow sandstone cliffs, covered with pines, firs, and low oak shrubs. There are frequent breaks in these cliffs, and passes through them; and so crowded are these passes and cliff-sides with the yellow stone columns, that it is not at all hard to fancy that they are figures winding in and out in a procession, mounting guard, lying down, sunning themselves, leading or embracing each other. Perverse people with fancies of a realistic order have given names to many of these figures and groups: The Anvil, The Quaker Wedding, The Priest and Nun, The Pincushion, and so forth. Photographers, still more perverse, have persisted in photographing single rocks, or isolated groups, with neither background nor foreground. These are to be seen everywhere, labelled "Rocks in Monument Park," and are admirably calculated to repel people from going to what would appear to be some bare, outlying pinnacle of the universe, on which imps had played at making clay figures, with high stakes for the ugliest, A true picture of Monument Park would give a background of soft yellow and white sandstone cliffs, rounded, fluted, and grooved, with waving pines thick on the top and scattering down the sides, and the statue-like rocks half in and half out among the trees; and to make the picture perfect, it should be taken looking west, so that the green valley with its fantastic yellow side walls and statues should be shut across at the farther end by a high mountain range, dark blue against a shining sky. Then, one seeing the picture could get some faint notion of what these valleys in Monument Park are like.

The famous Garden of the Gods, for which everybody asks as soon as he enters Colorado, and which nine out of ten people see for the first time with a ludicrous sense of disappointment, is another of these strange, rock-crowded parks. Who is responsible for the inappropriate name Garden of the Gods, I do not know: one more signally unfitting could hardly have been chosen. Fortress of the Gods, or Tombs of the Giants, would be better.

This park lies only three miles from Colorado Springs, and its grand gateway is in full sight from every part of the town. Fancy two red sandstone rocks three hundred feet high, of irregular outline and surface, rising abruptly and perpendicularly like a wall, with a narrow passage-way between them. The rock on your right, as you enter from the east, is of the deepest brick-red; the one on the left is paler, more of a flesh-color. At their base is a thick growth of low oak bushes, vivid light green in summer, in winter a scarcely less vivid brown, for many of the leaves hang on until April. These rocks are literally fretted full of holes and rifts; tiny round holes as smooth as if an auger had bored them; ghastly crevices and chasms smoothed and hollowed like sockets in gigantic skeletons. Thousands of swallows have nests in these, and at sunset it is a beautiful sight to see them circling high in the air, perching for a moment on the glittering red spires and pinnacles at top of the wall, and then swooping downward and disappearing suddenly where no aperture is to be seen, as if with their little bills they had cloven way for themselves into the solid rock. Within a few feet of the top of the highest spire on the right-hand rock is a small diamond-shaped opening, a mullioned window, through which is always to be seen the same diamond-shaped bit of sky, bright blue or soft gray, or shadowy white if a cloud happens to pause so as to fill the space.

I once had the good fortune to see a white-breasted sparrow sit motionless for some minutes on a point of rock just above this window, when the sky was clear blue, and the rock vivid red in a blazing sunlight. Such a picture as that was, three hundred feet up in the air, one does not see more than once in a life-time. The sparrow's white breast looked like a tiny fleece of white cloud caught on the rock. Not till two dark wings suddenly opened out and bore the white fleece upward, did I know that it was a bird.

Passing through this majestic gateway, you find yourself in the weirdest of places; your red road winds along over red ground thinly grass-grown, among low cedars, pines, and firs, and through a wild confusion of red rocks: rocks of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and size, from pebbles up to gigantic bowlders, from queer, grotesque little monstrosities, looking like seals, fishes, cats, or masks, up to colossal monstrosities looking like elephants, like huge gargoyles, like giants, like sphinxes eighty feet high, all bright red, all motionless and silent, with a strange look of having been just stopped and held back in the very climax of some supernatural catastrophe. The stillness, the absence of living things, the preponderance of grotesque shapes, the expression of arrested action, give to the whole place, in spite of its glory of coloring, spite of the grandeur of its vistas ending in snow-covered peaks only six miles away, spite of its friendly and familiar cedars and pines, spite of an occasional fragrance of clematis or smile of a daisy or twitter of a sparrow, spite of all these, a certain uncanniness of atmosphere which is at first oppressive. I doubt if one ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight. One must feel his way to its beauty and rareness, must learn it like a new language; even if one has known nature's tongues well, he will be a helpless foreigner here. I have fancied that its speech was to the speech of ordinary nature what the Romany is among the dialects of the civilized, — fierce, wild, free, defiantly tender; and I believe no son of the Romany folk has ever lived long among the world's people without drooping and pining.

A mile to the north of the Garden of the Gods is a very beautiful little park, walled in by high hills and sandstone rocks of many colors, red, pink, yellow, and pale gray, stained dark green and brown and red in markings so fantastic and capricious, it seems impossible that they are not painted. The outlet from this little nook to the north is a narrow canyon, little more than a cleft in the rocks. A snow-fed brook runs down through this canyon and zigzags through the little park, making it a luxuriant garden of cotton-wood trees, shrubs, and vines, and all manner of flowers. The rocks here are so towering and grand that except for the relief of their brilliant hues, and the tender leafing and flowering things around them, they would be overawing. There are single shafts like obelisks or minarets, slender, pointed, one or two hundred feet high; huge slabs laid tier upon tier like giant sarcophagi; fretted and turreted masses like abbeys fallen into ruin: and all these are red or painted in mosaic tints of green and brown and black and yellow. This is called Glen Eyrie; in it there is a beautiful home, and the voices of little children are often heard high up on the rock walls, where they seem as contented and as safe as the goats which are their comrades.

I will describe but one more of these parks; I am told that there are scores of them all along the range of foot-hills running northward from Colorado Springs. I do not believe that among the scores is one to be found so beautiful as Blair Athol. I do not believe that in all the earth is a spot to be found more beautiful than Blair Athol, unless possibly it may be some of the wild flower-gardens nestled at the base of the dolomites in the Tyrol. Will there ever arise in Colorado a master to paint her rocks and mountains in the backgrounds of immortal pictures, as Titian painted the dolomites?

Blair Athol lies six miles to the northwest of Colorado Springs. Its name has a charm of sound which is not lessened when you know that the Scotchman who owns and named it added to his own name, Blair, the name of Athol, by reason of his love for house and lands of that name in Scotland. It is a spot fit for a clan and a chieftain. It lies lonely and still, biding its time. The road which leads into it is so grass-grown that it is hard to find. The spot where it turns off from the main highway is sure to be overlooked unless one keeps a close watch. It seems not to promise much, this rough, grass-grown track. It points toward foot-hills which are low and close-set, and more than usually bare. But in Colorado roads, any minute's bend to right or left may give you a delicious surprise, a new peak, a far vista, a changed world. The Blair Athol road, taking a sudden curve to the left, shows you such a vista: a foreground of low oaks and pines, the hills falling away to right and left and revealing the mouth of a glen walled thickly across by high pines; through this solid wall of green, fantastic gleams of deep red and rose pink; rising above it, a spire or two of bright yellow; on the left hand, sharp ridges of dark, iron-stained sandstone, green, gray, yellow, black; on the right hand, low, mound-shaped hills densely grown with pines and firs, the soil shining red below them.

As the road winds in, the rocks seem almost to wheel and separate, so many new vistas open between the pines, so many new rocks come in sight. A few steps farther, and the way seems suddenly barred by a huge mass of yellow rock; a broad light streams in from the left, the south; there lies open country. Close to the base of this yellow rock wall the road clings, still in shade of the pines, and turns an abrupt corner to the left. You are in the park. The yellow rock round which you have turned is its east wall; to the west it is walled with rocks, rose-color and white; to the north with high, conical, pine-grown hills; to the south with sharp, almost pyramidal hills and masses of detached and piled rocks, dark red and rose color. It is smooth as a meadow; its curves rise to the bases of the rocks gently and lingeringly. Groups of pines make wide fringed circles of shades here and there; blue anemones, if it is a June day, dot the ground. A few rods farther there is a break in the eastern wall, and framed in this frame of yellow rock is a broad picture of the distant plains in bars of sunlight and shadow, gold and purple. This is the view on which must look the eastern and southern piazzas of the house when it is built, and to that end nature has left clear the slight eminence a little to the north of the centre of the park. No man building here could think of building elsewhere than on this rise, and it is surely an odd thing that not a pine has set foot in it; that they have grouped themselves all about it, with as exquisite a consideration as the king's head gardener could have shown.

Presently the road stops short on the brink of a ravine, in which once there must have been water, for it is full of vines and shrubs, a tangle of green. Because the ravine is not bridged, we turn to the right; there is just room to creep round the base of the west wall of red rock. Turning this, lo, we are in another little park, wilder and more beautiful than the first. The ground is more broken, and there are thick copses of low oaks and pines. The red wall on this side is even stranger and more fantastic than on the other. It leans and topples, keeping all the while a general slant northwest and southeast, which is, no doubt, to the geologist an important feature in its record. At its base, huge dark red and pale rose-colored bowlders are piled in confusion; its top is jagged; isolated peaks and projections on its sides seem to have been wrought and carven; one into a great stone chair, one into a canopied sounding-board. The stone is worn out in hollows and crevices into which you can thrust your arm up to the elbow. In these, generations of conies and squirrels have kept their "feast of the acorn," and left the shells behind. This wall is on your right; on the left, low mounds and hills, with groves of pines in front, pines so thick that you get only glimpses through them of the hills behind. Soon the road ceases, dies away as if the last traveller had been caught up, at this point, into the air. A delicious sense of being in the wilderness steals over you. Climbing up on one of the ridges of the right-hand wall, you look down into the first park, and out across it to the plains. Seen from this height, the grouping of the pines seems even more marvellous than before. It is impossible to leave off wondering what law determined it, if a landscape instinct and a prophetic sense of unbuilt homes be in the very veins of Colorado pines. The outlook eastward from this ridge is grand. It is the one which the upper windows of the house will command: in the foreground the huge yellow rock, three hundred feet long, and from one to two hundred feet high; beyond this a line of bluffs, then an interval of undulating plains, then another line of bluffs, and then the true plains, far, soft, and blue, as if they were an outlying ocean in which the world was afloat.

Immediately below this ridge lies the exquisite little cup-like park, with its groups of pines. The rocks of its western wall, seen from this point, are not only dark red and pale rose: they show intricate markings of white and gray and yellow; the tints are as varied and beautifully combined as you would see in a bed of September asters. Underneath your feet the hollows of the rock are filled in and matted with dry pine needles; here and there, in a crevice, grows a tiny baby pine, and now and then gleams out a smooth white pebble, cast up by some ancient wave, and wedged tight in the red sandstone.

As you climb higher and higher to the north, there are more rocks, more vistas, more pines and low oaks, a wilder and wilder confusion of bowlders. When you reach the summit, the whole northern horizon swings slowly into view, and completes the semicircle of plains by the dark blue belt of the Divide. At the very top of this pinnacle is an old pine-tree, whose gnarled roots hold great bowlders in their clutch, as eagles hold prey. If the tree were to blow off, some one of the days when the wind blows ninety miles an hour in Colorado, it looks as if it must go whirling through the air with the rocks still tight in its talons. There seems no soil here, yet the kinni-kinnick vines have spread shining mats of thick green all around the base of the tree. The green of these and the pine, the bright brown of the fallen cones, the shading and multiplying reds of the gigantic rocks, the yellow and blue of the far-off plains, the white and blue of the far-off sky, — all these crowd on the sight, as you sit on this crowning pinnacle of Blair Athol. The silence is absolute; but the color is so intense, so full of swift motion, change, and surprise, that it seems to be rhythmic like sound, and to fill the air fuller. It is the final chord of the symphony in yellow and red, and as, in the slow-falling twilight, it grows fainter and fainter, one recalls some of the vivid lines of America's one lyric poetess: —

> "I see the chasm yawning dread;
> I see the flaming arch o'erhead;
> I stake my life upon the red!"

COLORADO SPRINGS.

I ONCE said of a face, at hasty first sight, "What a plain face! How is it that people have called it handsome? I see no single point of beauty in it."

That face afterward became in my eyes not only noble, fine, strong, sweet, but beautiful, apart from its beauty as an index and record of the loveliest nature and life I have ever known. Again and again I try to recall the face as I first saw it. I cannot. The very lineaments seem totally changed.

It is much the same with my first impression of the Colorado Springs. I shall never forget my sudden sense of hopeless disappointment at the moment when I first looked on the town. It was a gray day in November. I had crossed the continent, ill, disheartened, to find a climate which would not kill. There stretched before me, to the east, a bleak, bare, unrelieved, desolate plain. There rose behind me, to the west, a dark range of mountains, snow-topped, rocky-walled, stern, cruel, relentless. Between lay the town — small, straight, new, treeless.

"One might die of such a place alone," I said bitterly. "Death by disease would be more natural."

To-day that plain and those mountains are to me well-nigh the fairest spot on earth. To-day I say, "One might almost live on such a place alone." I have learned it, as I learned that human face, by heart; and there can be a heart and a significant record in the face of a plain and a mountain, as much as in the face of a man.

To those who care to know the position of Colorado

Springs geographically, it can be said that its latitude is about the same as that of Washington City; that it lies in El Paso County, seventy miles to the north of Denver and five miles from the foot of Pike's Peak. For myself and for those whom I might possibly win to love Colorado Springs as I love it, I would say simply that it is a town lying due east of the Great Mountains and west of the sun.

Again, to those who are curious as to statistics and dates and histories of affairs, it might be said that three years ago the town of Colorado Springs did not exist, and that to-day it numbers three thousand inhabitants; that it is also known as the "Fountain Colony," — a name much more attractive than Colorado Springs, and also more fitting for the place, since there is not a spring of any sort whatever in the town, and the soda and chalybeate springs, which have done so much to make the region famous, are five miles away, in the town of Manitou.

The trustees of the Fountain Colony are men of means, position, and great executive ability. What is more, they are enthusiasts, — enthusiasts in their faith in the future of this region, and enthusiasts in their determination to exert their controlling power in the right direction. They hold in their jurisdiction a tract of about ten thousand acres of land; and the money derived from the sales of two-thirds of this property is to be and is being expended in the construction of irrigating canals, roads, parks, schools, the planting of trees, and other improvements. All deeds contain an improvement clause, and a clause prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors on the property. Already the liquor-dealers and the company have come into collision, and the contest will wax hotter, no doubt; but the company is resolved that the town shall continue to be, as it began, a temperance town, and it will be an evil day for the little village if ever the whiskey dealers and drinkers win the fight.

The streets of the town are laid out at right angles.

and are alternately one hundred and one hundred and forty feet wide. Narrow streams of running water are carried through all the streets, as in Salt Lake City. Cotton-wood trees have been planted regularly along these little streams. Already these trees are large enough to give some shade. Already there are in the town, bakeries, laundries, livery stables, billiard halls, restaurants, mills, shops, hotels, and churches. In all these respects, the town is far better provided than the average New England town of the same population. Remoteness from centres of supplies compels towns, as it compels individuals, to take care of themselves.

These things I mention for the sake of those who are anxious as to statistics, and dates, and the history of affairs. There is much more of the same sort that might be told; of the great increase in the value of property, for instance, lots having trebled in value within six months; of the great success in stock-raising in this region, the herds running free on the plains all winter long, requiring no shelter, and feeding well on the dry, sweet grasses; of the marvellous curative qualities of the climate, — asthma, throat diseases, and earlier stages of consumption being, almost without exception, cured by this dry and rarefied air. But all these things are set forth in the circulars of the Fountain Colony, in the reports of medical associations, and in pamphlets and treatises on Western immigration and the future of Colorado, — set forth accurately, even eloquently. The statistician, the pioneer, the builder of railroads, has his own language, his own sphere; and to him one must go for the facts of a country, for the catalogue of its resources, the forecasting of its destiny. But it is perhaps also worth while to look at a lover's portrait of it. A picture has uses, as well as a gazeteer. There is more stimulus sometimes in suggestion than in information; more delight in the afterglow of reminiscence than in the clear detail of observation. For myself, therefore, and for those alone whom I might possibly win to love Colorado Springs as I love it, I repeat that it is a town lying east of the Great Mountains and west of the sun. Between it and the morning sun and between it and the far southern horizon stretch plains which have all the beauty of the sea added to the beauty of plains. Like the sea they are ever changing in color, and seem illimitable in distance. But they are full of tender undulations and curves, which never vary except by light and shade. They are threaded here and there by narrow creeks, whose course is revealed by slender, winding lines of cotton-wood trees, dark green in summer, and in winter of a soft, clear gray, more beautiful still. They are broken here and there by sudden rises of table-lands, sometimes abrupt, sharp-sided, and rocky, looking like huge castles or lines of fortifications; sometimes soft, mound-like, and imperceptibly widening, like a second narrow tier of plain overlying the first.

The sloping sides of these belts of table-land are rifted and hollowed and fluted endlessly. Miniature canyons, filled with green growths, nooks and dells, and overlapping mounds, make up the mystery of their beauty. Water-washed stones and honeycombed rocks are strewed on many of them, showing that their shapes were rounded ages ago by mighty waves. No wonder, then, that these plains add, as I said, to the beauty of plains all the beauty of the sea. Their surface is covered with close, low grasses,—amber brown, golden yellow, and claret red in winter; in summer of a pale olive green, far less beautiful, vivid, and vitalized than the browns and yellows and reds of the winter. But in the summer come myriads of flowers, lighting up the olive green background, making it into a mosaic of white and purple and pink and scarlet and yellow. Smooth, hard roads cross these plains, north, south, east, west, without turning, without guide-post, without landmark; many of them seeming so aimless, endless, that one wonders why they are there at all. It takes but a few times driving anywhere to mark out a road. If a ditch overflows and a gully is made, the next half dozen passers-by drive a little to the right or left; the new road is begun and practically made, and after a few mornings purple vetches and daisies will be blossoming in the old one. Looking northward over this sea-plain, one sees at the horizon a dark blue line, like a wall, straight, even-topped, unbroken. This is the "Divide," — another broad-spreading belt of table-land, lifting suddenly from the plains, running from east to west, and separating them. Its highest point is eight thousand feet above the sea, and is crossed by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. On its very summit lies a lake, whose shores in June are like garden-beds of flowers, and in October are blazing with the colors of rubies and carnelians.

It is a gracious and beautiful country the Divide, eight or ten miles in width and seventy long, well wooded and watered, and with countless glens and valleys full of castellated rocks and pine groves. All this one learns journeying across it; but, looking up at it from Colorado Springs, it is simply a majestic wall against the northern sky, — blue, deep, dark, unfathomable blue, as an ocean wave might be if suddenly arrested at its highest and crystallized into a changeless and eternal boundary. It is thirty or forty miles away from us; but in every view we find our eyes fastening upon it, tracing it, wondering how, not being built of *lapis lazuli* or clouded sapphire, it can be so blue. It is the only spot in our glorious outlook which is uniform of color. Sunsets may turn the whole north sky golden yellow, and the afterglow may stretch rosy red the entire circle round, while the plains below fade from brilliant sunlight to soft, undistinguishable gray; but the wall of the Divide remains always of its own unchanging blue. Storms sweep over it, black and fierce, but the blue shows through. Snow covers it and the winter sky arches white above it, but still its forest ranks of pines and firs stand solid, constant blue in the horizon. This is a dim picture of what we who dwell in this town east of the mountains and west of the sun see when we look south and east or north, — a very dim picture, since it sets forth only the shapes and proportions, and can in no wise suggest the colors. If I say that even on this day (the two hundred and eleventh day that I have looked on these plains) I see colors and combinations of colors I never saw before, and that out of the two hundred and eleven days there have been no two days alike, who will believe me? No one, — perhaps not even they who have dwelt by my side; yet it is true, and a calendar might be kept which would prove it. In such a calendar there would be records of days when the whole plain looked like a soft floor of gray mist, its mounds and hills like mounds and hills of vapor, slow curling and rounding; when it looked like a floor of beaten gold, even, solid, shining; or like a tapestry, woven in bands of brown and yellow, — a magic tapestry, too, for the bands are ever shifting, deepening, paling, advancing, receding, vanishing and coming again, as the clouds come or go, deepen or pale, in the skies above; or, if it be winter, like a trackless, illimitable, frozen ocean, with here and there dark icebergs looming up. Not the furthest Polar Sea can look like wider, icier Arctic space than does this sunny plain when it is white with snow.

In such calendar there would be records of hours when, in spite of the whole sunset plains being darkened by overhanging clouds, the sunlight floods every bluff and castellated mound in the east, lifting them and making them look like fairy realms, with spires and slopes and turreted walls of gold; of hours again when the plains, being in strong, full light, clouds chance to rest above the same bluffs, transforming them into grim and dark and terrible fortresses, bearing no semblance to the smiling fairy castles of gold they were the day before; of hours on some winter morning, when every tiny grass-blade, flower-stalk, and shrub on the whole plain has been covered with snow crystals in the night, — not with the common round feathery crystals, but with acicular crystals fine as a cobweb thread, an inch or an inch and a half long, and so close set that even stout weed-stalks curve and bend under the weight of their snowy fringe. Upon these myriads, acres, miles of crystals flashes the hot sun, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the plain changes from soft and solid white to a field of glistening sparkles, and from the glistening sparkles back to its pale yellows and browns. Even in the few seconds while I have been walking past an oak shrub I have seen every dried leaf on it change from white to brown, so marvellous is this Colorado sun, — its direct rays burning as through a burning-glass. There would be records of hours when having gone a few hundred feet up on the eastward slope of Cheyenne Mountain, we sat down in a fragrant garden of gillias, scarlet penstemons, spiræas, wild roses, columbines, red lilies, lupines, harebells, and myriads more which we knew not, and looked off over the plains. Though they were only three or four miles away, they looked as if we might journey for days and not reach them, — so wide, so remote, so deep down, so ineffably soft and misty. We sat, as I say, in a garden; but there was in the garden, besides the flowers, a confusion of great rocks and oak bushes and tall pines and firs. There were no level spaces, only nooks between rocks and here and there zigzag intervals: but on every inch of ground some green or flowering thing grew; ravines, with unsuspected brooks in them, were on each hand. Parting the tangles of bushes and creeping or springing down their sides, we found great clumps of golden and white columbines and green ferns.

Between the pines and firs were wonderful vistas of the radiant plain. Each glimpse was a picture in itself, — now an open space of clear, sunny distance; now a belt of cotton-wood trees, making a dark green oasis in the yellow; now the majestic bluffs, looking still more castlelike, framed in the dark foreground lines of pine boughs. We were in shadow. The sun had set for us; but it was yet early afternoon on the plain and it was brilliant with sun. As we went slowly down, bearing our sheaves of flowers, the brilliance slowly faded, and the lower sunset light cast soft shadows on every mound and hill and hollow. The whole plain seemed dimpling with shadows; each instant they deepened and moved eastward; first revealing and then slowly hiding each rise and fall in the vast surface. Away in the east, sharply against the sky, lines of rocky bluffs gleamed white as city walls; close at the base of the mountain the foot-hills seemed multiplied and transfigured into countless velvet mounds. The horizon line seemed to curve more and more, as if somehow the twilight were folding the world up for night, and we were on some outside shore watching it. One long, low cloud lay in amber and pink bars above the blue wall of the Divide, a vivid rosy band of afterglow spread slowly in the east and south; and the town below us looked strangely like an army, with its wide avenues and battalion-like parallelograms of houses.

If I have dwelt long on what one sees looking north, east, south from Colorado Springs, it is not because the westward outlook — I had almost said uplook — is less grand, less satisfying; rather because the reverent love for mountains is like a reverent love for a human being, — reticent, afraid of the presumptuousness of speech.

Looking westward, we see only mountains. Their summits are in the skies, ten, twelve, fourteen thousand feet high. Their foot-hills and foot-hill slopes reach almost to the base of the plateau on which the town stands. Whether the summits or the foot-hills are more beautiful one for ever wonders and is never sure. The summits are sharp, some of them of bare red rock, gleaming under the summer sunrise like pyramids of solid garnet, yet blue again at sunset, — of a purple blue, as soft as the purple blue of grapes at their ripest. Sometimes in winter, they are more beautiful still, — so spotless white, stately, and solemn that if one believes there is a city of angels he must believe that these are the towers and gates thereof.

The foot-hills are closely grown with grass. In winter they are, like the prairies, brown and yellow and claret, varying in tint and shade, according to the different growths and in every shifting light from sunrise to sunset. No one who has not seen can fancy the beauty of a belt of such colors as these at base of mountains of red and yellow sandstone. The foot-hills lap and overlap and interrupt each other, sometimes repeating in softened miniature the outline of the crowding and overlapping peaks above. Here and there sharp ridges of sandstone rock have been thrown up among them. The spaces between these are so hollowed and smooth-moulded that they look like beautiful terraced valleys, with jagged red walls on either hand. When sunset casts alternate beams of light and shade across these valleys, and the red walls glow redder and redder, they look like veritable enchanted lands; and if one looks up to the snow-topped mountains above the sense of enchantment is only heightened. And this is what Colorado Springs sees, looking west. Are there many spots on earth where the whole rounded horizon is thus full of beauty and grandeur, and where to all the grandeur of outline and beauty of color is added the subtle and indescribable spell of the rarefied air and light of six thousand feet above the sea?

One day last winter we saw a prismatic cloud in the sky. It was high noon. The cloud lay close to the sun: it was fleecy, yet solid; white, yet brilliant with all the rainbow tints of mother-of-pearl. All who saw it held their breaths with a sense of something preternatural in its beauty. Every instant the tints changed. They paled, they deepened, they shifted place, — pink, yellow, green, separate, blended, iridescent. As one holds up a mother-of-pearl shell to the light, turning it slowly back and forth to catch the rays, it seemed as if some invisible hand must be holding up this shining cloud and moving it slowly back and forth in the sun. The wonderful spectacle lasted some ten minutes; then slowly the iridescence disappeared, leaving the cloud simply a white and fleecy cloud, like myriads of others in the sky. It seemed to me emblematic of the beauty of this whole panorama, which has as mystical a quality of endless change as the iridescent tints of mother-of-pearl. While light lasts never shall mother-of-pearl show twice exactly the same harmony, exactly the same succession of tints. And I believe that hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, these plains and mountains will never show twice the same harmony, the same succession. Most earnestly I believe, also, that there is to be born of these plains and mountains, all along the great central plateaus of our continent, the very best life, physical and mental, of the coming centuries. There are to be patriarchal families, living with their herds, as patriarchs lived of old on the eastern plains. Of such life, such blood, comes culture a few generations later, — a culture all the better because it comes spontaneously and not of effort, is a growth and not a graft. It was in the east that the wise men saw the star; but it was westward to a high mountain, in a lonely place, that the disciples were led for the transfiguration!

CHEYENNE CANYON.

THERE are nine "places of divine worship" in Colorado Springs, — the Presbyterian, the Cumberland Presbyterian, the Methodist, the South Methodist, the Episcopal, the Congregationalist, the Baptist, the Unitarian, and Cheyenne Canyon.

Cheyenne Canyon is three miles out of town; but the members of its congregation find this no objection. They are forced just now to go over a troublesome road to reach it. Until within the past month the road led directly up one of the main spurs of the mountain, through fine breezy fields, with glorious views in all directions; but the owners of these fields have seen fit to shut them up by wire fences, which neither man nor horse can pass, and now all Cheyenneans must go up the creek, through a tangle of sand-bar, willow copse, meadow, field, farm, ford, and scramble, which is hard at first to learn, but which will soon become dearer to their hearts than the old road.

The day we first drove over it we were followed by a party of four laboring men, also seeking the way. Sittings are free in the cathedral of Cheyenne Canyon.

"Is this the road to Cheyenne Canyon?" we called back to them, at a point where, to say truth, there seemed very little road at all, only faint traces of wheels in a meadow radiant with golden daisies. They stopped singing to answer.

"Reckon so, sir. That's where we're going; but we've never been before."

We were wrong, though. The track grew fainter and fainter, and, after leading us across the creek and up a steep bank, thick with cotton-wood trees, ended in front of a log cabin. In the doorway sat a girl, with a mass of dark auburn hair, from which no one could easily look away. Once before I have seen such hair. Very sure I am that it rarely happens to a person to see two such sights in a lifetime. On her knees she held her boy, a superb baby, two years old. He was shining from his Sunday-morning bath, and every now and then he sobbed at the memory of it. Poor little fellow, "he had cried hard all the time," the young girl-mother said. She looked at us wistfully as she told us how to find the road to the canyon. It was an event in her day our driving up to her door, and I was glad we had taken the wrong ford.

"This is the wrong road. The ford is higher up," we called out to the wagonful of men as we met them following us.

"All right," they answered gaily, wheeling their ugly little mules; and, as we drove on ahead, they broke out into full chorus of the hearty Methodist song: —

"If you get there before we do,
Tell them that we are coming too."

The ford was a picture. The creek widened just above it, and was divided by three long sand-bars into three small zigzagging streams, which looked as if the creek were untwisting itself into shining strands. The water was of amber brown, so clear that the pebbles gleamed through. The sand-bars were set thick with spikes of the blue penstemon, a flower like a foxglove, growing here some foot or foot and a half high, with its bright blue blossoms set so thick along the stem that they hinder each other's opening.

As I looked up from the ford to the mouth of the canyon, I was reminded of some of the grand old altar-pieces of the early centuries, where, lest the pictures of saints and angels and divine beings should seem too remote, too solemn and overawing, the painters used to set at the base, rows of human children, gay and mirthful, leaping and laughing or playing viols. So lay this sunny belt of sparkling water, glistening sand, and joyous blue blossom, at the base of the picture made by the dark mouth of the canyon, where two great mountains had recoiled and fallen apart from each other, leaving a chasm, midway in which rose a smaller mountain of sharp rocks, like a giant sentry disputing the way. Forests of pines fill the rift on either side this rock, and their dark lines stretch high up, right and left, nearly to the top of each mountain. Higher and ruggeder peaks rise beyond, looking as if they must shut the canyon sharply, as a gate closes an alley; but they do not. Past them, among them, in spite of them, the creek took its right of way, the mountains and rocks yielded, and the canyon winds.

Entering it, one loses at first the sense of awe, of grandeur. It might be any bright, brook-stirred wood. Overhead a canopy of fir and willow boughs, with glimmers of sky coming through; thickets of wild roses, spiræas, glittering green oak bushes, and myriads of lovely lesser things on each hand; tiny, threadlike streams lapsing along gently between green, grassy paths and sandy rims; great bowlders, however, and bits of driftwood here and there, telling a tale of slides and freshets; and presently, even while looking back, we can see glimpses of the wide distances of the plain; and, almost before we know that we are in the canyon, the path narrows, the walls grow high, and the brook has become a swift, leaping, white-foamed torrent, which we must cross carefully on a slippery, dead log. In a few moments we cross again. The path seems a caprice; but there is small choice of foot-holds on the sides of this canyon. This time we cross on a superb pine-tree, fallen, still green, with every bough on the upper side waving, and those on the lower side dipping and swaying in the swift water below. Here we come to a sheer rock wall on the right, and on the left three high, jagged red-sandstone rocks, hundreds of feet high, marked, and, as it were, mapped, with black and green lichens. Tall firs, growing in the edge of the creek, reach one-third of the way up these walls. Tall firs, growing on their very tops, look like bushes. Climbing a little further, now in shadow, now in sun, now in thickets of willow close on the water's edge, now on bare and gravelly slopes higher up, we come to the third crossing. This is a more serious affair. Stones and driftwood. That is all. It is a species of dam. It would give way if the water hurried much. Around every stone is a white line of foam. Above the dam is a smooth, clear space, — so clear that the shadow of the upper edge of the rock wall, with the shrubs waving there, is marked distinct and dark on the shining gravel bed. Tiny tufts of fern nod from crevices, and one brave strawberry vine vainly flings out its scarlet runners in the air far above our heads. The path grows wilder; fallen trees cross it, piled bowlders crowd it; the rock walls are hollowed, hewn, piled, and overpiled; they are scarred, seamed, lined with the traces and records of ages, of glaciers and avalanches, of flood and perhaps of fire. Surely the black seams and lines look as if they might have been burned and branded in. Still, the firs and pines and willows make beautiful shade along the brook. It is still a flowery, spicy, sunny summer wood through which the path climbs. Clematis and woodbine tangle the trees together. Up the whole length of the highest pines races the woodbine, and flings out shining streamers at top; while the clematis, as much humbler as it is more beautiful, lies in long, trailing wreaths on the lower bushes, even on the ground. Again and again the path crosses the brook, we forget to count how many times. Each crossing is a new picture. Now sharp stone peaks, seeming to wheel suddenly across the canyon, as if there could be no going further; now the walls widening and curving out into a sort of horseshoe shape, with a beautiful little grove of pines in the hollow; now, turning a sharp corner and springing, for a rod or more, from bowlder to bowlder, in the widest part of the creek, we come to a spot where, standing midway in the stream, we look down into a huge stone fortress half filled with pines, and up into another stone fortress half filled with pines. Just above these close-walled fortresses comes a wider space, where the rocky sides take gentle slopes, with here and there soft, grassy spaces, even to their very tops, — grassy spaces where yellow columbines and white spiræas wave, safe from all touch save that of winds and birds and insects. What an estate for a lark or a butterfly, such a little grassy bit as this, a thousand feet up on a rocky wall, with Colorado sun to keep him warm, and all Cheyenne Creek to drink from! Below these pine-tufted, grass-tufted walls, the brook runs slower. Shadows of every thing growing on the banks flicker on its bed, and the flickering shadows on the bed are thrown back again in flickering lights on shelving rocks which overhang it. A lovely mertensia, with its tiny pink and blue bells, hangs over the edge of the water, and a great yellow daisy stands up triumphant in a sunny corner, giving the one bit of strong color needed to make the picture perfect. To make the picture perfect to the eye, and to make it perfect to the heart, two babies lie cooing in the shade. A German family, — father, mother, children, — friends, and neighbors, are dining just here, between services. They are poor people, but the table-cloth spread on the ground is snowy white, and the babies look fresh and clean. Who can reckon the good which such a day may do in the laboring man's life? Soul, body, heart, all refreshed, stimulated, purified. The very canyon itself seemed glorified in our eyes as we passed this cheery bit of home in it.

One more crossing and we have reached a barrier past which, though the creek can come, we cannot go. In a grand stone chamber we stand and look up to its northern wall, over which the creek comes leaping at three steps. The wall is in sloping terraces, hollowed and scooped into basins and pools. There are six more such terraces of pools and basins higher up; but we cannot see them from below. Midway in the last fall there is a font-like projection of rock, into which the stream falls, — how deep no man knows, but so deep that nearly the whole body of water is thrown back in a great sheaf-shaped jet of shining drops, — a fountain in the centre of a fall, fantastic, unexpected, beautiful. Behind the sheaf of falling drops, smooth swift threads of water run in unbroken lines of descent, making a background of shifting silver under the glittering shower of diamond drops. Below the sheaf of falling drops, an amber, silent pool, marvellously undisturbed by the ceaseless fall which rains upon it, its outer ripples breaking as gently on the bright gravel rims at base of the rocky walls, as if only a languid summer breeze had stirred its surface. It needs but one wall more to make this basin of the Cheyenne Falls seem the bottom of a granite well, with sides hundreds of feet high; yet the noon sun lies hot in its depths, and the water is warm to the taste.

From the bottom of this well one looks up incredulously to the top, which he is told he can reach by a not very difficult path. "It is only a matter of time," say they who are in the habit of going to the top of Cheyenne Canyon. "You must not hurry going up."

"It is also a question of strength," will be retorted by the ordinary traveller, when he finds himself invited to mount some twelve or fifteen hundred feet up the side of a mountain, where for many a long interval there is no path, only perpendicular, sliding, rolling, crunching surfaces of disintegrated rock, gravel, and fine sand, in which he seems to slip back at every step further than he climbs, and in which he can get a breathing space only by swinging himself sharply around in front of a pine-tree and bracing himself against it, never without fear that his weight will detach the tree from its perilous slant, and he and tree shoot down together in confusion. Stinging recollections crowd on his mind, of unpleasant arithmetical problems given to youth, in which a certain number of steps forward are set in complicated formula with a certain number of slips back, with the question at the end, "How long will it take to go a mile?" He also thinks more of Bruce's spider than he has thought for many years. It is an ugly, hard climb. But ah, the reward of ugly, hard climbs in this world! Mentally, morally, physically, what is worth so much as outlooks from high places? All the beauty, all the mystery, all the grandeur of the canyon as we had seen it below were only the suggestion, the faint prelude of its grandeur as seen from above.

We looked out to the east over the tops of the peaks. Long stone ridges, running south and north, seemed to be interlocked with each other, as fingers can interlock with fingers; and each line of interlacement was marked by the crowding tops of pines and firs. Running transversely to these, now and then hiding them, winding and winding again, sometimes at sharp angles, but still keeping its direction east and west, was the dark, fir-topped line of the canyon. A royal road to the plain the creek had made for itself through the very heart of the range, in spite of the mountains having locked and interlaced themselves together. And following the creek's royal road below was a royal road through the air, down whose radiant vista we could look. Framed between two stone walls, which slope sharp to right and sharp to left, sharp as a pyramid's side, there lay the plains, shining, sunny, near, and yet looking infinitely remote.

By a curious freak of the apparent perspective, these sharp, pyramidal lines framing this picture seemed to come toward us and vanish in an impossible "point of sight" midway between us and the horizon. The effect of this was to make the triangular spaces of plain look, when we bent our heads low to one side, like gigantic triangular banners of green and gold, flung up the canyon, and lying across from wall to wall like canopies. Then when we lifted our heads they were again radiant distances of plain, hundreds of feet below us, and seemingly days' journey away.

Creeping close to the edge of the rocky precipice, we looked over at the falls, — three, four, five. The three we had seen merged into one, and above that four others, simply narrow lines of white foam as we looked down on them from this great height, — lines of white foam running swiftly down a great stone sluiceway, hollowed into basins, narrowed into flumes, widened into broad shelves. On one of these shelves stood four men.

"They don't look bigger'n a minute!" exclaimed a man who was lying on his breast just beyond us and looking over the edge. He was one of the Methodist brethren who had followed us in the morning singing songs. All day they had been following the creek and climbing in the woods. They wore their work-day clothes, grimed, stained. Evidently it was by some very hard and repulsive toil that they earned bread; but to-day their faces shone with delight, and again the very canyon itself became glorified in my sight by reason of unconscious human witness to its good.

From this summit we could also look westward. As far as the eye could reach here also were ridges and peaks and canyons and lines of dark pines and firs. We bore away one trophy with us, — the top, the very top, of a high balsam fir. How this victory was won is the conqueror's secret still; but the trophy hangs on my wall and is as regal in captivity as in freedom. Seventy-three purple-blue cones are on its boughs, — seventy-three, blue as ripe grapes at their bluest in the sun and purple as grapes at their darkest in shadow. Seventy-three! Cones of Eshcol I call them.

Going down the canyon in the late afternoon, we found new pictures at every turn, a different beauty in every spot. The brook was still amber and brown and white; but it was in shadow now, no longer shining and transparent. The dancing golden light which had lighted its every nook and depth in the morning had gone, and now lay serene, radiant, high up on the walls of the canyon. These great spans of vivid yellow light on the rocks shone marvellously through and between the pines. At every step we took they moved, rising higher, higher, falling to right or left, and sometimes going out of a sudden, as the blaze of a fire goes out in a wind.

The canyon was incomparably more beautiful in this light and shadow than it had been when the sharp morning light revealed and defined every thing; "as much more beautiful," said one, thoughtfully, "as life is when our eyes are fixed on radiant heights of purpose and action and the little things of the moment lie in shadow."

Just outside the mouth of the canyon we sat down and waited for the twilight. No sun was in sight; but the plains were sunny as at noon, and the higher peaks each side the canyon were golden red. Slowly the light left peak after peak, until only one narrow sunbeam bar was left along the upper edge of the southern summit. This bright bar stretched behind a line of tall firs, and made them gleam out for a moment like figures in shining armor. Then they grew misty and dark and melted into the mountain's dim purple outline. The birds' evening songs ceased, the wind died slowly away, and the beautiful Sunday came to an end.

A COLORADO WEEK.

ONLY from Saturday to Saturday, and I suppose the days could not have been more than twenty-four hours long; but what a week it was! Ten hours a day out under a Colorado sky; ten hours a day of Colorado mountain air; ten hours a day of ever-changing delight; beauty deepening to grandeur, grandeur softening to beauty, and beauty and grandeur together blending in pictures which no pencil, no pen can render, — pictures born only to be stamped upon hearts, never to be transferred to canvas or to page. I said that the days could not have been more than twenty-four hours long. I spoke hastily, and am not at all sure of any thing of the kind. There is a comic story of a traveller in Colorado who, having been repeatedly misled and mystified by the marvellous discrepancies between real and apparent distances in the rarefied air, was found one day taking off his shoes and stockings to wade through a little brook, not a foot wide.

"Why, man, what are you about? Why don't you step over?" exclaimed everybody.

He shook his head and continued his preparations for wading.

"No! no! you can't fool me," he exclaimed. "I shan't be surprised if it turns out to be a quarter of a mile across this brook."

One comes to have much the same feeling about out-door days in Colorado. Enjoyment can be rarefied, like air, so that its measures of time grow meaningless and seem false, as do the measures of distance in the upper air. I am not in the least sure, therefore, that these days of which I write were only twenty-four hours long. I do know, however, that it was on a Saturday we set out, and on the next Saturday we came home, and that the week might be called the Holy Week of our summer.

We set out at noon from Colorado Springs. Thirty-five miles, chiefly up-hill miles, were to be driven before night. The seven hours would be none too long. As we drove through the busy streets of the little town, hearty "good-byes" and "good-times to you" came from friend after friend, on the sidewalk or in the doorways. Not the least among the charms of the simple life in this far new West is the out-spoken interest and sympathy between neighbors. That each man knows what each other man does or is going to do becomes an offence or a pleasure according to the measures of good will involved in the curiosity and familiarity. In older communities people have crystallized into a strong indifference to each other's affairs, which, if it were analyzed, would be found to be nine parts selfishness. In the primitive conditions of young colonies this is impossible. Helpfulness and sympathy are born of the hard-pressing common needs and the closely-linked common life. The hearty, confiding, questioning, garrulous speech of the Western American really has its source in a deep substratum of this kindly sympathy. It sounds odd and unpleasant enough, no doubt, to Eastern ears and tried by the Eastern standards of good manners; but, reflecting on it, one comes to do it a tardy justice and meet it on its own ground fairly and with honest liking. All this I thought as, driving out of Colorado Springs that Saturday noon, we passed many persons who, although they knew only one of our party, were evidently well aware that we were setting out for the mountains, waved their hands and smiled and called out: "Good-bye, good-bye. A good trip to you." Who shall say that the influence of such cheery benedictions from friendly hearts does not last far beyond the moment in which they are spoken; does not enter into one's good luck, by some moral chemistry subtler than any for which the material science can find analysis or formula? The world would be none the worse for believing this, at any rate, and we should all be friendlier and readier and freer in greetings.

Thirty-five miles westward and up-hill we drove that afternoon, through the lovely nestled nook of Manitou and up the grand Ute Pass. The oftener one goes through this pass, the grander it seems. There are in it no mere semblances, no delusions of atmospheric effect. It is as severely, sternly real as Gibraltar. Sunlight cannot soften it nor storms make it more frowning. High, rocky, inaccessible, its walls tower and wind and seem at every turn to close rather than to open the path through which the merry little stream comes leaping, foaming down. The rocks on either side are scarred and grooved and seamed and wrought, as if the centuries had rent asunder some giant fortress, but found slender triumph in its fall, — two fortresses being set now to guard the spot where before there had been but one. The contrast is sharp and weird between the sparkling amber and white brook, paved with shining pebbles and shaded by tangled growths of willows and clematis and tasselled festoons of wild hops, and the bare red and gray rock walls, rising hundreds and hundreds of feet, unrelieved except by straight, stern, dark, unyielding firs, — so sharp, so weird a contrast that one unconsciously invests both the brook and the rock walls above with a living personality and antagonism, and longs that the brook should escape. For a short distance the road is narrow and perilous — on strips of ledges between two precipices, or on stony rims of the crowded brook, which it crosses and recrosses twenty-four times in less than three miles. Then the Pass widens, the rocky walls sink gradually, round and expand into lovely hills — hill after hill, bearing more and more off to the right and more and more off to the left — until there is room for bits of meadow along the brook and for groves and grassy intervals where the hills join; room and at the same time shelter, for the hills are still high. And that their slopes are sunny and warm in the early spring we find record written in clumps of the waving seed-vessels of the beautiful blue wind-flower of Colorado, the *Anemone patens*. In April, if we had been here, we should have seen these slopes blue with the lovely cup-blossoms. Except in color, the seed-vessels are no less beautiful. Fancy a dandelion seed-globe with each one of its downy spokes expanded into a hairy plume two inches or two and a half in length, the soft gray hairs set thick on both sides the tiny centre thread, regular as on an ostrich feather and fine as the down on a butterfly's wing. I have one before me as I write. It was over-ripe when I gathered it. The plumes had been blown and twisted by the wind, till no two are alike in their curve or direction. Yet it is still a globe; a dainty dishevelled little curly-head of a thing, by whose side the finest dandelion "blow" would look stupid and set and priggish. Out of curiosity — not idle, but reverent — I set myself to counting the plumes. They were tangled, so that it was not easy. I counted twelve springing from a pin's-point centre. There must be a hundred or more in all. But I left off counting, for it seemed like a cruel pulling of a baby's hair.

It was nightfall when we reached the ranch at which we were to sleep. We had climbed several divides, rising, falling, rising, falling, all in the depths of pine forests, all steadily mounting westward, toward the great grand central range; and we came out at sunset on a ridge from which we could look down into a meadow. The ridge sloped down to the meadow through a gateway made by two huge masses of rocks. All alone in the smooth grassy forest, they loomed up in the dim light, stately and straight as colossal monoliths, though they were in reality composed of rounded bowlders piled one above another. Because they are two and alone and set over against each other, men have called them The Twins. All over the world, even among the most uncultured people, we find this unconscious investiture of Nature with personality, so instinctive a tendency have sensitive hearts toward a noble and tender pantheism.

As we paused on this ridge, the western sky was filled with red sunset clouds; the western horizon was one long line of dark blue mountain peaks, seeming to uphold the red canopy of clouds. Only at the point of the sun's sinking was there a golden tint. There two blue peaks stood sharply outlined against a vivid yellow sky; one fine line of gold, like an arch, spanned the interval and linked the peaks together. The magic bridge lasted but a second; before we had fully caught the beautiful sight, arch and yellow sea and blue peaks together were all swimming in rosy clouds.

The ranch was a cluster of log cabins. When the Colorado ranchman prospers, his log cabins multiply and grow out from and on to one another, very much as barnacles spread and congregate on a rock. At foot of a hill and spreading up on its side, such a log-cabin clump is a wonderfully picturesque sight. The irregular white plaster lines in all the crevices between the brown logs; the yellow hewn ends interlocked at the corners; the low doors, square windows, and perhaps flat roof, with grass waving on it, — altogether the picture is not unpleasing, and is beautiful compared with that of the average small frame house, — high, straight, sharp-angled, narrow-roofed, abominable. On entering, you will probably find the walls and ceiling papered with old newspapers. The ultimate intent of illustrated weeklies flashes instantly clear on one's comprehension. They may be forgiven for existing. To the dwellers in log cabins they are priceless. I have seen in rich men's houses far uglier wall-papers than they make, and there is endless entertainment in lying in bed of a morning and reading up and down and across your bedroom walls that sort of verse which is printed in the "Blades" and "Flags" and "Spirits" and "Times" of our Union.

When we first looked to the west the next morning the two peaks which had been blue the night before and circled by the fine line of gold were deep gray on a faint pink sky. Our road lay directly toward them. "All day we shall see," we said, "the mystic gold arch spanning the space between them, as we saw it in yesterday's sunset." But we did not. Sufficient unto the day is the beauty thereof in Colorado. One does not remember nor anticipate the beauties of yesterday or to-morrow. The gold arch was forgotten before we had driven half an hour through the meadows of flowers. Great patches of brilliant fire-weed on all sides. On the road edges, rims of a fine feathery white flower, new to us all; dainty wild flax, its blue disks waving and nodding; clumps of scarlet "painter's-brush" gleaming out like red torches in the grass; tall spikes of white and pink and scarlet gilia; and everywhere, making almost a latticed setting for the rest, mats and spikes and bushes of yellow blossoms. Six different kinds of yellow flowers we counted; but, shame to us, we knew the names of no one of them.

On a knoll in the meadows, within stone's throw of the sluggish Platte River, yet well sheltered by wooded hills on two sides, stood a small frame house, — the house of a famous old hunter. Deer-skins and fox-skins were drying on the fences; huge elk-horns leaned against the sides of the house. As we drove slowly by, the old man came out His hair was white and his face thickly wrinkled; but his eye was bright, clear, and twinkling with gladness and energy, like the gladness and energy of youth.

"Never go out but what I bring home something, sir, — an antelope, if nothing more," he said, in reply to a question as to the hunting in the neigborhood. Summer and winter the old man ranges the hills and his name is well known in the markets of Denver and Colorado Springs.

Leaving the Platte meadows, we began again to climb hills to the west. Divide after divide, like those we had climbed and crossed the day before, we climbed now. Still the Great Range stood apparently as far off as ever. From the tops of all the ridges we looked off to it, and, looking backward, saw Pike's Peak making as high and majestic a wall in the east. The hills were so alike, the distance so apparently undiminished that we began to feel as if we were in an enchantment, — living over a "Story without an End," in which we should wander for ever in a succession of pine-covered ridges and valleys, lured on by an endlessly retreating wall of snow-topped mountains before us. But an end came; that is, an end to the pine-covered ridges. It was an end which was a beginning, however. Shall we ever forget the moment when, having climbed the highest of the pine-covered ridges, we found ourselves on a true summit at last, on the summit of the eastern wall of the great South Park.

The South Park is sixty miles long and forty wide, a majestic, mountain-walled valley; a valley eight or nine thousand feet high. Its extreme western wall is the great central range of the Rocky Mountains, but so many lesser ranges are massed and built up against this that the effect to the eye is as if there lay only mountains to the very outermost edge of the world. To the north and to the south it is the same. We looked down on this valley from near the centre of the eastern ridges. The view had the vastness of a view from a high mountain peak, mingled with the beauty of one from near hills. A great silence, like the great silence of the place, fell upon us. The scene seemed almost unreal. From our very feet to the distant western wall, forty miles away, stretched the soft, smooth, olive-gray surface of the valley, with belts and bars and flickering spaces of dark shadow of yellow sunlight playing over it. Here and there rose hills, — some wooded, some bare and of the same soft olive-gray of the valley. Some were almost high enough to be called mountains; some were low and fluted in smooth water-worn grooves These were islands when South Park was a lake. They looked hardly less like islands now, and the olive-gray plain when it was a placid sea could not have had a smoother tint or a tenderer light on its shimmering surface. The dome of the sky looked strangely vast and high. It was filled with fleecy, shifting clouds and its blue was unfathomably deep. There seemed no defined horizon to west or south or north; only a great outlying continent of mountain peaks, bounding, upholding, containing the valley, and rounding, upholding, and piercing the dome above it. There was no sound, no sight, no trace of human life. The silence, the sense of space in these Rocky Mountains solitudes cannot be expressed; neither can the peculiar atmospheric beauty be described. It is the result partly of the grand distances, partly of the rarefied air. The shapes are the shapes of the north, but the air is like the air of the tropics, — shimmering, kindling. No pictures of the Rocky Mountains which I have seen have caught it in the least. There is not a cold tint here. No dome of Constantinople or Venice, no pyramid of Egypt, ever glowed and swam in warmer light and of warmer hue than do these colossal mountains. Some mysterious secret of summer underlies and outshines their perpetual snows. Perhaps it is only the ineffable secret of distance. Nowhere else in the world are there mountains fourteen and fifteen thousand feet high which have all the room they need, — great circles and semicircles of plains at their feet and slopes a half continent long!

As we drove down into the valley, the horizon peaks slowly sank; with each mile they changed place, lessened, disappeared, until only the loftiest ones remained in sight. Winding among the hills, which had looked from the summit of the valley like isolated islands, we found them sometimes linked together by long divides, which we climbed and crossed, as we had those of the valley walls. With each of these lifts came a fresh view of the myriad mountains around us. Then we sank again to the lower level, and the plain seemed again to stretch endlessly before and behind and around us.

Now and then we came to small creeks, meadows, and a herdsman's ranch; but these were miles and miles apart, and hardly broke in on the sense of solitude. Early in the afternoon storms began to gather in the horizon. In straight columns the black clouds massed and journeyed; sometimes so swiftly that the eye had to move swiftly to follow them, and the spaces of sunlight and shadow on the sky seemed wheeling in circles; sometimes spreading slowly and blotting out a third of the horizon in gray mist. All the time we were in broad hot sun, looking out from our light into their darkness. We were nearing the western wall. As we came closer, we saw that there were myriads of lovely parks making up among the wooded foot-hills. These were the inlets of the old lake days; and of their rich soil had been born exquisite groves of aspen, lying now like solid mounds of green moss on the hill-sides. Toward sunset the storm-columns thickened, blended, and swept down on all sides. Mountain after mountain and near hill after near hill were veiled in mist,—first white, then, gray, then dark blue-black. At last the last blue sky, the last clear spot surrendered. We were hemmed in completely in a great globe of rain. Drenched and dripping, but, for all that, glad of the rain—it had been such a masterly storm to see—we dashed on, turning northward and skirting the western hills, to the town of Fair Play. Fair Play is a mining town, one of the oldest in Colorado. It ought to be a beautiful village, lying as it does on a well-wooded slope at foot of grand mountains and on the Platte River. It is not. It is ill arranged, ill built, ill kept, dreary. Why cannot a mining town be clean, well-ordered, and homelike? I have never seen one such in Colorado or in California. Surely, it would seem that men getting gold first hand from Nature might have more heart and take more time to make home pleasant and healthful than men who earn their money by the ordinary slow methods.

To enter Fair Play from the south, you go down into and up out of the Platte River. The Platte River just there is an odd place. It consists of, first, a small creek of water, then a sand-bar, then a pebble tract, then an iron pipe for mining purposes, then another pebble tract, then a wooden sluice-way for mining purposes, then a sand-bar with low aspen trees on it, then a second small stream of water, and lastly a pebble tract, — each side of these a frightful precipice. To go down the first precipice, across the creeks, sand-bars, pebble tracts, pipes, and sluiceways, and up the second precipice requires, for strangers new to the ways and blinded by gales of rain, some nerve. This was the way we entered Fair Play. We shall remember it.

At sunset the rain stopped; the clouds lifted and showed us the grand summit of Mount Lincoln, which we had come to ascend.

"Up to the top of that mountain in a carriage!" we exclaimed. "It is impossible."

"It is not even difficult," was the reply. "The road is as good a road as you have been over to-day. The steepness is the only trouble. It takes five hours to go from here, and it is only twelve miles to the summit."

We were incredulous. Mount Lincoln was nearly fifteen thousand feet high. It rose bare, precipitously, and seemed to pierce the sky. A bank of snow lay along its upper line.

"There's a mine just below that snowbank," continued the astonishing tale. "The miners live in a cabin there all the year round and there are loads of ore drawn down every day over this road you are going on."

The sides of the mountain looked more and more precipitous each moment that we gazed upon them. The story must be true, but it was incredible. The road must be real, but it was terrible to think of. We dreaded the morning. And it was the morning of a day which we would gladly live over again. So false are fears in this life.

We set out early, — down into the Platte meadows; up a rift between mountains, called a valley; along the edges of pine forests; past dismal little mining settlements, where great piles of sulphur smoked lurid and yellow, — seven miles of this, with the bare, brown, terrible mountains looming up straight and near before us, and we came to the base of Mount Lincoln. Seven miles we had come in a little more than an hour. It was to take us four hours to climb the remaining five miles. No wonder, at our first turn into the mountain road, we looked at each other aghast. It seemed nearly perpendicular. It was full of stones, of bowlders; it looked like the washed-out bed of a fierce mountain torrent. The pine forest on either hand was grand and stately. We could see no longer the bare summit above us; but, looking back, we saw minute by minute, by the receding valley and the opening up of new views of hills and ravines and parks in all directions, how fast we were mounting. On all sides of us blazed enchanting color, — solid spaces of fire-weed, brilliant pink, purple and yellow and white asters, and blue harebells by tens of thousands; green grassy nooks under the pine trees were filled or bordered or dotted with the gay blossoms. The contrast between these and the devastated gully in which we were climbing seemed inexplicable. The horses' sides heaved like billows and their breathing was loud. Every two minutes they must stop to recover breath. Only the strongest brakes could hold the carriage in its place. "This is nothing," said Jack, the driver. "I don't mind any thing about it below timber line."

Neither did we after we had been above timber line. That was some three thousand feet below the summit. Just there stood a group of cabins — the cabins and stables of the muleteers who work for the mines.

"You'll never get up with them hosses," called out one of the mule-drivers, as we passed.

Jack received the taunt in contemptuous silence.

"I hain't never been by here yet without some o' them fellers tellin' me I couldn't get up," said he. "They think there can't nothin' go up this mountain except a mule."

"Well, when we come down all safe you can ask them which knew best," said I.

"No, I don't never say nothin' to 'em," replied Jack; "for as like as not some day I shan't get up, and then they'll fling it up at me. I'm the only fellow in our stable but what has had his hosses give out on this road."

We were out, fairly out on the bald, bare, blistering mountain, — on Mount Bross, which we must nearly cross to reach Mount Lincoln. The mountains, instead of being sheer solid rock, as we had supposed, looking at them from below, were simply piles, giant piles of fine-broken stone, broken into sharp, fine fragments, as if it had been crushed in a rolling mill, — not a single smooth roadstone among them, and so little sand or gravel or soil of any kind that it seemed a marvel how the great mass was held together; why strong winds did not blow it gradually away in showers of stones; why it was not perpetually rolling down; how it could possibly be tunnelled or driven over.

"There's the road," said Jack, pointing up to a dim zigzag line of a little lighter color than the rest of the mountain. "That's the worst place," indicating what looked like a track on which there had been a slide some day. "I shan't refuse anybody that likes to get out and walk there."

It was indeed fearful. Nothing but the grandeur of the off-look into space could have held our terror in check. That and the blue of the blue-bells all around us in great masses, making solid color as a cloverfield has. There they stood, the dainty, frail, beloved blue-bells, hugging the ground for safety; none of them more than three or four inches high, but clear, shining, and lovely as those which waved on the shady terraces below. Blue-bells twelve thousand feet above the sea, and they were not alone. There were dozens of other low flowers, which we knew not, — blue, white, lavender, and pink, — all keeping close to the ground, like mosses, but all perfect of form and tint. These comforted us.

When for very dizziness we could not look up or off, we looked down to the ground, and there secure, content little faces reassured us.

The road wound and doubled, making occasional vertical thrusts upward. It seemed to have been made by pushing down the loose stones, bracing them and packing them a little tighter; that was all. Again and again we saw ahead of us what we supposed to be the road, and it proved to be only an accidental depression or projection in the mountain side. The horses could go only about twice or three times the carriage length at a time. Then, gasping and puffing, they stopped and rested five or six minutes. It seemed to me cruel to compel them to draw us. I jumped out and announced my intention of walking. A very few steps showed me that it was out of my power. Each step that I took seemed to resound in my head. I could not breathe. I was dizzy. My forehead seemed bursting from the pressure of the surging blood.

"Shade of Henry Bergh!" I exclaimed. "Couldst thou be humane at thirteen thousand feet above the sea? I cannot." And at the end of the first rod I called piteously to Jack that I must be taken into the carriage again. Two-thirds of the way up Mount Bross were several small cabins, projecting like odd-shaped rocks from the side of the mountain. Places for these also had apparently been scooped out among the fine rolling stones. This was the "Dolly Varden" Mine. Some of the miners stood in the cabin-doors as we passed. I gazed at them earnestly, expecting to see them look like sons of gnomes of the upper and lower air; but their faces were fresh, healthful, and kindly. A little further along Jack exclaimed: —

"We're riding over the Moose Mine now. There's tunnels right under us here that you could drive a four-hoss team through." Looking cautiously over the edge of the precipice to the right, we could see the roofs of the cabins many feet below us, and in a few moments we passed the road leading down to them. It was just such a road as we were on, and we could still see nothing but loose stone above, below, around. Mysterious mountain! Apparently a gigantic pile of tiny, rolling bits of stone, and yet mined and tunnelled and countertunnelled, and full of silver from top to bottom.

The road wound around the northern face of Mount Bross and then came out on a narrow ridge or saddle connecting Mount Bross to Mount Lincoln. This was perhaps the grandest point of all. To the north we looked up Mount Lincoln, a thousand feet above us; to the east we looked off and down to the river level, over and through and between myriads of sharp peaks and unfathomable gorges, and beyond these off to a horizon of mountains. To the west also we looked down into a confusion of peaks and ridges wedged between canyons; and just below us lay a small lake, so smooth, so dark it looked like a huge steel shield flung into the chasm.

As we ascended the last few hundred feet of Mount Lincoln a fierce wind blew in our faces. It seemed as if to such a wind it would be a trifling thing to whisk our carriage and us off the narrow ledge of road. Very welcome was the roaring fire in the cabin of the "Present Help" Mine at the summit, and very significant seemed the name of the mine.

Nothing in the mining country is odder than the names of the mines. They are as indicative of parentage as are the names of men and women; and, overhearing them in familiar conversations, one is often much bewildered. Once on a hotel piazza I overheard the following sentences: —

"He's sold out i' the Moore and bought into the Moskeeter; 'n he's got suthin' in Hiawatha, too."

"Well, I think Buckskin Joe's pretty good, don't you?" replied the listener.

The cabin was, like those of the Dolly Varden Mine, below, built against the side of the mountain, in a spot apparently scooped out of the stones. From its front was a transcendent off-look to the south and east. Its door was perhaps three feet from the edge of a sheer precipice. Hundreds and, for aught I know, thousands of feet down would that man fall who made a misstep; and yet the men went back and forth swiftly, and jostled the mules carelessly to one side if they happened to wander in there. We, however, crept slowly around the cabin corner, holding by the logs, and did not venture to look off until we were fairly in the doorway.

The cook was a cheery fellow, with a fine head and laughing brown eyes. He was kneading bread. His tin pans shone like a dairymaid's. The cabin was by no means a comfortless place. One wide, long bench for table; a narrow one for chairs; tin cups, tin pans, black knives and forks, — we borrowed them all. The cook made delicious coffee for us and we took our lunch with as good relish as if we had been born miners. The men's beds were in tiers of bunks on two sides of the cabin, much wider and more comfortable than stateroom berths in steamers. In each berth was a small wooden box, nailed on the wall, for a sort of cupboard or bureau drawer. In these lay the Sunday clothes, white shirts, and so forth, neatly folded. There were newspapers lying about, and when I asked the cook if he liked living there, he answered: "Oh, yes! very well. We have a mail once a week." A reply which at once revealed the man and was significant of the age in which he lived.

There were still two hundred feet of Mount Lincoln to be climbed. The little cabin had seemed to be but a step below the summit-line; but now we looked up to two sharp pyramids of stones above us. Up to the first point, over fine, sharp bits of stone, which slipped and rolled under our feet at every step, we crawled; up to the second, over great bowlders, piled and poised and tipped on each other, we scrambled and leaped, and sunk down at the foot of the flag-staff. We were literally on the apex point of the continent! Here, on the one hand, were the head-waters of the Arkansas River, going south; on the other, the head-waters of the Platte, going east; and just across a small divide, almost within a stone's throw, the headwaters of the Grande, going west to the Pacific. Well did the old Spaniards name this central range "Sierra Madre" — "Mother Mountains." It is said that the view from this peak has a radius of over a hundred and fifty miles. It would be easy to believe it greater. Fancy such a radius as this sweeping slowly around a horizon circle of lofty peaks, and the entire space from the outer horizon to the central summit filled with great mountain ranges and their intervening parks and valleys. The great South Park, a day's journey wide, was a hand's-breadth now of soft olive-gray, its wooded ridges and hills making dots of dark color; yet its tint and its outline were as distinct as when seen from its near wall.

As we looked down on the narrow chains and into the closer chasms, it seemed as if this great giant pyramid on which we stood must hold, in some mysterious way, in its secret chambers, the threads of all the other ranges, as if they centred in it, radiated out from it, circled around it, in an intricate bond, like that by which the spider-web is spun and swung. The near peaks and ridges were bare, stony, sharp. Their chasms looked unfathomable, like ghastly seams cloven to the earth's very centre. Among these, to the north, were two silent, black, gleaming lakes. From these nearer peaks the eye journeyed downward, with a sense of relief, to wooded ranges, intervals of sunny valley; and then outward, in the vast circle, to mountains with snowy tops; and at last to mountains in the furthest horizon, blue, dim, and unreal, — mountains of which one could unquestioningly believe that they were not of this world, but of some other, — parapets of some far planet, on which at that moment beings of an unknown race might be standing and looking off across the great space wonderingly at us.

Who knows that among the "things prepared" there may not be this: that, we being set free from all hindrances of space, as well as from those of time, there will be recognition, converse from planet to planet, the universe round as quick and complete as there is now from face to face within hand's reach. On such heights as this one sees clearly, and feels a million times more clearly than he sees, that this glorious world could never have been fashioned solely for the uses of our present helplessness. Deeper than the secret stores of gold and silver and gems with which these great untouched mountains are filled, there lies in them a secret, a prophecy of life to come, into which they shall enter and of which we shall be triumphant possessors.

With brakes clinched, wheels tied, and teeth set, we grazed, twisted, slid down the mountain; none too soon, for a storm was gathering in the west, which gave us a hard race down the valley and across the river meadows. But we came in ahead at sunset, and were warming our hands over a big fire in the Fair Play Hotel when it burst in avalanches of cold rain.

"This is snow on the mountains," said the landlord. Sure enough. Next morning all the upper peaks were solid white, — so white that it was hard to see where snow left off and clouds began. As we looked back and up from the bed of the Platte at the majestic shining pyramids and cones, we doubted our memories of the day before. As well tell us we had been caught up into the skies.

We were a very glad party that morning. We were setting our faces toward an unanticipated pleasure; more than that, toward a pleasure we had longed for but had unwillingly abandoned all hope of. We were setting out for the Twin Lakes. We owed this to Jack. Jack was a reticent fellow. A hasty observer might have thought his face a sullen one; but there were fine lines around the corners of his eyes which meant good, and a smile now and then which showed a sensitive nature. He had led a wild life. He had been a stage-driver in Mexico; had spent whole winters trapping on the shores of Itaska Lake; had fought Indians everywhere; and just now was lying by in inglorious quiet in a Fair Play livery stable. Before he had been long with us on the mountain, he knew what we liked. The first remark which betrayed his discriminating observation was called out by our enthusiastic ejaculations about the flowers. Without turning his head and speaking low, as if in a soliloquy, he said: "There's great differences in folks about noticin' things."

Have we the tutor of Sandford and Merton for a driver? thought I, and I smothered a laugh as I said: "Yes, indeed, Jack. But what reminded you of that?"

"I was a-thinkin' of the two people I drove up here day before yesterday. I never heard 'em say one word from first to last about any thin' they see; an' they wanted to turn right round an' come straight down 's soon 's they got up. I don't know what such folks 's them takes the trouble to travel round for. I s'pose it's just for the name on't, — to say they've done it."

The words give no idea of the drollery and contemptuousness of his manner. We could hardly reply for laughing.

"Oh! Jack, didn't they even notice the flowers?" we said.

"Don't believe they'd have said there was a flower on the road," replied Jack. "All they see was the stones and the steep places. The man, he swore at 'em."

"But there ain't nothin' that you'll see to-day," he continued, "which is 's handsome, to my way o' thinkin', 's the Twin Lakes. You're goin' there, ain't you?"

"No, Jack," we said. "We can't take the time to go there."

Jack's countenance fell.

"Can't you?" he said. "I'd like first-rate to have you see them lakes. They're the nicest things in this country."

Again and again in the course of the day he alluded to them. It evidently went sorely against him that we should not see those lakes.

"You like flowers so much," he said. "You hain't seen any flowers yet to what you'll see there, an' there ain't no kind of difficulty in gettin' to the Twin Lakes. It's a plain road from Fair Play."

"Yes, Jack," we said; "but it is two days' journey, and we can't spend so much time."

Jack fairly sprang round on his seat, and, facing us, exclaimed: —

"Who's been a-tellin' you it was two days' journey? It's only thirty-five miles straight across the range. You'll do it easy in one day."

And so, all by reason of Jack's having noticed the "differences in people about noticin' things," we set off on the fourth morning of our Holy Week for the Twin Lakes.

"Jack," said I, as we were climbing up out of the Platte River, "what is the reason you like the Twin Lakes so much?"

An awkward, half-shamefaced look flickered over Jack's features, as if I had asked him some question about his sweetheart.

"I don't know," he said, hesitatingly. "I reckon it's because it's such a lonely-lookin' kind o' place. I hain't been there but once."

There was a strange mixture of the hermit and the adventurer in our Jack. We liked journeying in his company.

We were out once more in the great, grand South Park. It was glorious under the morning light. Its broad stretches shone silver-gray, and its myriad-mountained wall was blue in the south and in the east and in the west snow-topped. We drove a few miles southward, then turned sharply to the west, and followed a grassy road into one of the many lovely valleys which we had seen two days before, making up like inlets between the foot-hills of the western wall of the Park. This wall we were to cross. Its multiplying and towering crests looked impassable; but we had learned the marvel of the secret windings of mountain passes, and a messenger had already met us, — a messenger white with haste, so fast had he come down and out.

By the same road we would go up and in, and so across. Almost immediately the valley narrowed. The creek, the messenger, became a foaming brook and the road clung to its bank. It was thick set with willows, bush-maples, and alders. Their branches brushed into our faces, they grew so close; flowers burst into our sight like magic on all sides, — fireweed, harebells, painter's-brush, larkspur, asters of all colors and superbly full and large. It was a fairy garden. The grass was green, — real, perfect green grass, the first, the only true green grass I have ever seen in Colorado. Except for the towering and stony walls above our heads and for the fiery scarlet of the painter's-brush and the tall spikes of larkspur, I could have fancied myself in a wild thicketed cave in Vermont. The green grass ran up in lovely spaces under the pines and firs; the air was almost overladen with fragrance; white butterflies wheeled and circled above us and then flew on ahead; the road was set, literally set, thick with borders of lavender, gray, purple, white, and yellow asters. Even down the middle of the road they grew, — not only asters, but harebells; under the horses' feet, safe, untouched, in the narrow central strip of grass, lifted high between the two trodden furrows.

The rocky walls narrowed and still narrowed; we were at bottom of a chasm. Then imperceptibly our road would rise, its borders widen, and we would find ourselves on a narrow divide, with deep ravines on either hand. I am at utter loss to describe how these Rocky Mountain ridges underlie, overlie, cross, and swallow up each other. They remind me of nothing but masses of colossal crystals, so sharp their edges, so straight their sides, so endless their intersections. They are gigantic wedges driven into the mountains and each other, and piled up again in tiers, making mountains upon mountains. The ravines between them seem to have been cloven by them, as an axe cleaves wood and remains fast in the rift it has made.

Over and on and up and down these wedged ridges, through unvarying pine and fir forests and through ever-varying flower-beds, we slowly climbed the range. At last the pines and firs stopped. We were eleven thousand feet high. The bare ridge on which we were, tapered to a point before us and disappeared in the side of a stony peak. A small dark lake lay in the hollow just below their intersection. A sharp wind blew from the left; we were at the top. We looked over into another ravine. A dark wooded mountain shut across it like a gate; between us and it were a bit of meadow and a little stream.

After these, the ravine narrowed again and the road grew steep and rocky, — very steep and very rocky. Through a very carnival of bowlders, fallen pines, driftwood, and foaming water we descended. Soon, through a grand rock gateway, we saw the valley of the Arkansas, olive-gray, with meandering lines of solid green marking the river course, and with strange and exquisitely beautiful terraces in it, rising abruptly and in detached curves, — the record of changing water-lines in the ancient days. As we reached the edge of the valley, we saw a faint track leading off to the left.

"Ah!" said Jack. "Here's the short cut." And he turned into it.

"What short cut?" said I, being by nature and by experience distrustful of short cuts to any thing.

"There's a short cut through here down to the river, that saves four miles. So McLaughlin said. He's been through here. It don't look much worn, though; that's a fact," said Jack, as we drove into the meadow grass.

Zigzagging around that meadow, now in now out of sight, over boggy places and round hillocks, led that "short cut." We were in no danger of losing our way, for there lay the Arkansas meadows in full sight; but the road seemed to be making no special headway toward them. The question was about the ford. Should we hit it? Presently we came out into a travelled road and in full sight of the Arkansas River; that is, of several tortuous lines of alders and willows in a bright green meadow. Not a gleam of water to be seen.

Neither did our short cut in any wise cross this travelled road, which ran parallel with the river. There was no suggestion of a track leading down to the river at this point. Slowly we drove up and down that road, peering into the grass on its river side for sign or trail of a road leading to a ford. There was none. At last, Jack, giving the horses a revengeful stroke, as if they had suggested the short cut, poor things! drove rapidly up the road, saying: "Well, I reckon we'll save time to drive up to the ford I know, four miles up the road."

"So much for short cuts, Jack. They never turn out well," said I, as we passed the point where the road we had forsaken joined the one we were on. It would have brought us to the ford an hour sooner.

After the ford, six miles down-stream again, through the luscious meadow grass, in which cows grazed ankle-deep. The mountains we had crossed stood bare and red in the east, the mountains we were still to enter stood soft and blue in the west, — two high ranges, and the Arkansas River and its meadows between; and yet we were in that very world of near peaks and ravines and ridges upon which we had looked down from Mount Lincoln the day before. We had thought it all mountains. Yet here in one of those chasms, which had looked to us like nothing more than clefts, there was room for a river, and river meadows, homesteads, and herds.

The sun was so low that he cast huge profiles of shadow on all the northern slopes of the western mountains, as we turned toward them. Once more to the right, once more into a grassy valley making up between the foot-hills; soft, round, covered only with low grass and a pale bluish shrub, they fairly shimmered in their ghostly gray as the twilight settled on them. One, two, three, four, five we climbed, and seemed to get no nearer the mountains. "I'd forgotten there were so many of these hills," said Jack. "You'll see the lakes after the next one, sure." But we did not; nor after the next, nor the next. At last the sight came, — beautiful enough to have been waited for. Before us a line of high, sharp peaks, dark blue nearly to the top, their summits just touched by the red sunset-light. They seemed to curve westward and to curvs eastward till they met the terraced line of hills on which we stood. At their feet and at ours lay the two lakes, — dark, motionless, shining, stretching close to the mountain bases on all sides, and linked to each other by a narrow neck of green land, across which a line of green bushes stretched, looking like a second band set to strengthen or to adorn the first. Afterward we saw that it was a closer link than we dreamed; for beneath the line of green bushes runs a little creek, mingling the waters of the upper and the lower lake perpetually.

Jack turned and looked at us in silence.

"Yes, you were right, Jack," we said. "It is more beautiful than any thing we saw yesterday, and it is a very lonely-looking kind of place."

Not so lonely as we could have wished, however, when we drove down the steep hills to the Log Cabin Hotel, where we must sleep. People walking about, white-covered camp-wagons, high-topped buggies, all told us that we were too late on the list of arrivals.

"Indeed, I can't, — not to make you anyways comfortable," was the landlady's honest answer when we appeared at her door, saying: "Here we four are, and must stay. Can you take care of us?" It wasn't so bad as it might have been, that wind-swept, fluttering room in which we went to bed that night, bounded to west by a chinky log wall, to north by an open window, to east and south by a scant calico curtain, which parted, but did not sever us from the dining-room. Colorado travellers have often fared worse. no doubt; but, taking all things into account, we thought it an odd coincidence that over at the head of one very unrestful bed there should have been pasted a leaf of "The Overland Monthly," containing the first stanzas of an "Ode to Pain." Never shall I cease to regret that we were so stupefied by lack of sleep and by the repeated alarms at the fluttering calico curtain that we omitted to copy that "Ode to Pain." The pattern of the calico of the calico curtain I recollect perfectly, — it is stamped on my brain for ever; but not a line of the Ode can I recall.

All the next morning we sat under a pine-tree on the northern shore of the lakes and looked out upon them. Marvellous, lovely twins! Ten thousand feet above the sea and thousands of miles away from it, they held all its charm and none of its sadness. The soft waves lapped on the shore with a sound as gentle as the sigh of pines, and the water was clear as crystal sixty feet down. They were seas, translated, glorified, come to their spiritual resurrection, and wedded to each other for all eternity. The lower lake is about three miles in length; the upper one only half as long. They are not more than a mile and a half wide. But when you sit on the shore, and see the great mountains' full height and the dome of the sky reflected in them as in a glass, and reaching only half way across, they seem much wider. The mountains are wooded half way up. The green line of firs and pines and aspens reproduces on the mountain side exactly the line which the summits make against the sky. This beautiful, jagged summit line, therefore, is three times mapped in the beautiful picture, — mapped first in red against the blue sky, then in green on the mountain side, and then red and green outlines both are mapped again together on the dark amber of the lake. The picture seemed to be drawn by a trembling hand. At the slightest breeze on the surface it quivered and was effaced, but returned in an instant again if the breeze died down. As we drove away in the early afternoon, along the terraced hills on the northern shore, the lakes were motionless, and dark blue as tempered steel, and the picture of the wooded mountains stretched across the shining surface in lines as fine and distinct as Damascus ever graved on her magic metal for blade or shield.

We followed the lake outlet down toward the Arkansas meadows again, over more of the soft, sage-gray hills, past deserted mining villages where grass grew high round blackened hearthstones, and past villages where men are still mining for gold, down, down as fast as the creek into the fertile bottom-lands. The Arkansas here is narrow, and doubles on itself perpetually, as if it sought to baffle some pursuer. Its meadow at this point is a delicious bit of color. First the curving lines of willows and cottonwoods, dark green; then the rank meadow grass, bright yellow-green; then the foot-hill slopes of the exquisite gray-green, paling to silver-gray at top, and with the red soil gleaming through everywhere; then the dark, wooded slopes of the mountains, reaching up to ten or eleven thousand feet, and above those the bare peaks, gray, or red, or blue, or purple, according to the day and the hour. Again and again I wonder at the ineffable loveliness of the soft tints in this stern-visaged country. Again and again I long for an artist to come who can seize the secret of their tenderness, the bloom of their beauty. The meadow grew less and less, — from fields to narrow strips, from strips to fringes it diminished, and the mountains came closer and closer. On every side of us were weird and fantastic rocks, shaped in all manner of semblances, so distorted, so uncouth, so significant of ages of violence, that they were almost fearful. At sunset we looked out to the mouth of this canyon on a scene bewilderingly beautiful. No mirage in the desert ever played a more fantastic trick upon traveller's eyes than did the sweet light and mist slanting over the distance beyond the mouth of the canyon. Against the southern sky rose one of the highest mountain ranges, its summit-line majestically cut into square buttress shapes in the centre, and in slowly lowering peaks and undulations to right and left. It was two-thirds in shadow, — deep, dark blue, — the upper third so bathed in light that the clouds floating above it seemed part of it, and we disputed with each other hotly as to where the real crests of the mountains were. At foot of this range, bathed in a golden light and yet misty and pale blue in parts, there lay what seemed to be a great city of Oriental architecture. Domes and minarets and towers and roofs, — nothing could be plainer. The light streamed in among them; the beams lay in dusty gold aslant across them; shining spots here and there looked like the kindling reflections of sunlight on glass surfaces. What could it be? No city, certainly. It was into the wilderness we gazed, but what did the shapes mean? They were far too solid to be mere atmospheric effects, optical illusions. As well as if we were touching their foundations, we knew that they were solid, real. Behind us the western sky was one sheet of gold. Floating crimson clouds hung low over the near mountains, and the east was clear blue. Slowly the city sank into shadow. Even after it was wrapped in gray, the domes and the minarets and the towers remained. It was a city still. And we drove down into the valley almost believing that some strange chance had brought us to that height at the exact moment when the sun's rays had revealed some unknown ruins in a hollow of the great hills.

There could hardly be a sharper contrast than that from the gorgeous color and fairy-like spectacle on which we had been feasting at top of the hill, to the dank, dark hollow into which a few moments brought us, — to the low, flat-roofed cabins, and the sad, worn face of the woman who stood in their doorway.

The cabins were built close to the bank of the river. Hills to the north and to the south shut in all the dampness and shut out hoursful of sun. There was a heavy and ill-odored moisture in the air, such as I had not supposed could exist in Colorado. I shuddered at the thought that we must sleep in it.

In reply to the question whether she could take care of us for the night, the sad-faced woman answered: —

"I'll do the best I can."

The expression of her face made my heart ache. She looked ill, hopeless; every feature showed refinement, and her voice and her words were those of an educated woman.

"I am sure you are from the East," I said to her. The tears filled her eyes instantly.

"Yes, I am from New York State," she said, and turned away.

Before night we knew her whole story. It seemed to be a relief to her to tell it to us. She had been a school teacher in western New York. Of delicate fibre physically, and of an unusually fine and sensitive mental organization, she was as unfitted for life in the Colorado wildernesses as a woman could well be. Yet she had borne up under it bravely until the last three years, when ill health had been added to her other burdens. Within the last month, two of her three children had died, and this last blow had broken her heart. One had died of scarlet fever, and the other, she said, "of this dreadful new disease that the doctors don't know much about, — the cerebro-spinal meningitis, they call it, or some such name."

Poor babies! No wonder, living in that damp hollow, with the river miasms, if there were any, shut in and kept over from night to night in the low-roofed cabin!

The remaining child, a little boy of six or eight, looked very pale and lifeless. He too had had the fever. It would have seemed cruel to say to that helpless mother, "The only chance for healthful life for him and for you is a new house on some sunny hillside." Yet I yearned to say it. It will be long before I forget that sad little home on the Arkansas.

The next morning — our sixth morning — we set out early on our homeward way. A few miles brought us to the magic city of the night before. The marvel was not so strange. Here were hills, upon hills, — sharp, rounded, crowded, piled with rocks, which even by day bore almost the shapes they had shown to us by night, — pinnacles, buttresses, terraces, towers, with sharp-pointed firs growing among them. It was indeed a city — a silent, tenantless city — which reminded me of so of the stories I read in my childhood of Edom and Petræa. We were in the canyon still, but it was fast widening and bearing to the right. The way of the Arkansas River lay south, and we could follow it no longer. We must turn northward and climb the range again. We had lost many hundred feet of elevation in coming down this easier way by the river's road. Five hours of good climbing did it. Over divide after divide, as we had so many times climbed before; under the pines and among the flowers and out on the bare ridges at top; then down, miles down, into the grand, steadfast, reposeful plain of the park. We were a half day's journey now to the south of Fair Play and our road skirted the western wall of the park. We looked up into all the lovely valleys, thrusting their arms into the forest slopes of the mountains. They were alike and not alike, — all green and smooth and creek-fed, but no two of the same outline, no two of the same depth, any more than any two of the inlets on a fretted seashore. A night at Fair Play again, and then we retraced our road of the first two days, — eastward, instead of westward, across the park; eastward over the mountains and through the passes, and at sunset of the eighth day down into our own beloved plains. The first glimpse of their immeasurable distance was grander than all we had journeyed to see.

Their mystic vanishing line, where earth and sky seem one, only because eyes are too weak to longer follow their eternal curves, always strikes upon my sight as I think there would fall upon the ear the opening perfect chord of some celestial symphony, — a celestial symphony which we must for ever strain to hear, must for ever know to be resounding just beyond our sense, luring our very souls out of this life into the next, from earth to heaven.

Only, as I said, from a Saturday to a Saturday. But what a week it had been, — the Holy Week of our summer!

A STUDY OF RED CANYON.

ON the fourth day of June, 1876, Pike's Peak was white with snow, and glittered in the sun as if the snow were solid ice. Half-a-dozen little fleecy clouds flitted around its summit, like fairies wrapped in swan's-down skating back and forth on the shining surface. Nowhere else in the radiant blue dome of sky was a cloud to be seen. The Fountain Creek, which runs eastward from Manitou toward Colorado Springs, was swollen high by melting snows in the mountains, and dashed along with foamy, white-capped waves. A tiny island, not more than two or three feet square, full of tall, waving, yellow lupines, was so nearly swallowed up by the torrent that it hardly looked like an island,—rather like a gay bark, with a myriad golden pennons, tossing on a stormy sea.

To enter Red Canyon, one must ford this creek about two miles east of Manitou. It took some nerve to drive into the swift current. A second's swaying of the carriage, a sudden plunge of the horses, a muffled clattering of their feet deep down beneath the water, and we were out on the other side, wheels dripping like mill-wheels and the horses shaking themselves like Newfoundland dogs after a swim.

"If the creek should continue to rise while we are in the canyon, what then?" said I, as we rounded the first rocky bank, and began to walk the horses in a soft, green open.

"Stay here till it fell," was the wise and sententious answer. "We couldn't ford it if it were two inches higher."

How much did this thought enhance the pleasure of that day? Red Canyon was not only Red Canyon. It was a possible home, lodging, shelter, — a sudden sanctuary of refuge. Had we friends, they could not find us, get at us. Red Canyon had taken possession of us, had chosen to monopolize us by a grim and daring hospitality akin to that of the feudal ages. Had we enemies, were we fugitives, Red Canyon would not give us up. It was our extempore monarch and knew nothing of laws of extradition. The very thought of these possibilities seemed to drop a veil between us and home, only three miles away; to lend a spell as of unreckoned distance and uncounted time. The day, the place, became dramatic, and we were irresponsible *dramatis personæ*, with no trouble about learning our parts. It was a novel and delicious sensation, — one of the many and inexhaustible surprises which they enjoy to whom the gods have granted that they may live in Colorado.

And so we studied Red Canyon. First, as I said, is a soft, green open or valley, not many rods wide, its left wall red sandstone, in thin horizontal layers, piled up from fifty to a hundred feet high, jagged edges, water-worn and seamed, with pine-trees growing in their crevices. On the right hand, low hills, grass-grown, a copse of oak bushes close to the road on the left; on the right, one of wild cherry-trees in full bloom. The sandstone ledges look in places like old ship-keels, turned up, stranded, battered. The oak bushes are so close to the road they brush your wheels. The road winds, now right, now left; more ledges, more grassy hills, more isolated rocks, columns, obelisks, all red. Three sharp pinnacles stand out on the left and seem to narrow and cut off the road. A second more, and a cone-like hill beyond has risen suddenly like a green fortress across the way between two red ledges. Now the road winds through a cottonwood grove, and the hills and ledges on each side seem to be slipping past, above the tree-tops, like the sliding canvas of a painted panorama. Then the rift widens into a little park.

Close in front is one sharp sandstone peak, thick-grown half way up with pines and firs, — a pyramid of red set in a bowl of green. Hills upon hills rise on the right, full of green firs and pinnacles of red stone. Blue mertensias and penstemons grow among them. Now the canyon narrows again. It is only a chasm. The ledges on each side present a front as of myriads of plate edges, so thin are the layers and so many. Again they are rounded and smooth. One on the right looks like a gigantic red whale, hundreds of rods long. Opposite him are great surfaces of slanting rock, finely striated, as with engravers' tools. You can see only a few rods ahead. The road is a gully. Roses begin to make the air sweet. In a thicket of them, the road turns sharply round a high rock, and you are again in a little grassy open, some hundred yards wide. The great red stone whale on the right has his backbone higher than ever, and dozens of loose bowlders are riding him. On the left hand the rock wall is perpendicular, serrated at top, and with slanting pinnacles shooting out here and there. Tall pines, also, seventy and eighty feet high, rooted in rocks where apparently is no crumb of earth. At the base of this wall, a thick copse of oak bushes, whose young leaves are of as tender and vivid a green as the leaves of slender white birches in June in New England. Now we cross a broad gully. In the bottom of its red and sandy bed is a thread of shining water. Ahead looms up a solid mass of green, — a fir wood, — out of which taller pines rise like canopies borne over heads below. The walls on either hand slope back, and have here and there little plateaus, which are thick with foliage, a sort of brilliant *repoussé* work in green on a red background. There is a sharp buzz of insects all through the air. Here comes another little thread-like stream leaping across the road, and suddenly the canyon widens again. The left-hand wall is a wall of green, none of its stone showing through; but in the centre of the canyon rises a huge minster-like pile of red stone, with tall firs and pines for towers and spires.

Next we cross a dry and stony gully, and come to gypsum quarries, where the glistening white stone is tumbled about in fine, picturesque masses, — a sudden and delicious contrast of color after the dark reds and greens on which we have been looking so long.

The canyon narrows; the road narrows; the walls seem to brace their very feet together. Pink wild roses and shrubs of a beautiful white-flowered rubus overhang the road. There are huge red bowlders and peaks on our left; green hills and the white quarries on our right; a disused kiln, also, whose white doorway looks ghostly. The road sinks into rocky chasms, climbs out, turns such short corners we cannot see the horses' lengths ahead, scrambles over bowlders and slabs and piles of gypsum, and comes to a dead stop in front of a hill, with great masses of cleft rock on its top. This is the head of the canyon, — the hard knot, as it were, in which the two walls are tied.

Tiers of soft, green, conical hills shut us in on all sides. A great shelf of rock juts out, and makes so large a shadow that a party of four or five might be comfortably bestead here for a night. It has evidently been often used for such shelter, for the ashes of old fires lie thick in its recesses.

Summer days seem always reckoned by minutes, and not by hours. How much too short they seem in Colorado it would not be wise to try to tell; but no one will forget who has spent many of them out of doors there.

Red Canyon has, doubtless, many secrets to keep. I shall keep well my share of the secrets of this fleeting fourth of June.

As we retraced our steps in the late afternoon, the canyon seemed like a new one we had never seen, so changed was it by our changed point of view. It is far more beautiful as you go down. The sides seem abrupter, the contrasts more vivid, and there is ever before your eyes a magnificent background of distance to the north and northeast. The blue wall of the divide breaks it, and the grand gates of the Garden of the Gods glow like pinnacles of red cornelian in the sunset light.

The creek, which had been so full of foamy white-caps in the morning, was running so much more peacefully when we crossed it at night that our horses stood still in the middle and drank at their leisure; and the gay bark, with its yellow lupine pennons, was high above water, its sides looking black and worn, as if it had been in battle.

CENTRAL CITY AND BOB TAIL TUNNEL.

THREE hours by rail from Denver to Central City, — only three hours; but one might often journey for three days and nights without making so sharp a transition. To go in three hours' time, from a broad, dusty, sun-smitten plain, into cool, dark, pine-clad gorges, and up and out upon mountain heights, is like being lifted in one day, by some great stroke of fate, from a stagnant, commonplace level of life to an atmosphere full of joy and purpose and action. Who that has lived and loved has not known some such sudden upliftings? Who that has lived in and loved Colorado has not thus journeyed from one to another of her marvellous worlds? Not that the plain which bears Denver on its bosom can ever be called commonplace, or Denver stagnant and inert. The plain is majestic, almost solemn in the suggestion of its distances and its snow-topped westward wall; and Denver is bristling at every turn and in every corner with the sharpest sort of action. Nevertheless, the plain is a plain, — bare, apparent, monotonous, wearying, hot; and the mountains, — God be praised for them for ever, — are reticent, unfathomable, eternally varied, restful, cool. So long as the world stands shall the instinct of men turn to them for the best strengths of soul and body. Three hours by railroad, I said; but the last two hours are on a species of railroad for which I think some new name should be invented. Simply to say "narrow-gauge" conveys no idea, except to the mind educated in railroad technicalities, of the slender, winding, curving railroad tracks which thread the canyons of these Colorado mountains. They bear the same relation to the common railroads that a footpath does to a turnpike, and their agile little engines climb like goats. "Let us buy it and take it home to the children," said a facetious man, the other day, standing at the Colorado Springs Station and watching the arrival of the noon train on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. And, indeed, they do look not unlike toys. They make magnificent work of their playing, however, whisking around curves of thirty-one and thirty-two degrees and drawing heavy loads up grades of two hundred and eleven feet to the mile. Wherever water can come down, a narrow-gauge railroad can go up. Side by side, on equal terms, asking no favors, it will make foothold for itself on the precipices, and follow the stream, leap for leap, grade to grade, coming out triumphant, abreast, at top of the mountain. This was the way we mounted to Central City, through Clear Creek Canyon.

The walls of the canyon are rocky, precipitous, and in places over one thousand feet high. It seems little more than a rift in the mountain, and we could easily fancy it closing behind us as we passed on. Fir-trees and aspens made a mosaic of dark and light green, like shaded malachite, on the sides. Wild roses and spiræas and blue-bells grew on the edge of the creek and far up in the clefts of the rocks.

Wherever the creek foamed whitest and swiftest, there the pink roses and blue-bells waved and danced gayest. Here and there other canyons broke the wall, running down at sharp angles to our road, and opening long, narrow vistas of view to right or left, making the labyrinth of overlapping, interlacing hills seem endless. Now and then we came to little oases of green, where the creek widened, and cottonwood trees had found space to grow and branch; now and then to picturesque little water stations, perched on the rocks, with footbridges thrown across the creek; though for what the master of the water-station could want to cross to the opposite precipice it was hard to conceive, unless, indeed, it might be to pick more blue-bells. On one of these rocky plateaus was a high swing, its beams fastened by firm iron stanchions to the rock. Far out over the foaming creek, nearly spanning it, the ropes would reach if the swinger were bold. Could it be for some child's delight it had been set there? We wondered whether even a mountain child, born in Clear Creek Canyon, could be so brave.

Again and again, as we looked up the canyon, we could see our engine, the whole of the first car, and part of the second, doubling and twisting around sharp curves ahead. The train seemed supple-jointed as a serpent, and glided without jar over its sinuous path. The wonder of this was so great and the beauty of the scene so marvellous, that throughout the train every man seemed to become friend to his neighbor; on all sides strangers were talking animatedly, joyously, sharing each other's delight with unaffected enthusiasm. Everybody said to everybody, "Oh, look!" Not least among the endless pleasures of journeying in this grand old New World of ours, is the satisfaction of finding out, as we do at such moments, how much true fellowship and kinship there is at bottom between man and man. There was in all that car no man so rough, no woman so uncultured, as to sit stolid and unstirred by the grand rocks, the leaping stream, the beauteous blossoms, and the incredible marvel of our swift ascent.

As we neared Central City, the hills on either side grew barer, stonier, higher; and along the creek we began to see the dreary traces of that dreariest of all things on the earth's surface, gulch mining: long stretches of pebble beds torn up, rent, piled, bare, desolate; here and there a few palid weeds struggling to crowd their way down and up between the stones and live in the arid sand. They only made the devastation look ghastlier. Is there not a significance in this thing, that men find no way of getting gold from the earth's depths, without so marring, blighting all the fair, green beauty of its surface?

The railway station in Central City seems invested at once with historical interest when you are told that it is known only by the name of "Fitz-John Porter's Folly." Why that unlucky general should have been permitted still further to disgrace himself on this remote and unmilitary field, or how in the name of the very science of blundering he could have spent two hundred thousand dollars on this low, dark, ill-shaped purposeless building, it is not worth while to ask; but so long as the building stands, men will not cease to wonder.

To get to Central City, you drive through Black Hawk. Where Black Hawk leaves off and Central City begins seems indefinite. Why a part of the gulch should be called Black Hawk, and a part Central City, seems to a stranger inexplicable; but to the citizens of those two towns seems evident, natural, and a sufficient ground for antagonistic rivalry. To say literally how "it feels" to drive in the streets of this gulch, or the gulches of these streets, called respectively Black Hawk and Central City, would be to commit unpardonable exaggerations. Why the towns do not slide down hill any night, in one great avalanche of houses, stamping mills, smelting works, piles of slag, ore, mules, bowlders, and citizens, I do not know. To the unaccustomed eye, every thing and everybody seems to have been miraculously arrested in the process of toppling down. The houses are perched one above another, on the sides of the gulch, as if they were set on the successive steps of ladders. A man sitting on his piazza may rest his feet on the roof-tree of his neighbor next below; and so on all the way down. The only endurable situation, one would think, must be at the top of the hill, but how climb to that? I looked to see derricks for the elevation of families at the corners of all the streets, but they have not yet been introduced. However, many of the cross streets are made chiefly of stairs; and I saw mules going up and down them as phor for the peace and calm of the highest earthly affections. It also becomes placid at the greatest fervor, and reflects the loved one's face, soul, nature, life; and after that instant no more need of fire!

"Can I not go into a mine?" I said. "I would like to see the beginning, — the spot where the hand of Nature reaches out and lays this treasure in the hand of man."

One, experienced in the interior of mines, smiled, but answered me kindly: —

"Yes, yes; you shall. There is the Bob Tail Tunnel. That is pretty dry. You shall go into that."

At the mouth of the Bob Tail Tunnel we met its workmen pouring out. It was six o'clock. Their day had ended. Pallid, dusty, earth-stained, they looked like no joyous seekers after riches. Their begrimed and careworn faces, and ragged clothes, seemed a bitter satire on the words silver and gold.

Trotting slowly along, head down, meek and sleepy, came a gray mule, drawing a small iron car loaded with ore.

"We can go in in that," said my friend, the one experienced in the interior of mines. "It isn't too late, Charley, is it?" he added, turning to a big negro who was driving the mule.

Charley scrutinized us. "No, no; jump in," he said. "I'll take the lady in."

"In!" It was literally "in." The mouth of the Bob Tail Tunnel was like the door to a huge brick oven in the side of a mountain. Sitting on a water-pail bottom side up, in that car, crouching low to my knees, grasping a bit of flaring, dripping candle in one hand, and rolling myself up tightly in warm wraps with the other, I entered that grim cavern. An icy blast met us. In five minutes it was dark as midnight. My candle showed me the bottom of the car and the spots of tallow on my skirts. Charley's candle showed me the shadows of the mule's legs on the sides of the place we were in. These were all I saw. It might have been anybody's coal-bin, or cellar stairs, for all I could perceive. Jolt, jolt, rumble, rumble, on we went. Suddenly we came to a halt. By a chance gleam from Charley's candle, I saw another oven door in the right-hand wall.

"Will you go down Number Two or Number Six, sir?" said Charley. "Here's where Number Two leads off."

"What's the difference, Charley?" said a reassuring voice behind me.

"No great difference, sir. Number Two's the longest."

"Keep on in Number Six," I whispered.

"Keep on in Number Six, Charley," said the reassuring voice behind me, — the voice of one much amused, the voice of one experienced in the interior of mines.

"All right, sir," said Charley. "They're blasting in Number Two now," he added, as the mule began his jolting trot again.

Above us, below us, around us, before and behind us, pealed that blast. The echoes seemed louder than the blast. It was terrific. I suppose I have been in a gold mine, because I was told so; but I know I have been in the middle of a thunder-clap, for I have felt it.

Even the one experienced in the interior of mines did not enjoy this.

"All right here, Charley?" he said. And I wondered what there would be to be done in case it had not been "all right."

Dim reminiscences crowded my mind of accounts I had read of affecting messages which miners had scrawled on the walls of choked-up galleries.

"Ha, ha! Yes, sir. All right, sir," chuckled Charley.

Charley enjoyed that blast. Presently we stopped. This was the end of the track.

"Are we a mile in?" I asked.

"Only a few hundred feet," was the reply. I did not believe it. I do not now. I firmly believe that I was standing just above the highest tower of Pekin at that moment.

naturally as cats go up and down trees. My room at the hotel was on the second floor. Out of its windows I looked across a very narrow street into the basement of the house opposite. I saw many small houses built where the precipice was so steep that, as you looked up from the street you saw the hill above the house, apparently making a continuation of the roof. It produced a most curious optical illusion. No house thus placed can stand so straight that it will not have the look of tumbling down. Add to this apparent confusion of toppling houses, intervals of bare, brown, rocky hillsides, dotted everywhere with piles of gray ore thrown up at the mouths of mines, and some conception may be formed of the desolateness of the scene. Not all the red gold of Ophir would be compensation to an artistic soul for the hourly sight of such desolation. I fancied that the whole expression of the town seemed to say, "We endure this but a short time. We are here only for a season, harvesters of gold. As soon as the harvest is reaped, we will return to the regions of life and verdure and beauty." Yet there were many of the little houses which looked homelike, — had white curtains, and flowers in the windows; and two or three had small trees in the yards. These looked like oases in Sahara.

A few weeks ago a fire broke out in this gulch. In less than three hours it swept away a third of the town. It seemed for a time as if nothing could stay it. High up on the sides of the precipices were gathered the women and children, watching their burning homes. The fire must have looked, at bottom of that narrow gulch, like a second stream, with fiery waves, rushing down side by side with the creek. It was terrible to imagine it.

There are treatises on metallurgy which give detailed and accurate accounts of the processes by which gold and silver are made ready for buying and selling. A person who has seen these processes in the mills and mines of Central City, ought to be able to write such a treatise. There is, no doubt, something organically wrong in the constitution of a mind which, at the end of hours of wonderstruck gazing upon such mysteries, and in spite of the most minute explanations of them, emerges into daylight and poverty as ignorant of gold and silver as before. As ignorant, but not as irreverent. The smallest gold or silver coin will for ever seem to me a talisman of necromancy, a link with the powers and the principalities of the air. Have I not seen it burning without fire, by virtue of its own sulphur? Huge piles of it lying in open air, stacked up like charcoal mounds, and smouldering away sullenly at every crevice, while the lurid sulphur gathered in yellow incrustations over the top, and made a superb contrast to the column of amber and opal-colored smoke which rose in slow coils from the furnace chimneys, and was reflected like sunset clouds in the creek beneath. Have I not walked cautiously through dark galleries of fiery furnaces, whose open mouths glowed and glared with an evil heat, while the metal boiled and bubbled and hissed within? Have I not seen huge tubs where a part of its waste was slowly turning into superb crystals, of a blue which no sapphire could match, — no, not in centuries of growth in the heart of a mountain? Have I not climbed stairs to a platform where every plank under our feet was a trap-door, and opened into shallow, tray-like boxes, with compartments, where the fine granulated silver lay soaking, stewing, slowly cooking in boiling water? Have I not seen the final furnaces of all, where, in small, round crucibles, the last test of the hottest fire is applied, and the molten metal must cease its angry and resistant seething, and become calm and smooth-surfaced as a mirror? When the workman sees his own face reflected in the placid, shining surface, he knows that the refining process is completed. From that instant no more need of fire. There is a Holy Scripture which has new beauty after one has seen this. And there might be a scripture, also holy, of human love, which would find here as fitting a meta-

Charley led the way; we followed. To clamber in the dark over the wildest confusion of bowlders, on the top of a mountain, with the risk of bumping your head thrown in,—this it is to walk in the Bob Tail Tunnel. Anxiously, and as well as I could by my very little candle, I peered at the walls on either hand.

"Here's a fine vein." "Here's the lead they're following now." "Here's the pure metal, sir," said Charley, enthusiastically, at every step of the way holding up his candle to spots a little darker or lighter than the rest. Occasionally I fancied I saw a gleam; but it might have been the shining of the candle-flame on a wet spot.

Soon we heard the sound of pickaxes,—clink, thud, clink, thud, at regular intervals; and presently quick, panting breaths, in alternation with the blows; and in a moment more we saw just ahead of us an arched opening into a lighted chamber, and the forms of two miners swinging their arms with powerful strokes, and before each stroke drawing in a heavy breath. This was the end of the mine. This was in keeping with my thought of mystery, of some subtle bond with Nature. Inch by inch, flake by flake, these two men were winning, compelling way to the whole of the secret hid in the rock. This was mining. Until midnight they were to stand in that chamber, panting, cleaving the solid stone, journeying toward the centre of the earth. Above them the city would be at rest; perhaps they would be the only ones not sleeping. How strange it would seem to them to come out at high noon of night, and see the heaven full of stars! As their forms bent and lifted, and bent and lifted, in the dim light, they seemed to me not human beings, doing the bidding and winning the wealth of an earthly master; but gnomes, spirits, working the will of invisible omnipotence, as they must have worked who wrought "before ever the mountains were brought forth."

Never shone any turquoise in the eyes of eager finder as did the tiny oval of blue sky at the mouth of that tunnel as we drew near it on our return. We had been in the bowels of the earth only a short half hour, as clocks reckon minutes; but no clocks can lose or gain time as hearts can. We had lived the lifetime of a miner; we had felt what it might be to die his death.

Looking down on the town at sunset, from a point high up on one side of the gulch, we were impressed anew with the marvellousness of its existence under such unfavoring conditions. Even the sunset glow could not much soften the barrenness, the rocky confusion, of the sharp and angular steeps.

"I have never seen any thing so dreary, unless it be in northern New Hampshire," said a New Englander of the party. "New Hampshire!" I echoed, loving New Hampshire, granite and all, and knowing well how all the granite is redeemed and made gracious by myriads of lichens and mosses and vines, in the barest of her fields, — "New Hampshire! It is New Hampshire wrong side out, bottom side up, and after a spring freshet!"

But, as the shadows darkened and the gulch seemed to grow deeper and deeper in the twilight, a sadder and deeper thought took possession of me. This strange, gold-filled rift in the mountains seemed to me like a great crucible, into which had been cast the lives of men and women and children. Fiery as the tests through which the metals pass, must be the tests of life in such a spot. How much must be consumed and perish for ever, that the pure silver be refined!

GEORGETOWN AND THE "TERRIBLE MINE."

GEORGETOWN is the American cousin of Bad-Gastein. As Bad-Gastein crowds, nestles, wedges itself into a valley among the Austrian Alps, so does Georgetown crowd, nestle, wedge itself into its canyon among the Rocky Mountains. And as the River Ach runs through and in the streets of Gastein, so runs Clear Creek in and through the streets of Georgetown. But Clear Creek does not leap, like the Ach. Georgetown has no waterfall. Neither are the sides of the canyon wooded, like the beautiful, glittering sides of the Gastein Valley. Georgetown is bare and brown. Georgetown is Gastein stripped of its fortune, come to the New World to begin anew in the hard pioneer life. In the old days of Gastein, silver and gold mines were worked in all the mountains round about. Those were the days of the haughty Weitmosers, whose history is wrought into legends, and linked with every rock and forest and waterfall in the Gastein Valley. Now the Weitmoser name is seen only on tombstones, and the water-wheels and sluices of the old gold mines are slowly rotting away. Perhaps three hundred years hence the steep sides of the Georgetown Canyon will be covered again with balsams and pines; the pinks, daisies, and vetches will carpet the ground as the pink heath does in Gastein; the mill-wheels will stand still; the mines will be empty; and pilgrims will seek the heights as they seek Gastein's, not because they hold silver and gold, but because they are gracious and beautiful and health-giving.

To Georgetown, as to Gastein, there is but one easy way of going,—that is, by private carriage. The public coaches are here, as everywhere, uncomfortable, overloaded, inexorable. I know of no surer way to rob a journey of all its finest pleasures, than to commit one's self to one of these vehicles. It means being obliged to get up at hours you abhor, to sit close to people you dislike, to eat when you are not hungry, to go slowest when there is nothing to see and fastest when you would gladly linger for hours, to be drenched with rain, choked with dust, and never have a chance to pick a flower. It means misery.

The private carriage, on the other hand, means so much of delight, freedom, possession, that it is for ever a marvel to me that all travellers with money, even with a little money, do not journey in that way. Good horses, an open carriage, bright skies overhead; beloved faces,—eager, responsive, sympathetic,—on either hand; constant and an unrestrained interchange of thought, impression, impulse,—all this, and the glorious out-door world added! Is there a way of being happier? I think not.

It was thus that we set out, early on a June day, to go from Central City to Georgetown.

"Up to Georgetown," somebody said in our hearing.

"Is there any going further up?" we exclaimed.

It had not seemed that there could be. Did not the sky rest on the tops of the sharp-precipiced hills near whose summits we were clinging?

Nevertheless it was "up" to Georgetown at first,—up through Nevada Gulch, a steeper, narrower, stonier, dirtier gulch than we had yet seen, more riddled with mines and crowded with more toppling houses. Then, out upon what seemed an "open" by comparison with the gulches, but was really only an interval of lesser hills and canyons. Deserted mills, mines, and cabins were here; hardly a trace of cultivation, but everywhere green shrubs and luxuriant flowers, to show what fertility was lying neglected in the unused soil. Three miles of this, and then, turning to the left, we plunged into a road so stony, so overgrown, it seemed hardly possible it could be the one we had been told to take to reach the top of Bellevue Mountain.

Let no one forget, in going from Central City to Georgetown, to ask for and find this wild path. Its outlook is worth all the rest of the journey.

It was a severe climb, — we did not know how severe, for our eyes were feasting on the wayside lovelinesses of green oak and juniper and golden asters, white daisies and purple vetches. From the bare and stony gulches we had left behind, to this fragrance and color, was a leap from a desert into a garden. Suddenly looking up, we found that we were also looking off. We were on a grand ridge or divide, around which seemed to centre semicircles of mountains. So high and so separated is this ridge, and yet so central in the great fields of peaks which make up this part of the great Rocky Mountain chain, that, while we could look off far enough to see the Snowy Range, we could also look down into the canyons and gorges among the nearer mountains. It was a surpassing sight! It is one of the few extended views I have seen which have also composition, beauty of grouping, and tenderness of significance and revelation. We could see long, shining, serrated spaces of the solid, snow-covered peaks, the highest on the continent, — peaks from whose summit one could look, if human vision were keen enough, to the Western and the Eastern Oceans. These lofty serrated lengths of shining snow lay cut against the uttermost horizon blue, like an alabaster wall rounding the very world. Seeming to join this wall, and almost in lines of concentric curves, were myriads and masses of lower mountains, more than the eye could count. To the very foot of the watch-tower ridge on which we stood, the peaks seemed crowded. We could look into the green valleys lying between them, and trace the brown thread of road winding up each valley. We sat under the shade of pines and firs. The ground was gay with yellow lupines, daisies, and great mats of killikinnick vines (the bear-berry) with full clusters of delicate pink bells, as lovely as arbutus blossoms, and almost as fragrant.

Ten thousand feet above the sea, and yet the air was as spicy and summer-laden as in an Italian June! Ten thousand feet above the sea, and yet the warm wind burnt our faces fiercely, and the snow-topped horizon wall seemed like a miracle under such a tropical sun!

On the very summit of the mountain, even here among the daisies and lupines, and within sight of all the solemn kingdoms of mountains, we came upon one who dug for gold. He was a German, tall, broad-chested, straight-shouldered, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired,— a superbly made man. Health and power actually seemed to radiate from him under the sunlight, and the unconscious joyousness of their unconscious possession lighted his eye and beamed in his smile. He stood all day long at the mouth of a shaft, and drew up buckets full of ore which might mean a few dollars of gold. It was an old claim. He had two partners in the ownership of it, and they were now working it for a few months, merely to comply with the provisions of the recent Miner's Act. He spoke that delicious and effective broken English which only Germans use. To him the Act meant personal inconvenience; but he had thought deeper than that. "It is good for the country. There will be not the wild cat any more. It shall be that a man do not throw his money away that another man shall move his stakes in the night."

I do not know why this man's figure seemed to me more typical of the true genius and soul of gold-winning than all the toiling crowds in mining towns. It was, perhaps, the loneliness of the spot, the glorious lift of it above the world around, or even the beauty of the blossoms and the scent of the firs. It might have been just such a nook in the Hartz Mountains to which the genii of gold and silver led the favored mortals to whom they elected to open the doors of their treasure-house.

From Bellevue Mountain to Idaho it is three miles, downhill. Not downhill in the ordinary acceptation of the word, not such downhill as one may have three miles of any day in northern New England; but downhill in a canyon, — that is, downhill between two other hills so sharp that they wall the road. Truly, labyrinths of interlacing hills can be marvellous. Much I question whether the earth holds anywhere a more delightful confusion than has been wrought out of these upheavals of the Rocky Mountains, and planted with firs and bluebells. In a hollow made by the mouth of the canyon down which we had driven, and by the mouths of several other canyons, all sharp-walled and many-curved, lay Idaho. From the tops of the mountains which circle it, the little handful of houses must look like a handful of pebbles at the bottom of an emerald-sided well. Thither come every summer multitudes of men and women,— Coloradoans, Californians, and travellers from the East, — seeking to be made well and strong by bathing in hot soda springs, which bubble out of the rocks of a small creek.

For the benefit of those who, not being disciples of Hahnemann, do not shudder at the thought of medicated baths, I give the analysis of the water :—

Carbonate of Soda	30.80
Carbonate of Lime.	9.52
Carbonate of Magnesia	2.88
Carbonate of Iron	4.12
Sulphate of Soda	29.36
Sulphate of Magnesia.	18.72
Sulphate of Lime	3.44
Chloride of Sodium	4.16
Silicate of Soda	4.08
Chloride of Calcium and Magnesium, of each a trace.	
	107.00

If it were proposed to any man to go into an apothecary's shop and take from the big jars on the shelves all these carbonates, sulphates, silicates, and chlorides, dissolve them in his bath-tub, and then proceed to soak himself in the water, absorbing the drugs through his million-pored skin, he would probably see the absurdity and the risk of the process. But, because Nature, for some mysterious purposes, has seen fit to brew these concoctions in the bowels of the earth, which spits them out as fast as it can, men jump at the conclusion that they are meant for healing purposes, and that one cannot drink too much of them, or stay in them too long.

"Do you take the baths yourself?" I asked the man in charge of the "Pioneer Bathing Establishment."

"Yes'm, I'm tryin' 'em. But if I stay in more 'n fifteen minutes, I get just as weak as any thing, — real weak feeling all over; it seems as if I couldn't get out. But there's plenty of folks that comes and stays in an hour and a half, and say it does 'em good."

"But are you not afraid of any thing which is so powerful that it makes you feel so weak in so few minutes? Why do you take the baths at all? Are you ill?" I said.

"No'm, I ain't sick. Leastways, nothing to speak of. I hain't ever been very strong. But I thought I'd try 'em. The doctors all say they're good, and I expect they must be; they ought to know. And I'm here all day, with not much of any thing to do. I might as well go in."

What an epitome of truth in the bathman's words! What an unconscious analysis of the process by which patients are made, — lack of occupation, and an ignorant faith in doctors' assertions.

Up a westward canyon from Idaho lies the road to Georgetown, — twelve miles of it. There is just room for it and for Clear Creek, and for narrow rims of cottonwood, willows, and wild roses, and for here and there a bit of farm. The sides of the canyon are sometimes bare, stony; sometimes green with pines and firs and young aspens; sometimes gray, because fire has killed the pines; sometimes gray with piles of ore thrown up from mouths of mines; always a changing succession of color; always a changing succession of shape, of contour. Ah! the twelve miles it is to remember; and alas! the twelve miles it is to long and yet fail to describe. Canyons after canyons open and shut as we pass. Just such a road as we are on flings its alluring brown thread up each one. If there were no such thing as a fixed purpose, and an inexorable appointed day, we would follow each clew and learn each canyon by heart. No two canyons are alike to true lovers of canyons, any more than any two faces are alike to the student of faces. To the outer edge of the concentric, curving ranges of this Rocky Mountain chain one might journey, in and out and up and over, and in and out and in and out again, I am persuaded, all summer long, for summers and summers, and find no monotony, no repetition. That is, if one be a lover; and if one be not, what use in being alive? Rather, one should say, in having a name to live while one is dead.

Georgetown is a surprise at last. It has no straggling outposts of houses, and you have become so absorbed in climbing the canyon, watching the creek and the mountains, the trees and the flowers, that you forget that a town is to come. Suddenly you see it full in view, not many rods ahead, wedged, as I said before, like Bad-Gastein, — crowded, piled, choked in at the end of the narrowed rift up which you have climbed. In and out among the narrow streets runs the creek, giving shining and inexplicable glimpses of water, here, there, and everywhere, among the chimney-tops and next to doorsteps. The houses are neat, comfortable, and have a suggestion of home-loving and abiding, quite unlike the untamed and nomadic look of Central City. You turn corner after corner, crossing the mountain side sharply at each turn, and getting up higher and higher, street by street, till on the very highest level you come to the Barton House, and look off from its piazza over the roofs of the town. On either hand are towering mountain sides, dotted wellnigh to the tops with the shining pyramids of the gray ore thrown up by mines. They mark lines like ledges hundreds of feet above the town. The hills are honey-combed by galleries and shafts; but they look still and peaceful and sunny as the virgin hills of the Tyrol.

"Shall we go down into a silver mine? Have you had enough of mines?" said the one experienced in mines.

"Never enough of mines," I replied. "And down into a mine must be a thing quite unlike headforemost into a mine. Let us go."

"Then I will take you to the 'Terrible Mine,'" he said. "It is the nearest, and one of the largest."

"Is it so very terrible?" I asked. The word was not alluring.

"Only 'Terrible' by reason of the amount of money sunk in it," he laughed. "It is the most picturesquely situated and attractive mine I know of. But it has swallowed up more money than any other three mines in the region, and is only just now beginning to pay."

As the horses' heads were turned sharp to the right from the hotel door and we began to climb again, I exclaimed, incredulously: "What, still further up?"

"Oh, yes! two miles straight up. There might be a ladder set from here to there, if one could be made long enough," was the reply. If it had been a ladder it would have seemed safer. A narrow shelf on the precipitous side of the mountain, — winding, zigzagging up in a series of sharp curves, with only a slight banking of the earth and the stone at the outer edge, and a sheer wall hundreds of feet below, down to the foaming creek, — this is the terrible road up to the "Terrible Mine." It was like swinging out into space when we turned the corners. Teams heavily loaded with silver ore were coming down. In places where two inches' room made all the odds between being dashed over the precipice and not, we passed them, — that is, our carriage passed them. We were not in it. We were standing close to the inner wall, backed up against it, holding our breaths to make ourselves thin. "Can't go on the outside, sir, with this load," was the firm though respectfully sympathizing reply of teamster after teamster; and on the outer and almost crumbling edge of the road, where the heavy load of ore would have been in danger of crushing down the entire shelf, there our wheels were airily poised, waiting for the wagons to pass. More than once, watching closely from behind, I failed to see even a rim of road beyond the wheel. One careless misstep of a horse, one instant's refusal to obey the rein, and the carriage would have toppled over and down into the foam. Yet our driver seemed as unconcerned as if he had been driving on a broad boulevard, and had evidently a profound contempt for his passengers, who persisted in jumping from the carriage at every turn-out.

The creek was one pauseless torrent of white foam. All the beautiful amber spaces were gone. Not a breath did it take; it seemed like two miles of continuous waterfall. Tall fir-trees shaded it, but their tops were far below us; their shining darkness made the white of the foaming water all the whiter by contrast. On the rocky wall on our right were waving flowers and shrubs, — columbines, bluebells, spiræas; so slight their hold they seemed but to have just alighted, like gay-winged creatures, who might presently soar and pass on.

One thread-like stream of water came down this precipice. It zigzagged to get down as much as we were zigzagging to get up. At turn after turn in the road we continued to see new leaps, new falls of it, until at last we saw the spot where it cleft the uppermost rock, looking like nothing but a narrow, fleecy wisp of cloud, lying half on the gray summit and half on the blue sky.

The miners' cabins were perched here and there among the bowlders, hundreds of feet up, bare, shelterless, remote. They looked more like homes for eagles than for men. No path led to them; no green thing, save firs and low oaks, grew near them; only by the sharp roof-tree line could one tell them from the rocks which were piled around them.

At the end of two miles, we came to a spot where creek and road and precipice paused and widened. The creek was dammed up, making a smooth, clear lake, with odd little pine-planked bridge-paths circling it; the road space widened into a sheltered, shady spot, where, nestled against the mountain of stone, stood three or four small buildings. A fountain played before one and children played before the others. These were the offices and homes of the men in charge of the mine, and the mouth of the mine was in sight, high up on the mountain side. An enormous pyramid of the glistening gray ore lay in front of it. On the top of this two men were at work loading the ore into small buckets, swung on wire from the mouth of the mine to the top of a high derrick on the edge of the creek. Back and forth and back and forth glided the buckets, swift and noiseless. The wire was but just visible in the air; the buckets seemed, coming and going, like huge shining shuttles, flung by invisible hands.

By gasps we threaded our way among the bowlders and up to the mouth of the mine. Here, indeed, a ladder would have been a help.

Then, miners' jackets on our shoulders, candles in our hands, facing an icy wind and breathing the fumes of gunpowder, again we entered the earth by an oven-door in a rock. We walked on the iron rails of the track, down which cars loaded with ore came constantly rumbling out of the darkness. We shrank into crannies of the rock to let them pass. The track was wet and slippery. It seemed a long way, but was only a few hundred feet, before we came to a vaulted chamber, so dimly lighted that it looked vast. Strange sounds came from its centre. As our eyes gradually grew used to the darkness, a strange shape in its centre grew gradually distinct. The sounds and the shape were one. It was a steam-engine. It was at work. Puff, puff, hiss, creak, slide, — weird beyond all power of words to say sounded these noises in that ghostly place. A gnome-like shape, in semblance of a man, stood by, with a controlling hand on the puffing engine.

"Would you like to go down in the mine?" said the Shape, courteously.

It was a hospitable gnome. This was the one entertainment at his command. Tremblingly I said "Yes." The Shape disappeared. We were left alone in the vaulted chamber. The steam-engine stopped. No sound broke the silence. The darkness seemed to grow darker. I reached out for a friendly hand, and was just about to say, "This is, indeed, the 'Terrible Mine,'" when a sudden light flashed into the place, and, springing back, I saw the head of another Shape coming up from an aperture at my feet. A trap-door had been flung open. The Shape had a lighted candle in the band of his cap. If I were to describe him as he appeared to me in that first instant, I should say that frightful flames issued from his forehead. He smiled friendlily; but I grasped the protecting hand closer.

"Is the lady coming down, sir? The bucket will be up in a minute," he said.

This was the mouth of the shaft. The Shape had crawled up on a ladder. It was no more than an ordinary front stairs to him.

I was ashamed to say how afraid I grew. The Shape answered my unspoken thought.

"There's ladies goes down every day. There's no danger, — not the least," he said.

"Ye wouldn't miss it, not for any thing."

The bucket came up. It was swung off to one side of the trap-door. It was an extra-sized water-pail, with high sides, — sides coming up just above the knees of them who stood in it. It could hold just two, — no more. It was necessary to stand facing in a particular way to prevent its swinging round and round. By an iron hook from the centre of the handle it was suspended over the dark aperture. It was raised and lowered by the steam-engine.

"Ready?" said the Shape who stood with his hand on the engine.

"All ready," replied the Shape who stood with one hand on the edge of our bucket.

"Now, keep cool. Don't mind the bucket's swinging. The shaft ain't straight, and it will twist some. I'll be down there before you are. He'll let you down slow." And the friendly Shape vanished in the gloom.

It was odd how much it felt like being lowered by the hair of one's head, the going down in that bucket. It is odd how very little consciousness one has of any thing solid under one's feet, standing in such buckets under such circumstances. It is odder still what a comfort there is in a bit of lighted candle in this sort of place. All that the candle showed me was the slanting wooden wall, against which we bumped with great force every now and then. Why the sight of this should have been reassuring it is impossible to tell; but, during the hour — three minutes long — which we passed in that descending, swinging, twisting, bumping bucket I fixed my eyes on that candle-flame as earnestly as if it had been a light-house, and I a sailor steering to shore by its guidance.

"All right, ma'am. You didn't mind it much, did you?" came suddenly from the darkness, and a pair of strong hands laid violent hold on the bucket edge, and, resting it firm on a wet and stony ground, helped us out. This was the nethermost gallery of the mine. We were five hundred feet down in the earth and there were five galleries above our heads. We followed the friendly Shape over rocks, piles of ore, past mouths of pits, and through dripping water, to the end of the gallery, where we found a party of miners drilling and picking. Here and there we saw long, glistening veins of the precious ore in the walls over head. It seemed to run capriciously, branching now to right, now to left. Here and there we came to dark openings in the walls, through which our guide would call to men at work above us. Their voices reverberated in the heavy gloom and sounded preternaturally loud.

The place grew more and more weird and awesome at every step. The faces of the miners we met seemed to grow more and more unhuman, less and less friendly. I was glad when we began to retrace our steps; and the bucket, swinging in mid-air, looked like a welcome escape, a comforting link between us and the outer world. Whether bucket, shaft, steam-engine, or we were in fault I do not know; but the upward journey was a terrible one. The bucket swung violently,—almost round and round; our clothes had not been carefully secured, and they were caught between the bucket and the shaft-sides and wrenched and twisted; and, to add to the horror, our candle went out. No words were spoken in that bucket during those minutes; they were minutes not to be forgotten. Still the guide was right: we would not "have missed it for any thing."

When we offered our guide money, he said: "No, thank you. I don't take any money for myself; but, if you'll read that notice,"—pointing to a written paper on the office wall,—"perhaps you'll give us something for our reading-room." This paper stated that the miners were trying to collect money enough to build a small room, where they might have books and papers and perhaps now and then a lecture. They had subscribed among themselves nearly three hundred dollars.

"You see," said our guide, "if we had some such place as that, then the boys wouldn't go down to the town evenings and Sundays and get drunk. When a fellow's worked in a mine all day he's got to have something."

How the thought struck home to our hearts at that minute. We had been in that airless, sunless cavern only one short half hour; yet the blue sky, the light, the breeze, the space already seemed to us unreal. We were dazzled, bewildered. What must be the effect of weeks and months and years of such life?

"Indeed, we will give you all the help we can," we said; "and, what is more, we will ask everybody we know to send you some papers or books."

Here is the guide's address:

HENRY F. LAMPSHIRE,
Foreman of the "Terrible Mine,"
Georgetown,
Colorado.

From Georgetown down to Idaho at sunset is more beautiful even than from Idaho up to Georgetown of a morning.

Full speed; sunlight gone from the left-hand wall, broad gold bands of it on the right; now and then a rift or canyon opening suddenly to the west and letting in a full flood of light, making it sunny in a second, afternoon, when the second before it had been wellnigh sombre twilight and the second after it will be sombre twilight again; red, gray, and white clouds settling down in fleecy masses upon the snowy mountain towers of the gateway of the valley, — this is sunset between Georgetown and Idaho. And to us there came also a wayside greeting more beautiful than the clouds, bluer than the sky, and gladder than the sun, — only a flower, one flower! But it was the Rocky Mountain columbine, — peerless among columbines, wondrous among flowers. Waving at top of a stem two feet high, surrounded by buds full two inches and a half in diameter, the inner petals stainless white, the outer ones brilliant blue, a sheaf of golden-anthered stamens in the centre, — there it stood, pure, joyous, stately, regal. We gazed in speechless delight into its face. There was a certain solemnity in its beauty.

"That's the gladdest flower I ever saw," were the first words spoken, and the face of the man who said them glowed.

Oh! wondrous power of a fragile thing, born for a single day of a single summer! I think that the thing I shall longest remember and always most vividly see of that whole trip in the Colorado canyons will be that fearless, stainless, joyful, regnant blossom, and my friend's tribute of look, of tone, when he said, "The gladdest flower I ever saw."

BOWLDER CANYON.

CANYONS are known of their lovers. To their lovers they reveal themselves; to their lovers' eyes they are no more alike than fair women are alike in the eyes of their worshippers.

Also there is a right way to take a canyon, as there is to take a person. One must not be driven through,— no, not if a broad turnpike ran its whole length. Only by slow and humble toiling on foot can one see its beauties. Another is made for a swift and royal dash on wheels, or on horses' backs; as distinctly "set" to an allegro movement as was ever a joyous outburst of the soul of Beethoven or Mozart. Harmonies obey one law all Nature through, and when we learn and study Nature, as we study and love art, we shall know better how to "keep time" with her, and our voices will not be out of tune so often. We shall not pipe to her at high noon and expect her to dance, which is only a fantastic way of saying that, going out at midday to look at mountain ranges, we shall not pretend to know them; that we shall visit meadows of a morning, and not be seen driving eastward at sunset; and that, if we live in Colorado, we shall take our canyons right end foremost and be absolutely certain which way they were meant to be read.

The more canyons one sees, the more this truth sinks into one's heart, the more vividly one realizes the intense individuality of each canyon. Carried blindfold into any one of them and set down midway, one knowing them could never mistake or be in doubt. But it is hard to find words in which these differences shall be distinctly set forth, harder even than it is to tell just how one human voice differs from another; yet who ever mistook a voice he knew?

Bowlder Canyon is one of the "allegro" movements. It is sixteen miles long and one should ride swiftly down it,—race, as it were, with the creek, which has never yet drawn a long breath since first it plunged into the gorge. To see Bowlder Canyon aright, therefore, one must enter it from the Nederlands Meadows, at its upper mouth; and to reach the Nederlands Meadows from Denver one must go by rail up the Clear Creek Canyon (hardly less beautiful than Bowlder Canyon itself) and drive across from Central City to Nederlands. The road lies through tracts of pines and over great ridges, grand in their loneliness. From every ridge is a new view of the "Snowy Range," to the west and north. In strong sunlight and shadow these myriads of snow-peaks, relieved against the blue sky, are of such brilliant and changing colors that it must be a very dull soul indeed that could look on them without thinking of many-colored jewels. On the day that I saw this view, James's Peak was covered with snow and stood in full light. Its sharp pyramidal lines looked as fine cut and hard as if the mountain had but just been hewn from alabaster. A little to the north, Long's Peak, which is cleft into two peaks, was half in shadow and half in sun. The peak in the shadow was as dark a blue as blue can be and not be black; and the peak in the sun was distinctly and wholly pink,—a rosy pink, with an opaline quality in the tint. The mountain did not look like a mountain. The colors were so intense that the line where they joined was as plainly marked to our sight as if it had been on a map in our hands; but the mountain was twenty miles away.

Midway between Central City and Nederlands is a settlement, called Rawlinsville, which ought to be called Oasis Town. Between two bare and brown hill-ridges, a bit of meadow New England might own, and an amber and white trout-stream foaming through it. The meadow seemed fairly to be bursting into blade and leaf as we drove in, so wondrous and so surprising green was it. A dusty brown road on its edge leads westward up the green vista. A gate shuts it off from the highway. It is the road into Colorado's beautiful mountain valley, the Middle Park. From Rawlins to Nederlands only ridges and hills and their connecting and interlocking spurs, pines, and firs, and everywhere loneliness and silence. "In" the mountains is a phrase we have come to use carelessly when we mean among them. But it is a significant thing that we say "in" and do not say "among." Among the Rocky Mountains it is especially significant. Hour by hour one sinks and rises and climbs and descends in labyrinths of wedged hills. Each hour you are hemmed in by a new circle of peaks, among which no visible outlet appears; and each hour you escape, mount to a new level, and are again circled by a different and more glorious horizon. You come to feel that you yourself are, as it were, a member of the mountain race; the sky is the family roof, and you and they are at home together under it. This it is to be "*in* the mountains."

Nederlands is a dismal little mining town, — only a handful of small houses and smelting mills. Bowlder Creek comes dashing through it, foaming white to the very edge of the grimy street, reclaiming the land from dust and stones and making it soft and green for many an acre. As you drive eastward down this meadow, following but never overtaking the creek, the mouth of Bowlder Canyon stands full in sight. Its gray stone walls rise up, fortresslike, from the meadow-sward, — the left-hand wall bare and gray; the right-hand one thick set with firs from base to top. It is a picture of vivid contrasts, — the green meadow, with ranks upon ranks of yellow and red willow bushes making belts of bright color upon it; between the yellows and reds, gleams of white foam flashing; and beyond, the high buttress fronts of the canyon mouth, adorned with evergreens, as for a triumph. One step past this gate and you are in a second meadow. A tiny spot, but green as the other, walled to the sky with gray stone and fir trees, dainty and soft under foot, lighted by the flashing water and gay with flowers. Here spreads a gigantic cedar tree, broad like a banyan, with gnarled roots, that make seats, and low boughs, that make a good roof, as who should know better than we who sat composedly lunching under them while a shower of rain rattled away over our heads and did not wet us. It gathered blacker and blacker, however, and the canyon darkened fast, as a little room darkens when candles burn down. There is none too much light at best in a narrow, rift between rocks which are hundreds of feet high. When its strip of sky canopy turns black as ink and rain falls in white sheets, filling it in, day seems day no longer. Ahead of the storm, we dashed down the canyon. Looking back, we could see it following us in a strange mist wall, which advanced as solid-fronted and steady and swift as an army. The noises of battle were not wanting either, for the wind roared and shrieked, the trees gave out great sobbing sounds as they bent in the gale, and overhead the thunder crashed and echoed, sharp lightning leaped from side to side, seeming a fiery network over our heads. It was grand; but it was not safe, and we were glad to scramble, all dripping, into a deserted log cabin. The rain came into the open chimney-hole in the roof and fell in pitiless satire on the blackened hearthstone, where no fire could be. But the old bunks were dry; and on the edges of these we sat and peered out into the canyon. What a very carnival of waters it was! The creek leaped and danced as if it were mad with joy, flinging itself upward to meet the torrents of rain half way. All the green things leaped and danced also, swaying their supple bodies in rhythmic time to the tempest. The fir-trees seemed as lithe as the blades of grass, and the buttercups and daisies bowed down to the ground and up to their full height — down and up and down and up — and never a stem of them all broke in this storm, in which it was not safe for us to be out. So much stronger are the weak things of the earth than the mighty.

In the thickest of the storm an old man came slowly sauntering up the road. Long, white beard dripping with water; old leather trowsers running with water; old battered hat streaming water, as if it were a pail he had just put on, full of water, — he looked as if he might have had something to do with the storm. Seeing us, he entered the cabin, and, with a reticent nod, sat down on the three-legged chair. It was to see us that he came in; by no means to escape the storm. Yet he seemed in no wise disposed to talk. What use he did make of us, he knows, no doubt; it was not apparent. His steady, reflective gaze was embarrassing. He owned the little log cabin we had noticed at the entrance of the canyon. It stood in a clump of fir-trees, on a high bank a few rods from the creek. The vegetable garden looked flourishing, and we had said as we passed, "That is a spot where a king might spend the summer and raise his own peas." The king was before us. His last kingdom had been in Wisconsin, and he was "a-fixin' up this place to bring his family out in the fall. Didn't know as they'd like it. Calk'lated they'd think 'twas kind o' lonesome."

Long before we could see that the storm had lessened by a drop, he remarked that the "rain wuz about done," shouldered his heavy axe, picked up his flask bottle, and, with the same indirect nod with which he had sauntered in, sauntered out again and strolled away. He looked more actual and human out in the rain than he had in the cabin.

He was right. The rain was "about done." In the twinkling of an eye the clouds broke away, the blue sky shone out, the sun blazed in on the wet tree-tops and turned every leaf, every pine-needle, to a fretwork of diamonds. A bird, whose voice seemed to fall from the very sky, called out, "Tweep!" "Tweep!" in a fine, high note, like the first violin notes before an orchestra begins to play; and after him other birds sang out, and the joint symphony of sight and sound burst into its fullest.

Still twelve miles down the canyon, and this is the way they ran, — if I tell it breathless, it is because I try to tell it true, and if I could tell it really true, the words would leap and break into foam like the creek, —this is the way the miles ran : —

Now between walls made of piled bowlders, piled as if storms had hurled them where they hung, — bowlders poised, and bowlders wedged, and bowlders half welded together; with great fir-trees crowded in among them, shooting out of crevices like spears thrust through from underneath ; clasping gnarled roots like anchors round edges of precipices.

Now a high pyramid of rock, only a few rods ahead, walled the way, and we said, "Where do we and the creek go? Surely, to the left." No; to the right, and under rather than around the rock. Like a huge sounding-board, it ran out above our heads, its seams like rafters and its rifts like groined archways, mossy with age and now shining with the dripping water. We and our carriage and our horses could have been safely housed under it, with room to spare.

Round this, sharply to the left, and another just such wall juts out on the right; and between the two we cross the foaming creek on a narrow bridge.

Fir-trees high up on the sides; fir-trees walling the topmost edge; fir-trees standing with their roots in the water; fir-trees bent out across the stream, as if they had sought to clasp hands,— the air itself seemed of a verdurous color, from their masses of solemn dark green.

Now through wider spaces, where one or other of the walls recedes, and the broader slopes are green as meadows. Now through narrow passes, where the walls are straight hewn, and the narrow strip of sky overhead is like a blue line drawn on gray, so closely the rocks approach each other. In these rock-walls are ravines, packed full of fir-trees. They look only like fissures filled with bushes. Mid-way up these rock-walls are jutting projections which look like mere ledges. They are broad plateaus on which forests grow.

Meantime the creek never slackens. Amber and white and black in the arrested spaces, it whirls under the bridges and round the corners, doubles on itself, leaps over and high above a hundred rocks in a rod, breaks into sheafs and showers of spray, foams and shines and twinkles and glistens; and if there be any other thing which water at its swiftest and sunniest can do, that it does also, even to jumping rope with rainbows.

And I must not forget that there are gardens all the way down. In the bends of the creek, round the butments of the bridges, in sheltered nooks under the overhanging rocks, wherever there can be a few feet of ground, there spring all manner of flowers, — white spiræas and pink roses and blue larkspur, and masses of yellow for setting.

Sixteen miles, such miles as these, and never once the creek slackens! Said I not well that it was an allegro movement? And is one not to be forgiven who tells it breathlessly, with the marvellous Colorado air quickening his veins?

Suddenly, at the last, while the canyon walls are still high and the creek still foams, the road turns a corner, and lo! there lie the plains in full sight, — a belt of serene, dark, unfathomable blue. In a few moments you come out upon a foothill, and under a dome of sky which seems immeasurably wide after the narrow line which roofed the canyon.

Here lies the little town of Bowlder, at the mouth of the pass. It is fast growing rich and big by the outcoming and ingoing from the mining region. But I hold the Bowlder people lucky, not in that gold and silver are brought down into their streets every day, but that they can walk of an afternoon up into Bowlder Canyon.

THE CRADLE OF PEACE.

ONLY half of this name is my own. I wish I could honestly claim the whole; but the sweetest word in it was the thought of the man who had known and loved the spot years before I saw it. I, coming later and perhaps more tired, saw that the air of the land was peace; but all honor to him who first saw and said that it lay in the shape of a cradle. Men going before had called it a park; and one who for some years fed herds on its meadows, had given it his own name, "Bergun." By this name alone it will be found recorded in the books which guide travellers; but much I mistake if any traveller, having once slept and waked in it, will from that day call it by any other name than ours, — "The Cradle of Peace."

A giant cradle, indeed, — nine miles long and three wide; Pike's Peak for its foot and a range of battlemented mountains for its head; lying, as it should, due north and south, with high sides sloping up to the east and up to the west to meet the gracious canopy of sky.

In the old, mysterious days of which men think they know, when every thing was something quite different from what it is to-day, all these Rocky Mountain parks were lakes, it is said.

Looking down on and into the Cradle of Peace from the high hills of its sides, one easily believes this, but says to himself that the beauty of the primeval lake was only the beauty of a promise. To-day is the fulfilment. They are born by the baptism of water, — this meadow, these grassy slopes, these pine forests; it was that they might be, that the lake was set and ebbed away.

All that is left of it now is a tiny, nameless creek, which zigzags along in the meadow-bottom, revealed by the very willows and alders it has lifted to hide itself; revealed also by the bright green of the rich growths on either hand; just water enough in the creek to make the cradle safe and prosperous for a home; just green enough in the meadow strip to light up the soft brown and yellow slopes above, and the dark pines still further above, into an enchanting picture. This is what the ancient lake does for the park to-day, giving it a secret of vitality and an inherited fairness, as does some unknown and unthanked old ancestor far back in the line of a noble house.

I rested three days in the Cradle of Peace. Each moment of each day was brimful of delights to sense and soul; each hour has left me a vivid picture, yet words come slow as I seek to set those pictures in frames of speech. Only he who sees can ever know how surpassingly beautiful is this mountain-walled, pine-walled valley, swung in the air.

On its western side the slopes rise gently to the forest-line. They are grass-grown, — chiefly with the "tuft-grass," which is in July silvery white, and curled in thick mats at the base, with a few slender, brown stalks rising three or four inches high. This gives to the whole surface a uniform tint of indescribable softness, as if a miraculous hoar-frost had fallen, of a pale, brownish-yellow. Sometimes these slopes are broken abruptly by sandy cliffs, — their fronts bright red, of the red sandstone color, and their lines curving as only water-worn cliffs can curve. Looking down the whole length of the park, the forest-line on these western slopes seems nearly straight and unbroken. Driving along it, one finds that it is a series of promontories of pines, making out into the smooth, grassy level; or, perhaps one ought the rather to say, remembering the days of the ancient lake, that the smooth, grassy level makes up in inlets into the forest. Be it called inlet of smooth, grassy surface, or promontory of pine, inlet and promontory together make, along the whole western side of the park, a succession of sunny-centred, pine-shadowed, miniature half-parks of wonderful beauty. They round into the forest-like coves, they open out on the great park like mouths of rivers. After all, is it the spell of the ancient lake, that the water must still lend all the shapes whose names will fit to the shapes of these nooks in the western forest-edge of the Cradle of Peace? Some of them, as I said, are narrow, and round into the forest like coves; some of them are acres broad, and have in their centres a thread of brook, tinkling slowly down under a green meadow cover to the creek below. In some of them stand, lonely, bare, inexplicable, great rocks of red sandstone, grooved and rounded and hollowed and smoothed, poised one above another, as if only yesterday the waves had lodged them there; or standing erect, solitary, like single pillars of temples swept away. Nothing could be more weird than these huge, strange-shaped rocks, standing isolated in the pine forests; not a small stone, not a tiny pebble at their base, — only the smooth, grassy spaces and the silent forest about them. No ruin I have ever seen of cities of men's building seemed so solemn, so mysterious, so significant of centuries. On the eastern side of the park, the grassy slopes are very soon broken up into hills. First low, rounding foothills, whose lines are only undulations; next higher hills and steeper, but still gentle of curve, and linked each to each by soft, grass-grown hollows: lastly sharp, rocky peaks, separated by deep and difficult ravines. Over all these hills and to the top of the highest peaks grow the same stately pines which make the forest-walls of the western side of the park. The ground is covered many layers thick with the pine-needles, and in a sunny forenoon the air is almost overpoweringly spicy with the pine fragrance. Rambling south or north, one goes from hill-top to hill-top through a succession of dells, no two dells alike and each dell hard to leave; some sudden, narrow, with sides so straight that one might slip swiftly to the bottom and lie as in a hammock; some broader and more open, but still with sides so straight that, climbing up them, one sees the blue sky brought into a marvellously close horizon-line on the upper edge; some filled full of young, waving pines; some with a narrow, water-worn gully in the centre, where water runs in spring, and in summer bloom white spiræas, blue and purple penstemons, harebells, crowfoot, and the huge white thistles, beloved of butterflies; some, almost the most beautiful of all, without either pines or flowers, only the soft, white yellow, and brown and white grasses, with here and there glossy green mats of kinnikinnick, — dainty, sturdy, indefatigable kinnikinnick. How shall kinnikinnick be told to them who know it not? To a New Englander it might be said that a whortleberry-bush changed its mind one day and decided to be a vine, with leaves as glossy as laurel, bells pink-striped and sweet like the arbutus, and berries in clusters and of scarlet instead of black. The Indians call it kinnikinnick, and smoke it in their pipes. White men call it bear-berry, I believe; and there is a Latin name for it, no doubt, in the books. But kinnikinnick is the best, — dainty, sturdy, indefatigable kinnikinnick, green and glossy all the year round, lovely at Christmas and lovely among flowers at midsummer, as content and thrifty on bare, rocky hillsides as in grassy nooks, growing in long, trailing wreaths, five feet long, or in tangled mats, five feet across, as the rock or the valley may need, and living bravely for many weeks without water, to make a house beautiful. I doubt if there be in the world a vine I should hold so precious, indoors and out.

Climbing a little higher, following one of the grassy hill-top lines, as it curves into the forest, you come here and there to small level opens, some so surrounded by pines that you see no vistas, no glimpses of the park, no distance, — only a grassy field, walled high with green and roofed with blue. Some, less shut in, from which you look off in all directions through vistas framed by yellow pine timbers, — now a vista of sky and cloud, now a distant mountain, now a bit of the shining meadow below. A step to right, to left, the vista is changed and the picture new. A forenoon flies like an hour in these sunny forest chambers, with new birds, new insects, new sounds, new sights on every hand. There is a locust in these woods who on the wing is yellow as a butterfly, on the ground is mottled brown and white, like a rattlesnake. His rattle is like castanets, and so loud that when he springs it suddenly under your feet you start as if you had stumbled over "bones" at a negro concert. There are golden-winged woodpeckers and black and white woodpeckers, and yellow birds, and orioles, and multitudes of sparrows; not singly and far apart, like the terrified survivors in civilized woods, but in numbers, at ease and unconcerned, at home in their wilderness. There are tiny sparrows, no larger than the rice-birds we see in cages. These fly in flocks and spend hours at a time in one tree. I watched a pine-tree full of them one morning. There must have been dozens; yet never was there even one still for one second. The tree itself seemed all a-flutter, — dusky backs, snowy breasts, green pine-needles, and yellow branches in a swift kaleidoscope of shifting shape and color.

Now and then a great hawk soars out noiselessly from a tree-top near by, and, circling a few times overhead, sinks back again into the pines, so close to you that you fancy you hear the branches open with a soft plash like waves. Squirrels dart back and forth, not even looking at you, and run races and fight fights in the branches of a fallen pine, almost within your hand's reach. When the yellow pine dies and stands still erect, it is a weird thing to see. It looks like a ship's mast, with huge grape-vine tangles fastened to it at right angles. If it falls, it looks still ghastlier, — like some giant lizard, its body stiffened straight in death and its myriad limbs convulsed and cramped in agony. My thoughts linger on these memories of the sounds and sights of those sunny out-door chambers, as my feet lingered, walking through them. But there are higher levels yet and an outlook to come; an outlook all the more beautiful, all the more thrilling, because you reach it by the way of the dells and the walled spaces and the near horizons of the wooded foot-hills.

Following the line of some tiny brook, which has ambushed in willows and alders, you will come up and out among the higher peaks, the deep ravines. It is hard scrambling, but well worth while. Each lift to a new ridge-line opens up more and more, until, standing finally on the third or fourth terrace level, you can look fairly over to the west and up to the north and down into the park. Now you see to perfection the sunny inlet spaces in the forest on the western slope, the tender outreaching promontories of pines, and the bright-tinted belts and winding lines of green crops in the meadow centre. Now you see the exquisite contour of the up-curving sides, east and west, and the majestic height of the mountains, north and south, which form the cradle.

You see also still further to the west, making a vivid break of light in the wilderness of dark pines, another park, higher than this and of not half its size. Few men have trod there, and no man may dwell in its sweet seclusion, for it has no water. Lonely and safe for ever it lies; its only mission to make a perpetual golden gleam in the picture from the upper eastern wall of the Cradle of Peace.

Midway in the forest rises a huge mountain of rock, of most marvellous shape. Turret, roof, wall, it stands a gigantic abbey, and the few pines which grow on its stony sides look merely like the ivy clinging to a ruin. It is a startlingly comic thing to be told that this mountain is called Sugar Loaf; but this is its name, and it is said that, seen from the south country, the shape makes the name true. To one seeing it only from the east this seems incredible, and casts the fable of the gold and silver shield into the shade.

The western horizon is broken by only one peak, which lies sharp cut as a pyramid against the sky. In the northwest and north rise some of the grand mountains of the central range, mighty, snow-topped, remote. The park, the beautiful cradle, seems but a hand's-breadth long, lying at the feet of these giants.

In the south, if it is sunset, — and only at sunset should dwellers in the Cradle of Peace climb its eastern wall, — Pike's Peak stands glowing. The north and northwestern side of this glorious mountain are its true face of beauty. Living to the eastward of it, no one knows its grandeur, no one feels its height. Smaller peaks crowding close about it divide and lessen its glory. Its northwestern line stretches along the sky in a steady, harmonious descent, from fifteen thousand feet to eight or ten. Miles and miles of mountain-tops welded into one long, grand spur and ending at last in a sudden lift, — a distinct and separated summit, as straight cut as a pryamid and sharper pointed. If it is sunset, — and, as I said, unless it be sunset come not, — you will see this long spur, welded, forged, fitted and piled of mountain masses, glowing in full light, while the park is in soft shadow. Its surfaces are many-sided, sharp-ridged, as if the very mountains had crystallized. The faces which turn west are opaline pink, the faces which turn east are dusky blue, and the pink and the blue change and shift and pale and brighten, until the sweet silence of the twilight seems marked into rhythms by the mere motions of color. It is a sight solemn as beautiful, and the absolute soundlessness of the great forest spaces makes the solemnity almost overawing. But as you go slowly down among the pines into the soft grassy hollows, the silence is broken by a sound subtler than stringed instrument, brook, or bird can give, — a sound more of kin to Nature, it always seems to me, than any one of Nature's own. It is the faint and distant tinkle of the bell-cow's bell. There is a home in the Cradle of Peace. Standing on one of the low foot-hills, you can look down on it, and see the brown and white herds hurrying toward it through the meadow.

It is a ranch of six cabins, — log cabins, bright brown outside and bright yellow in. One is the dairy, one is the house of the master of the ranch, one the home of his men, the other three are bedroom cabins, built solely for those coming from the world to rest in the Cradle of Peace. Their walls and their floors are of bare boards; their ceilings are of paper, nailed up with tacks. This is the record the realist will bring away. But the artist will only remember that, the boards of the walls being bright yellow pine and the clay in the chinks being red sandstone clay, the sides of his room were in alternate stripes of gold and red brown, a perpetual feast of color to his eye; that, the paper of the ceiling being of a soft blue gray, spaced into panels by narrow mouldings of the bright pellow pine, and tacked on here and there by silver-headed tacks, he lay half awake in his bed in the morning twilights, and gazed overhead with a dreamy notion that he was looking up at a starry sky through a yellow lattice-work roof. But realist and artist alike will remember the evenings around the cabin hearth, the light of the blazing pine-logs and the voice of the master of the ranch, — Rugby boy and Cambridge man, — telling how in his "longs" he used to hunt seals in the caves of the wild Hebrides.

Every day Colorado sees men with the blood and the love, the traditions and the culture, of Old England strong within them falling under the spell of her wildernesses and surrendering to her mountains. But I think she has won no truer allegiance, no more genuine enthusiasm, than those which bind and kindle the life and purpose in these cabins in the Cradle of Peace.

Beautiful Cradle of Peace! There are some spots on earth which seem to have a strong personality about them, — a charm and a spell far beyond any thing which mere material nature, however lovely, can exert; a charm which charms like the beauty of a human face, and a spell which lasts like the bond of a human relation. In such spots we can live alone without being lonely. We go away from them with the same sort of sorrow with which we part from friends, and we recall their looks with the yearning tenderness with which we look on the photographs of beloved absent faces.

Thus I left, thus I shall always recall, the beautiful Cradle of Peace.

A WINTER MORNING AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

TO the east and the south and the north great sunlit plains, bounded by a rounding wall of the furthest visible sky, — it might be by the Atlantic and the Arctic and the Antarctic seas, for aught the horizon line tells to the contrary; to the west a grand range of the Rocky Mountains, built up and up and up, —(first soft, dimpling, crowding foot-hills; then jagged, overlapping ridges; then sharp, glistening, snow-topped peaks, till the blue is touched fifteen thousand feet high in the air); fronting the mountains, making a little space of shining dots and lines on the sunlit plains, the baby town of Colorado Springs, the "Fountain Colony." It is the fourteenth day of December, winter, by the calendar. Winter, too, to the eye. Ice lies firm-frozen in the gutters, and even the low foot-hills are powdered with snow. The mercury registered only 14 degrees this morning at six o'clock, and we are wrapped in furs for our drive; but we are going in an open carriage, and our eyes must be sheltered from the blazing sun as much as if it were midsummer. Winter by the calendar, winter to the sight and touch; but winter which wooes and warms like June.

The horses bound and spring like frolicsome kittens. The electric air stirs their blood, as well as ours. Not until after long driving will they settle down to a steady trot.

We turn our backs on the sun. It is not yet eleven o'clock; but there is the feeling of noon in the air, and it is pleasanter driving west than east. The mountains look only a few steps away; but we shall have trotted steadily toward them for one good half-hour before we shall have reached the first of the foot-hills.

Across sandy bottoms, where silvery-gray cotton-wood trees mark the courses of small brooks, through the one street of poor, desolate, mistaken, discouraged "Colorado City," up gently climbing slopes, brown and gray and orange-tinted, and set here and there with sharp, serrated ledges of gleaming red sandstone, and we strike the line of the Fountain Creek, a dashing little amber brook, which has made brave way down the pass up which we are going. The road follows the creek, crosses it wherever it doubles, and crowds it close for room in narrow places.

Before we know that we have fairly left the plains, we find ourselves shut in by hills on either side, and in the very heart of Manitou. Manitou is a glen, a valley consisting chiefly of sides, a little fairy canyon, full of rocks and fir-trees, and the creek, and effervescing medicine springs. It holds also three hotels, a post-office, a store, a livery stable, and a few other houses. Here Grace Greenwood has built a dainty cottage, in a clematis tangle. Here Dr. Bell, an Englishman, well known in Colorado, has built a house of the pink and red stone, which blends so exquisitely with the landscape that it looks like a natural outgrowth of it. Here, ten years hence, will be dozens of villas, perched in little grassy spots on the ledges and rocky slopes. Already most of the building sites are sold, — and chiefly to Englishmen. To cross both an ocean and a continent for one's summer home seems a brave indifference to trouble.

But even this shining little nook does not keep us this morning. We dash through it, still side by side with the creek, following and crossing and recrossing it, and in five minutes Manitou is lost to us, as the plains were just back, and we are once more walled in on either side, — this time by higher, closer, and rockier walls. This is the real entrance of the Ute Pass. The road seems leading straight into a mountain of rock. A strange hollowed niche faces us; it looks like a gigantic portal, barred and double-barred. On the left, many feet below, runs the little amber-colored creek. No, it does not run; it skips, it threads its way, it is half in, half out of sight. Between ice and snow and huge bowlders, journeying is made hard for it this morning; but wherever it is clearly in sight it is still amber and yellow and limpid, and fine red and white pebbles gleam through it like mosaics. And wherever the ice veils it the effects are yet more fantastic. We have swung round the gigantic stone portal, and are fairly in the pass. On little grassy bits of soil and in crevices of the rock, high up above our heads, fir-trees grow at perilous slants. Gray, leafless cotton-wood trees and alders, graceful with dried brown catkins on every twig, grow on the edges of the creek below. We look down through their tops in some of the steepest places. On the summits of the walls, on both sides, are magnificent masses of red and yellow and brown rock, shaped like castles, like monuments, like ruins; some most curiously mottled with black lines or vivid green lichens. But we cannot remember to look up. The creek rivets our eyes. Surely never before of a warm and sunny morning were such ice fantasies to be seen and heard. We jump from the carriage. The horses toil up the steep road. We turn from all the grandeur of the pass, and walk with downward-bent eyes, looking into a weird and shining realm. How shall they be told, the marvellous things which water and ice and sunshine are doing in the bed of the Fountain Creek on this June day of December! Ice bridges; ice arches; ice veils over little falls; rippled water-lines frozen into ice films; ice sheaths on roots and twigs; ice canopies on shelving places, with fringing rows of ice-drops rounded and tapered like bells; ice shields, round and wrought in daintier patterns than Damascus ever drew; ice colonnades, three floors deep, the stalactites all tapering to the top like masts, and the sunlight making rainbow bars on the lowest floor, — these are a few of the shapes and semblances to which words can give names.

Then there were, in wider places of the brook, round capes of ice, making out into the amber water. These were scolloped on the outer edges, wonderfully like the shell-shaped fungi which grow on old trees. They were full of fine lines, following always the scollop of the outer edge, like the lines on the fungi. Sometimes there were three layers of these exquisite ice shells, all transparent, all mottled, and lined with infinite intricacy of design, and the water gliding above, below, between them, breaking now and then on their edges suddenly like a wave, — the tidal record of some other wave far up the pass.

These tidal waves made their most exquisite record on the thinner ice edges of some limpid pools further up the creek. Here they pulsed in and out with a rhythmic motion, and as each withdrawal left the ice rim perfectly transparent, the swift sunlight struck it, marking the outer edge with fine pencilled lines of flashing silver. As regular as the strokes of a metronome, and seeming almost to keep time for the melody of the bubbling water, they came and went, and came and went; amber, silver, amber, silver. No doubt there was a liquid syllable of sound to each individual curve, and there were ears finer than ours which could hear it, — the cony and the fox, perhaps, for they had been there before us. Their weird little, pattering foot-prints were all about on the snow: disappearing at entrances of rock crevices or under fallen logs, crossing and re-crossing on the ice bridges, which looked too frail to bear even a cony's weight.

But conies are said to be a fearless folk: and well they may be who dwell in impregnable homes in the walls of the Ute Pass. There was also one tiny track of a bird. Barely a third of an inch long the foot-prints were, but as firmly defined on the feathery snow as if a pencil had drawn them but the moment before. The little creature had evidently gone to the very edge of the ice to drink. There it had slipped, and, struggling to regain a foothold, had made a tiny trampling. We dipped our drinking-cup at the same spot and drank to the health of the unknown guest before us. Magpie? blue jay? A happy new year to you! And a happy year they have of it, in these cedars and firs, with spicy juniper berries for the picking. They flit about on all the roads, as familiarly and as commonly as robins in May. The blue jay has a fine crest on his head, and is of such a brilliant and shimmering blue, when the sun strikes him, that he looks like a bit of sky tumbled down and floating about. As for the magpie, he is so vivid a black and white that he lights up a pine-tree almost as well as an oriole can.

Now we have reached the main fall of the creek. No cony or fox has crossed here. Even the tiniest bird's footfall would have dislodged this thin-fringed ice and snow canopy which overhangs the fall. It sways from side to side and undulates, and we look momently to see it fall; but it does not. There must be ice pillars beneath it, which we cannot see. Exactly in the centre, reaching almost down to the rushing water, hangs one pendant globule, pear-shaped, flashing like a diamond in the sun. "The solitaire of all the world!" said we; "and presently it shall be dissolved and swallowed in a foaming draught." "And who sits at the banquet?" "The name of the queen is Nature, and he who loves is emperor always."

These things we said, because when to midwinter at six thousand feet above the sea is added the sun of June the heads and hearts of men grow gay as by wine.

Then we crept out to the edge of a sharp rock, and there in the warm sun we sat, looking down into the huge crystal bowl into which the water had been pouring and foaming and freezing, until the frozen foam reached up half way to the top of the fall. A glorious crystal beaker it was,—solid white snow at bottom, granulated frost-work up the sides, and trestlework of stalactites around and below it, and every moment the foaming silver was building it higher and higher.

But noon is near, and the seven homeward miles will seem long. In a peculiarly narrow bend of the road, where the hind wheels graze the rock wall and our horses' heads look off over the precipice, we turn. We are not half through the pass For five miles more the road and the creek crowd up into the heart of the mountains; but we count those miles as misers count gains to come. Millionaires that we are, we have yet whole months of winter mornings ahead.

Now, as we descend, we see the full grandeur of the pass. Across its opening, to the southwest, stand the mighty mountains. Pike's Peak, fifteen thousand feet high, and Cameron's Cone, only a little lower, are in full sight, and it seems that the only way out must lie through the sky over their tops. With every turn we make new mountains rise across our path and the walls on our right hand and our left seem wilder and more abrupt. Then of a sudden we swing out into the open peace and sunshine of lovely Manitou again, and home over the plains, seven miles to the hour, the June sun burning our faces and the December snow dazzling our eyes. And this is midwinter in Colorado.

GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS.

THE Arkansas River at Pueblo is a very languid stream. It goes zig-zagging along as dilatorily as a boy goes to school of a May morning. In and out, among and around gravelly sand-bars and long narrow strips of islands, plumy with cotton-woods, its twisting and untwisting threads of water seem hardly to make a respectable river. But as soon as you set your face westward and follow up the way it has come down, you find that it is not an aimless, characterless wanderer, after all. A narrow-gauge railroad (the Denver and Rio Grande) creeps up on its left side, and is very soon pressed for room. The banks become vertical walls, and in many places rise almost sheer from the water. As the river curves, so must the railroad, and the bends are sharp. Often the engine and the first car are in full view to the right or the left from the rear car. The river is swift and muddy. Boiling chocolate, with the cream frothing on the top, is like it. Old snags, gray and weather-beaten, come sailing past. Now and then, an uprooted tree drifts by, head down, with the roots tossing like arms reaching for help. The high banks are of yellow sandstone, limestone, and clay. The rocks are strangely rounded out, like turrets and bastions. Sometimes they seemed to be piled up in thin layers; sometimes they look like solid hewn stone from base to top. The clay or sand slopes are dotted with low pine-trees, but the trees are never so thick as to shut out the pallid yellow-gray tint of the clay or rock on which they stand. It is an ugly color and in a strong sunlight makes a glare as unpleasant to the eye as that from a white surface; and much more irritating to the nerves, because, the color being so dull, it has no business to glare and you cannot understand how it manages to do it. Nevertheless, the panorama of the river is a beautiful one as it unfolds mile after mile. It is rimmed with cotton-woods and willows. Wherever it widens it has little islands also green with cotton-woods and willows, and here and there are picturesque yellow log cabins surrounded by meadow fields. The bluffs look like long lines of fortifications, sometimes falling into ruin; sometimes as clean cut and complete in arch, doorway, embrasure, and turret as if they but waited for guns. As the valley opens wider, the vista to the west is longer, and mountain range after mountain range comes into sight, rising like walls across the pathway of the river, which sweeps ahead in curves, like a huge, shining sickle, reaping the meadow. The cotton-wood trees are a great beauty in the picture. The cotton-wood is among the trees what the mocking-bird is among birds. It can take any shape it likes and deceive your eye, as the mocking-bird deceives your ear. Only its color betrays it. That is a light, brilliant green, almost transparent in the spring. On the Atlantic seaboard there is no tree tint to compare with it, unless it be the tint of a young white birch in early June, when it stands between you and the sun. The effect of thick rounded masses of this vivid green, as seen against red sandstone or granitic rocks, or thrown up by the pale olive gray of the Colorado plains, cannot be described, and if it were faithfully rendered in a painting would be thought crude or impossible. And when one sees this plumy green arrayed on the forms of slender, drooping elms, stiff, straight poplars, swaying birches, round-topped sugar-maples, fantastic sycamores, and even old gnarled and twisted apple-trees, it is bewildering. Yet all these may be seen in capriciously blended groups in the valley of the Arkansas River, between Pueblo and Canyon City. Canyon City is a small village lying just at the mouth of Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. You reach it, if you have come by rail, just at sunset and in the sunset light it is picturesque. It has a background to the west and north of mountains, which will be purple at that hour and cast soft dark shadows far beyond the village, out over the river valley. Next morning you look out on a scene so changed that it seems like enchantment. The gold has literally turned to ashes, for the whole region is of a pallid gray. The soil is adobe, cracked and seamed and printed with the mark of each wheel, each foot, which went over it in the last wet days when it was mud. The mountains are comparatively bare and rocky, and the foot-hills present a succession of oval fronts, all of pale gray limestone or adobe clay. The penitentiary, also of gray stone, stands conspicuously in sight. The convicts, in queer tights, with alternate black and white stripes going round them from chin to ankles — legs, arms, body all alike — are running to and fro, wheeling barrows full of gray stone or digging gray stone out of the gray foot-hills. They look like zebras, or imps in an opera. The sun streams full from the east on the bare gray foot-hills and pale adobe clay, and is reflected sharply back from the mountain wall, without a softening shadow or break to the pallid glare. I have seldom seen any thing more hopelessly ugly than Canyon City of a hot morning. Yet it is something to be picturesque and beautiful once in every twenty-four hours, and of that Canyon City may boast. Moreover, to be just to the little town, it has a wide-awake look and is growing fast. The shops are good and there are three hotels. all of which are tolerable. No doubt, in a few years it will be largely known as a resort for invalids, for the winter climate is a very pleasant one, — much warmer and milder than that of Colorado Springs, and, therefore, better for many consumptives. Moreover, there are bubbling up in the limestone rocks at the mouth of the Grand Canyon several nauseous hot springs, variously medicated, and the class of people who will drink this sort of water is a large and nomadic one.

The drive from Canyon City to the top of the Grand Canyon is a ten-miles climb up-hill. You do well if you make it in three hours. The road winds among low hills, round, pointed, conical, barren except for the cactuses and piñon trees.

The road is red. The hills are red, with here and there a cropping out of yellow limestone. For a mile or two, the road follows the course of what is called, with a dismal literalness, "Sand Creek." A creek of sand it is, indeed. Now and then, for a few rods, a darkened line of moisture or perhaps a threadlike glimmer of water; but for the rest only a ghastly and furrowed channel, dry as a desert. "In the spring it is full, I suppose," I said, forgetting that it was a spring morning then. The driver looked at me with mild wonder. "Never see it higher 'n 'tis now," he replied. "Dunno what they call 't a creek for, anyhow." But a creek it must have been at some time. The Arkansas River is shallower to-day by reason of loss of its water. Its bed is full of water-worn pebbles, and its banks are hollowed out and terraced as nothing can hollow and terrace except that master builder and destroyer, water.

Three miles from the canyon we stopped to buy milk at a little ranch which we had named in our hearts the year before "Lone Woman's Ranch." We had found living there an elderly woman, whose husband had just died. She had buried him on a low hill a rod or two from the house. The grave was surrounded by a high paling made of split cedar logs. The little house was comfortable, built of adobe bricks, and stood in a sunny and sheltered nook. The farm was a good one, she said, and there were a hundred and sixty acres of land; but it was a sad outlook for her, the undertaking to work it herself. We had often thought of her, and wondered now, as we drove up to the gate, if we should find her living there still. She was there, and with her a daughter and grandchild. The lonely year of hard work had told on her face, and she was gladder than ever of a few moments' chat, even with strangers. Every thing looked as neat and well-kept as before; nothing had changed except the woman's face, which had grown thin and dark, and the cedar palings around the grave, which had grown white and glistening. As we drove away, she called after us: "I hope you'll enjoy yourselves; but it's a dreadful ugly place up there. At least, I couldn't never see any thing pretty in it."

She was right. There is nothing "pretty" about the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. From the moment when you first reach the top of the grand amphitheatre-like plateau in which the rift was made, until the moment in which you stand on the very edge of the chasm and look dizzily over and down, there is but one thought, but one sense,—the thought of wonder, the sense of awe. The uncultured mind to-day is but one remove from the savage mind in its feeling when confronted with nature at her grandest. I do not know what Indians inhabited the region of the Arkansas River a half century ago; but I would hazard the statement that they held many an unhallowed rite on the edge of this abyss and believed that the bad Spirit lived in it. The superstition is shorn of its strength and definiteness to-day, but lingers still in a vague antagonism to the spot,—a disposition to avoid it because it is not "pretty."

I said that the plateau in which the rift is made was amphitheatre-like. The phrase is at once a good and a bad one,—bad because it is hardly possible for the mind to conceive of the amphitheatre shape without a good deal of limitation in size. Do what we will, the Coliseum is apt to rise before us whenever we use the word amphitheatre. To picture to one's self an amphitheatre whose central space shall be measured by tens, twenties, and thirties of miles, shall be varied by meadow parks and the forests which enclose the parks, and whose circling tiers of seats shall be mountain ranges, rising higher and higher, until the highest, dazzling white with snow, seem to cleave the sky, rather than to rest against it, — this is not easy. Yet it is precisely such an amphitheatre as this that we are in as we approach the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. From every hill-summit that is gained the amphitheatre effect is more and more striking, until at last its tiers of mountain walls are in full view, — south, west, north, and east. Then it is that, walking along through the groves of piñon-trees and seeing so far and so clear in all ways, one wonders where can be the canyon. This is a broad mountain-top plateau. It seems as if one might journey across it in any direction one liked, and come sooner or later to the base of the horizon heights. Suddenly, going southward, one finds the trees scantier, wider apart, ceasing altogether. The stony ground becomes stonier and stonier, until only armed cactuses and thorny shrubs keep foot-hold in the confusion of rocks. Then, looking southward, one sees a few rods ahead a strange effect in the air. There is no precipice edge visible as yet; but the eye perceives that just beyond there is a break, and there against the sky looms up a wall whose base is out of sight. It is strangely near, yet far. Between it and the ground you stand on is a shimmer of inexplicable lights and reflections. This wall is the further wall of the Great Canyon. A few steps more and you look in. You have been already for some moments walking on ground which was only the surface of an outjutting promontory of the nearer wall. Twelve hundred feet below you roars the Arkansas River, pent up in a channel so narrow that it looks like a brook one might ford. On its narrow rims of bank there are lying sticks of wood which look like fine kindling wood. They are heavy railroad ties, floated down from the timber-lands in the mountains.

This point, which it has taken a ten miles' climb to reach, is only two miles from the mouth of the canyon. To one looking eastward through the mouth, the plains seem but a lower belt of sky, sky and plains together making a triangle of bars of dainty color, put up like a stile, as it were, from wall to wall of the canyon, or stretched like a curtain, or set like a band of gay tiles from eaves to eaves of a huge gable, the roof being the sky. There is no end to the fancies one has, looking at these distant triangles of sky, or of sky and plain, seen between the converging lines of canyon walls in this country of wonderful perspectives.

But this single outlook from and downlook into the canyon gives only a small idea of its grandeur. To comprehend it, one must toil slowly westward along its edge, climbing up and down to the upper and lower promontories of its walls. It is six or seven miles long and at every step its features change. Now the wall rises abruptly from the water, — so abruptly that it looks as if it might reach as many hundred feet below as above; and now it is broken into different slopes, as if slides upon slides had narrowed it below and widened it above. Now it is bare rock, lined and stained and furrowed, as if wrought by tools; now it is cleft from base to top, as if streams had leaped over and worn pathways for themselves. No doubt they did; for in these clefts are patches of solid green, — wild currants and gooseberries and spiræas and many a graceful green-leaved thing I did not know. The rocks are all granitic, the prevalent tint being red or gray, with sharp markings of black. Seen closer, they are a mosaic of lichens, — gray, black, light-yellowish green, and deep orange. They sparkle with mica, and have here and there glistening white pebbles of quartz set in their red surfaces, like snowy raisins in a crimson pudding. Again and again you come out upon points from which no river can be seen, so sharply do the walls turn and shut off the view both ways. The further west you go, the wilder and more terrible the abyss becomes, until the walls begin to slope down again to the western plain or park, through which the river has come. The wall on which you are walking seems sometimes to be nothing but a gigantic pile of separate bowlders. More than once I turned back shuddering from a rocky causeway in front of which the bowlders were so loosely poised that I could look down between them, through fantastic window after window, into the chasm below. Here and there among these toppling yet immovable bowlders stood an old piñon-tree, holding on to the rocks by its gnarled roots as by grappling-irons. About four miles up is a second canyon, some three or four hundred rods long, leading to the right, as if the river had tried first to break through there, but had found the mountain too strong. It is but a figure of ignorant speech, however, to say that the river broke through. The volcano went ahead and tunnelled its road. Water never makes violent way for itself; and whenever it does wear a channel through rock it works backward, as at Niagara. Standing on the edge of this great chasm and looking down to the narrow thread of foam at its bottom, one wonders that even the most ignorant mind could for a moment suppose that the water had cleaved the rock. It must have been a mighty throe of volcanic action which did it. A supreme moment to have seen, surely, if there had been any spot just then cool enough to stand on. The other day I saw a curious little thing, — a silver button which had burst into an irregular rose-shaped flower by the same process and by virtue of the same law. It was an odd thing to be reminded by a dainty silver rose lying in the palm of my hand of a vast rock-walled canyon, with a river rushing through it; yet I was, for a sudden cooling made them both. The little silver button is heated to a certain point, and in the process absorbs oxygen. The instant it is taken out of the oven and the cold air strikes it, the oxygen is violently expelled, and the silver shoots upward, falls apart, and stiffens in fantastic and irregular points, which are wonderfully petal-like in their arrangement. Yet they reminded me instantly of the outlines of many of the rock walls and ridges in Colorado. Perhaps, if one could go high enough and look down, one might see in the great mountain ranges a similar grouping, a petal-like centring, a Titanic efflorescence of a planet cooled suddenly at white heat.

It was late twilight when on our homeward way we stopped again for a moment at "Lonely Woman's Ranch." The cedar palings around the lonely grave glistened whiter in the struggling moonlight and the spot looked lonelier than it did in the morning. The woman was more profuse than ever in her voluble welcome. She asked eagerly if we had no friends who would like to buy her ranch. "One hundred and sixty acres for fifteen hundred dollars." It was "a good chance for anybody that wanted to come into this country to settle."

"You really want to sell it?" we said.

"Yes. I want to be nearer to town, for sake of schools," she said. And then, as if a little conscience-stricken at having given only a part of her reason, she added, with a touching pathos in her tone: "And it is so lonesome for me, too."

In the bushes behind the house an owl was hooting, "Twohoo! hoo! hoo!" and as we drove on both echoes blended strangely in our ears: —

"Twohoo! hoo! hoo!
Lonesome for me, too, too!"

OUR NEW ROAD.

WHAT a new singer or a new play is to the city man, a new road is to the man of the wilderness.

I fancy the parallel might be drawn out and amplified, much to the exaltation of the new road, if the man of the wilderness chose to boast, and if people were sensible enough to value pleasures as they do other fabrics, by their wear. It would be cruel, however, to make the city man discontented. Poor fellow! he is joined to his idols of stone, buried alive above them now, and soon he will be buried dead below them. Let him alone! It is no part of my purpose in this paper to enter the lists in defence of my joys, or to make an attack upon his. It is merely to describe our new road; and my pronoun "our" is by no means a narrow one, — it is a big plural, taking in some four thousand souls, all the dwellers in the town of Colorado Springs and its near neighborhood.

The "new road" is up and across Cheyenne Mountain. Cheyenne Mountain is the southernmost peak of the grand range which lies six miles west of our town. Only those who dwell at the feet of great mountain ranges know how like a wall they look, what sense of fortified security they give; people who come for a day, to gaze and pass by, or even people who stay and paint the hills' portraits, know very little. A mountain has as much personality as a man; you do not know one any more than you know the other until you have summered and wintered him. You love one, and are profoundly indifferent to another, just as it is with your feeling towards your neighbors; and it is often as hard to give good and sufficient reason for your preference in the one case as in the other. But no lover of Cheyenne was ever at loss to give reasons for his love. The mountain is so unique in its grandeur and dignity that one must be blind and stolid indeed not to feel its influence.

As I said, it is the southernmost peak of the range lying west of Colorado Springs. This is as if I said it is the southern bastion of our western wall. It is only two or three thousand feet above the town (the town, be it remembered, lies six thousand feet above the sea). Pike's Peak, a few miles farther north, in the same range, is nearly twice as high; so it is not by reason of height that Cheyenne is so grand. Pausing now, with my pen in my hand, I look out of my south window at its majestic front, and despair of being loyal to the truth I would like to tell of this mountain. Is it that its eastern outline, from the summit down to the plain, is one slow, steady, in-curving slope, broken only by two rises of dark timber-lands, which round like billows; and that this exquisite hollowing curve is for ever outlined against the southern sky? Is it that the heavily cut and jagged top joins this eastern slope at a sharp angle, and stretches away to the northwest in broken lines as rugged and strong as the eastern slope is graceful and harmonious; and that the two lines together make a perpetual, vast triangulation on the sky? Is it that when white clouds in our heavens at noon journey south, they always seem to catch on its eastern slope, and hang and flutter there, or nestle down in an island-like bank reaching half-way up the mountain? Is it that the dawn always strikes it some moments earlier than it reaches the rest of the range, turning it glowing red from plains to sky, like a great illumined cathedral? Is it that the setting sun also loves it, and flings back mysterious broken prisms of light on its furrowed western slopes, long after the other peaks are black and grim? Is it that it holds canyons where one can climb, among fir-trees and roses and clematis and columbine and blue-bells and ferns and mosses, to wild pools and cascades in which snow-fed brooks tumble and leap? These questions are only like the random answers of one suddenly hard pressed for the explanation of a mystery which has long since ceased to be a mystery to him, — ceased to be a mystery not because it has been fathomed, but because it has become familiar and dear. No lover of Cheyenne but will say that Cheyenne is better than all these; that no one of all these is quite truly and sufficiently told; and I myself in the telling feel like one stammering in a language but half learned, the great mountain all the while looking down on me in serene and compassionate silence. At this moment, it looks like a gigantic mountain of crystals, purple and white. Every smallest ridge slope fronting to the east or south is of a red purple, like the purple of a Catawba grape over-ripe; every smallest ridge slope to the north or west is white like the white of alabaster, and soft with the softness of snow. The plains are a clear, pale yellow, and the spot where the slope melts into the level, and the purple melts into the yellow, is a triumph of shape and color from which men who build and men who paint might well turn away sorrowful.

Knowing well, as I do, just where among these crystalline ridges our new road winds, I yet look up incredulous at the sharp precipices and ledges. But it is there, bless it! — our new uplifter, revealer, healer, nearer link of approach to a nearer sky! The workmen know it as the road over to Bear creek valley, and they think they have built it for purposes of traffic, and for bringing down railroad ties; it is a toll-road, and the toll-gatherer takes minute reckoning of all he can see passing his door. But I think there will always be a traffic which the workmen will not suspect, and a viewless company which will elude the toll-gatherer, on this new road of ours.

It was on one of our tropical midwinter days that I first climbed it. A mile southward from the town, then a sharp turn to the west, fronting the mountains as directly as if our road must be going to pierce their sides, across brooks where the ice was so thick that our horses' hoofs and our wheels crunched slowly through, up steep banks on which there were frozen glares of solid ice, and across open levels where the thin snow lay in a fine tracery around every separate grass-stalk, — one, two, three miles of this, and we were at the base of the mountain, and saw the new road, a faint brown track winding up the yellow slope and disappearing among the pines.

As we turned into the road, we saw, on our right, two ranch-men leaning, in the Sunday attitude, against a fence, and smoking. As we passed, one of them took his pipe from his mouth and said nonchalantly, "S'pose ye *know* this ere's a toll-road." The emphasis on the word "know" conveyed so much that we laughed in his face. Clever monosyllable, it stood for a whole paragraph.

"Oh, yes," we said, "we know it. It's worth fifty cents, isn't it, to get high up on Cheyenne Mountain?"

"Well, yes," he replied, reflectively, "'spose 'tis. It's a mighty good road, anyhow. Found blossom rock up there yesterday," he added, with the odd, furtive, gleaming expression which I have so often seen in the eyes of men who spoke of a possible or probable mine; "true blossom rock. The assayer, he was up, an he says it's the real mineral, no mistake," he continued, and there seemed a fine and unconscious scorn in the way he fingered the dingy and torn paper half dollar with which we had paid for the right to drive over what might be chambers of silver and gold.

"Blossom rock," I said, "why 'blossom'?" To call this particular surface mineral the flower of the silver root lying below, is a strange fancy, surely; it seems a needlessly poverty-stricken device for Nature's realms to borrow names from each other.

A few rods' steep climb, and we have left the foot-hill and are absolutely on the mountain. The road tacks as sharply as a ship in a gale; we are facing north instead of south, and are already on a ledge so high that we have a sense of looking over as well as of looking off. The plains have even now the pale pink flush which only distance gives, and our town, though it is only four miles away, looks already like a handful of yellow and white pebbles on a sand beach, so suddenly and so high are we lifted above it. We are not only on the mountain, we are among the rocks, — towering rocks of bright red sandstone, thick-grown in spaces with vivid yellow-green lichen. They are almost terrible, in spite of their beauty of color, — so high, so straight, so many-pointed are they. The curves of the road would seem to be more properly called loops, so narrow are they, so closely do they hug the sharp projections round which they turn and wind and turn and wind. One is tempted to say that the road has lassoed the mountain and caught it, like a conquered Titan, in a tangle of coils. At every inner angle of the curves is a wide turn-out, where we wait to give the horses breath, and to watch if there be any one coming down. Round the outer angles we go at a slow pace, praying that there may be no one just the other side. When we face northward, the mountain shuts off all sun and we are in cold shadow; the instant we double the outer point of the ridge and face southward, we are in full sunshine; thus we alternate from twilight to high noon, and from high noon to twilight, in a swift and bewildering succession. On our right, we look down into chasms bristling with sharp rocks and pointed tops of fir-trees; on our left the mountain-side rises, now abruptly like a wall, now in sloping tiers. After a mile of these steep ascents, we come out on a very promontory of precipices. Here we turn the flank of the mountain, and a great vista to the west and north opens up before us, peak rising above peak, with softer hills crowding in between; below us, canyon after canyon, ridge after ridge, a perfect net-work of ins and outs and ups and downs, and our little brown thread of a road swinging along at easy levels above it all. There is no more hard climbing. There are even down slopes on which the horses trot, in the shade of high pine-trees on either hand, now and then coming upon a spot where the ridge has widened sufficiently for the trees to dispose themselves in a more leisurely and assured fashion, like a lowland grove, instead of clinging at a slant on steep sides, as they are for the most part driven to do; now and then coming out on opens, where a canyon lies bare and yawning, like a great gash in the mountain's side, its slopes of fine red or yellow gravelly sand seeming to be in a perpetual slide from top to bottom, — only held in place by bowlders here and there, which stick out like grotesque heads of rivets with which the hill had been mended. Here we find the kinnikinnick in its perfection, enormous mats of it lying compact, glossy, green and claret-tinted, as if enamelled, on the yellow sand. Painters have thought it worth while to paint over and over again some rare face or spot whose beauty perpetually eluded their grasp and refused to be transferred to canvas. Why should I not be equally patient and loyal to this exquisite vine, of which I have again and again, and always vainly, tried to say what it is like, and how beautiful is the mantle it flings over bare and stony places?

Imagine that a garden-border of box should lay itself down and behave like a blackberry vine, — run, and scramble, and overlap, and send myriads of long tendrils out in all directions, — and you will have a picture of the shape, the set of the leaf, the thick matting of the branches, and the utter unrestrainedness of a root of kinnikinnick. Add to this the shine of the leaf of the myrtle, the green of green grass in June, and the claret-red of the blackberry vine in November, and you will have a picture of its lustrousness and its colors. The solid centres of the mats are green; the young tendrils run out more and more vivid red to their tips. In June it is fragrant with clusters of small pink and white bells, much like the huckleberry blossom. In December it is gay with berries as red as the berries of the holly. Neither midsummer heat nor midwinter cold can tarnish the sheen nor shrivel the fulness of its leaf. It has such vitality that no barrenness, no drought, deters it; in fact, it is more luxuriant on the bare, gravelly slopes of which I was just now speaking, than I have ever seen it elsewhere. Yet its roots seem to take slight hold of the soil. You may easily, by a little care in loosening the tendrils, pull up solid mats five to seven feet long. Fancy these at Christmas, in one's house. I look up, as I write, at one upon my own wall. It has a stem an inch in diameter, gnarled and twisted like an old cedar, — the delight of an artistic eye, the surprise and scorn of the Philistine, to whom it looks merely like fire-wood. From this gnarled bough bursts a great growth of luxuriant green branches, each branch claret-red at its tips and vivid green at its centre. It has hung as a crown of late dower over the head of my Beatrice Cenci for two months, and not a leaf has fallen. It will hang there unchanged until June, if I choose. This virtue is partly its own, partly the spell of the wonderful dryness of our Colorado air, in which all things do as Mrs. Stowe says New Englanders do when they are old, — "dry up a little and then last."

Still running westward along the north side of the mountain, the road follows the ridge lines of the huge, furrow-like canyons which cleave the mountain from its base to its summit. These make a series of triangles piercing the solid mass; and we zigzag up one side, round the sharp inner corner, and down the other side, then round the outer point, and then up and down just such another triangle, — and so on, for miles. The sight of these great gorges is grand: a thousand feet down to their bottom on the one hand, and a thousand feet up to their top on the other. Looking forward or back across them, we see the line of our road like a narrow ledge on the precipice; a carriage on it looks as if it had been let down by ropes from the top. Soon we come to great tracts of pines and firs, growing scantily at incredible angles on these steep slopes; many trees have been cut, and are lying about on the ground, as if giants had been playing jackstraws, and had gone away leaving their game unfinished. They call these trees "timber;" that is "corpse" for a tree. A reverent sadness always steals on my thoughts when I see a dead tree lying where the axe slew it. The road winds farther and farther into a labyrinth of mountain fastnesses; gradually these become clear to the eye, a certain order and system in their succession. The great Cheyenne Canyon stretches like a partially hewn pathway between the mountain we are on and the rest of the range lying to north of it. This northward wall is rocky, seamed, and furrowed; bare, water-worn cliffs, hundreds of feet high, alternate with intervals of pine forest, which look black and solid in the shade, but in full sunlight are seen to be sparse, so that even from the other side of the canyon you may watch every tree's double of black shadow thrown on the ground below, making a great rafter-work floor, as it were, from which the trees seem to rise like columns. Above this stretch away endless tiers of peaks and round hills, more than one can count, because at each step some of them sink out of sight and new ones crop up. Some are snow-topped; some have a dark, serrated line of firs over their summits; some look like mere masses of bowlders and crags, their upper lines standing clear out against the sky, like the jagged top of a ruined wall. On all the slopes leading down into the canyons are rows of pines, like besiegers climbing up; and on most of the upper connecting ridges lies a fine white line of snow, like a silver thread knitting peak to peak. From all the outer points of these gorges, as we look back to the east, we have exquisite glimpses of the plains, framed always in a triangle made by sloping canyon walls. I doubt if it would be possible to render one of these triangle pictures as we get them from between these intersecting and overlapping walls. A yucca plant, ten inches high, may happen to come into the near foreground, so that it helps to frame them; and yet their upper horizon line is miles and miles away. I have never seen so marvellous a blending of the far and the near as they give.

Still the road winds and winds, and the sense of remoteness grows stronger and stronger. The silence of the wilderness, what is there like it? The silence of the loneliest ruin is silence only because time has hushed the sounds with which the ruin was once alive. This is silence like that in which the world lay pregnant before time began.

Just as this grand, significant silence was beginning to make us silent, too, we came suddenly upon a little open where the wilderness was wilderness no longer. One man had tamed it. On our right hand stood his forge, on our left his house. Both forge and house were of a novel sort; nowhere but in the heart of the Rocky Mountains would they have been called by such names. The forge consisted of a small pine-tree, a slender post some four feet distant from it, a pile of stones and gravel, a log, and a pair of bellows. The house was perhaps eight feet high; the walls reached up one third that height: first, three logs, then, two planks; there the wall ended. One front post was a pine-tree, the other a rough cedar stump; from the ridgepole hung a sail-cloth roof which did not meet the walls; very airy must be the blacksmith's house on a cold night, in spite of the southeast winds being kept off by a huge bowlder twenty feet high. On one side stood an old dead cedar-tree with crooked arms, like some marine monster; one of the arms was the blacksmith's pantry, and there hung his dinners for a week or more, a big haunch of venison. A tomtit, not much larger than a humming-bird, was feasting on it by snatches. The tiny creature flew from the topmost branch of the tree down to the venison, took a bite, and was back again safe on the upper bough in far less time than I take to write his name; less than a second a trip he took, I think; never once did he pause for a second bite, never once rest on a lower branch: he fairly seemed to buzz in the air, so fast he flew up and down.

"So you board the tomtit, do you?" we said to the blacksmith, who stood near by, piling boughs on a big fire.

"Yes; he's so little I can afford to keep him," replied the blacksmith, with a quiet twinkle in his eye and the cheery tone of a good heart in his voice: "he jest about lives in that tree, an' there's generally suthin' there for him."

It was a spot to win a man's love, the spot the blacksmith had chosen for his temporary home, the little open had so sheltered and sheltering a look: to the south, east, north, mountain walls; to the west a vista, a suggestion of outlet, and a great friendliness of pine-trees. Two small brooks ran across the clearing. A thick line of bare, gray cotton-woods marked them now; in the summer they would be bowers of green, and the little bridges across them would be hid in thickets of foliage. The upper line of the southern mountain wall stood out against the sky in bold and fantastic shapes, endlessly suggestive. That rocks not hewn by men's hands should have such similitudes is marvellous. I have seen photographs of ruins in Edom and Palmyra which seem to be almost reproductions of these rocky summit outlines of some of our Colorado peaks.

A half-mile farther on we came upon the camp of the men who were building the road. "Camp" is an elastic word. In this case, it meant merely a small pine grove, two big fires, and some piles of blankets. Here the road ceased. As we halted, three dogs came bounding towards us, barking most furiously. One of them stopped suddenly, gave one searching look at me, put her tail between her legs, and with a pitiful yelp of terror turned and fled. I walked slowly after her; she would look back over her shoulder, turn, make one or two lunges at me, barking shrilly, then with the same yelp of terror run swiftly away; at last she grew brave enough to keep her face toward me, but continually backed away, alternating her bark of defiance with her yelp of terror in a way which was irresistibly ludicrous. We were utterly perplexed by her behavior until her master, as soon as he could speak for laughing, explained it.

"Yer see, that 'ere dog's never seen a woman afore. She was reared in the woods, an' I hain't never took her nowheres, an' thet's jest the fact on't; she dunno what to make of a woman."

It grew droller and droller. The other dogs were our good friends at once, leaped about us, snuffed us, and licked our hands as we spoke to them. Poor Bowser hung back and barked furiously with warning and menace whenever I patted one of the other dogs, but if I took a step nearer her she howled and fled in the most abject way.

Two men were baking bread, and there seemed a good-natured rivalry between them.

"I've got a leetle too much soda in it," said one, as I peered curiously into his big bake-kettle, lifting the cover, "but his'n's all burnt on the top," with a contemptuous cock of his eye towards his fellow-baker. It is said to be very good, this impromptu bread, baked in a shapeless lump in an iron kettle, with coals underneath and coals on the lid above. It did not look so, however. I think I should choose the ovens of civilization.

The owner of my canine foe was a man some fifty-five or sixty years old. He had a striking face, a clear, blue-gray eye, with a rare mixture of decision and sentiment in it, a patriarchal gray beard, and a sensitive mouth. He wore a gray hat, broader-brimmed even than a Quaker's, and it added both picturesqueness and dignity to his appearance. His voice was so low, his intonation so good, that the uncultured speech seemed strangely out of place on his lips. He had lived in the woods "nigh eight year," sometimes in one part of the

Territory, sometimes in another. He had been miner, hunter, farmer, and now road-builder. A very little talk with men of this sort usually draws from them some unexpected revelations of the motives or the incidents of their career. A long lonely life produces in the average mind a strange mixture of the taciturn and the confidential. The man of the wilderness will journey by your side whole days in silence; then, of a sudden, he will speak to you of matters of the most secret and personal nature, matters which it would be, for you, utterly impossible to mention to a stranger. We soon learned the secret of this man's life in the woods. Nine years ago his wife had died. That broke up his farm home, and after that "all places seemed jest alike" to him, and "somehow" he "kinder took to the woods." What an unconscious tribute there is in that phrase to nature's power as a beneficent healer.

"There was another reason, too," he added. "My wife, she died o' consumption, hereditary, an' them two boys'd ha' gone the same way ef I hadn't kep' 'em out-o'-doors," pointing to two stalwart young men perhaps eighteen and twenty. "They hain't slep' under a roof for eight year, an' now they're as strong an' hearty as you'd wish to see." They were, indeed, and they may thank their father's wisdom for it.

Just beyond this camp was a cabin of fir boughs. Who that has not seen can conceive of the fragrant loveliness of a small house built entirely of fir boughs? It adds to the spice and the green and the airy lightness and the shelter of the pine-tree a something of the compactness and deftness and woven beauty of a bird's nest. I never weary of looking at it, outside and in: outside, each half-confined twig lifting its cross of soft, plumy ends and stirring a little in the wind, as it used to do when it grew on the tree; inside, the countless glints of blue sky showing through the boughs, as when one lies on his back under a low pine-tree and looks up. This cabin has only three sides built of boughs. The fourth is a high bowlder, which slants away at just the right angle to make a fire-place. The stone is of a soft, friable kind, and the fire has slowly eaten its way in, now and then cracking off a huge slice, until there is quite a fine "open Franklin" for the cabin. It draws well when the wind is in the right direction, as I can testify, for I have made fires in it. If the wind is from the east, it smokes, but I never heard of an open Franklin that did not.

The coming down over our new road is so unlike the going up that the very road seems changed. The beautiful triangular pictures of the distant plains are constantly before our eyes, widening at each turn, and growing more and more distinct at each lower level we reach. The blue line of the divide in the northern horizon looks always like a solid line of blue. By what process a stretch of green timber land turns into a wall of lapis lazuli, does the science of optics teach?

It is nearly sunset as we descend. The plains look boundless. Their color is a soft mingling of pink and yellow and gray; each smallest hollow and hill has a tint of its own, and hills and hollows alike seem dimples on the smooth expanse. Here and there patches of ploughed land add their clear browns with a fine effect of dark mosaics on the light surface.

As we pass the bare slopes where the kinnikinnick is richest and greenest, we load our carriage with its lovely, shining mats. Below, on the soft pink plains, is a grave we love. It lies in the shade of great pines, on a low hill to the west of the town. Surely, never did a little colony find ready to its hand a lovelier burial-place than this.

Long ago there must have been watercourses among these low hills, else these pines could never have grown so high and strong. The watercourses are dried now, and only barren sands lie around the roots of the great trees, but still they live and flourish, as green in December as in June, and the wind in their branches chants endless chants above the graves.

This grave that we love lies, with four pines guarding it closely, on a westward slope which holds the very last rays of the setting sun. We look up from it to the glorious, snow-topped peaks which pierce the sky, and the way seems very short over which our friend has gone. The little mound is kept green with the faithful kinnikinnick vines, and we bring them, now, from the highest slopes which our new road reaches, on the mountain our friend so loved.

NORTH CHEYENNE CANYON.

THREE miles south of Colorado Springs, on the main road to Pueblo, there is a road leading to the right. If you are looking for it, you will see it; otherwise you may easily pass by without observing it. This is the road which leads to the ranches on the foothills of Cheyenne Mountain. It is travelled by only two classes of people, — the hard-working farmers, who live on these ranches and come to town to sell butter, poultry, eggs, and wood; and pleasure-seekers, who go from town, past these ranches, up into the grand recesses of the mountain. For a mile or more the road is a lane between fenced fields. In June the fields are bright with red-and-white vetches, and purple lupines and white daisies grow on the edges of the lane. It follows closely along the bank of Cheyenne Creek, a stream which is a foaming torrent in spring and only a little thread of a brook in mid-summer. Its banks are thick-grown with the willow cotton-wood and with the white plum. When the plum is in flower, it makes the air so spicy sweet it draws all the bees and humming insects in the region, and makes you think you must be in Araby, as you drive by. Soon the lane plunges into great thickets of bushes, — low white oak, willow, plum, clethra, and, above all, the wild rose. You wind and wind in this tangle of green and blossom, looking out and up, past the waving tops of the bushes, at the red and black rocks of the precipitous mountain. The contrast is so vivid as to be bewildering and lends a peculiar enchantment to the approach to the canyon. You cross and recross the creek, — sometimes by a ford, sometimes by a log bridge, which rolls and rattles under the horse's feet; the bushes become trees and meet over your head; great bowlders and fir-trees crowd on the road, which suddenly ends in a small clearing that is like a green, swarded well, with high sides of rock. You are in the canyon. The brook, still hid in its procession of leafy standard-bearers, comes leaping into this open with a loud music of sound. For a little space further is a footpath you may follow. Then the footpath also comes to end, crowded out by bowlders, by sand-slopes, by big firs, by drift-wood from many a spring freshet, and by the rushing brook to-day. On stones along the edge of the water or in it, on mossy logs and ledges, on crumbling sand-rims, you may keep on in the brook's road, if you can. It is a scramble; but it is a delight.

The walls of the canyon are black, gray, or red granitic rock, with here and there sandstone. Tall pines and firs grow in clumps at their base, or in slanting rows, like slow-climbing besiegers on their sides. Now the canyon widens, and there are grassy banks to the brook, even a little bit of sandy beach now and then, and the water is amber-colored and still. Then the canyon narrows, the brook foams white over huge bowlders, and runs thin and shining, like shifting glass surfaces over great tables and slabs of dark stone. The walls on either hand are cloven in places, and stand out in turrets and towers fifty, a hundred, two hundred feet high. You cross the brook on logs, — logs three abreast, but no one firm. A huge bowlder in the middle of the stream divides it, turns it to the right and to the left, and tosses each current in fantastic jets and falls. Now the chasm bends to the south. Soft, green, and wooded hills come in sight, tokens of the fertile parks beyond. On the left hand is a level space, almost like a river interval, so thick grown with pines and firs that underneath their wide-spreading branches are great glooms of shade which no sun can reach. The ground is strewn thick with the fir-cones and pine-needles.

On the right hand are perpendicular walls of rock, two hundred feet high, on which the sky seems to rest. These walls are in tiers, which lap and overlap. Tufts of green growths — bushes, grasses — wave on them, even to the topmost rock. At their bases are piles of driftwood; its shining surfaces glisten like gray satin in the sun. Whole trees, with their gnarled roots in the air, have whirled down and lodged here. To look down from the top to the bottom of this canyon, in a spring freshet, when the brook is amusing itself with this sort of play would be a spectacle worth seeing. One of these huge dead trees a woodbine has chosen for its trellis. In and out, in and out, wreathing every bough and branch, it has gone faithfully from root to topmost twig, and on no live tree could it possibly be so beautiful. Here is the kinnikinnick, our one undying vine, with its glossy green lengths looking almost like running hieroglyphs on the yellow sand; and the purple clematis, too, which winds its rings and coils so tight around twigs and stems that it cannot be parted from them, even if you wish. But you do not wish, for the clematis alone would not be half so fair as it is when it flings out its purple bells as streamers from an oak bough or a stem of spiræa. Through the fir-glooms on the left, gleam red towers, which stand behind them. Far up on the south slopes of the canyon are more isolated red rocks, —pillars, altars, pyramids. No rounded or smoothed shapes; all abrupt, sharp-edged, jagged. Now comes a still wider open, with amphitheatre-like walls circling it; spaces of green grass and low bushes on either side the stream. A few steps, and we leave this behind, and are again in a close, cleft way, whose rocky sides are so near together that, as you look back, they seem to shut behind you. The left-hand wall is a sheer precipice. In strange contrast to its massive dark stone are the tufts of flowers growing out of its crevices to the very top, — white spiræas, white columbines, and, daintiest of all, the pink "shooting star." This is a flower that must belong to the same family as the cyclamen, which all dwellers in Albano know so well in its shady haunts under the old ilex-trees. Mad violet the Italians call it, and certainly there is something mischievous in the way it turns its petals back, as a restive horse turns his ears. Colorado's "shooting star" is of a delicate pink, with exquisite dark brown and bright yellow markings in the centre, at the base of the pistil, and its rosy petals all bent back as determinedly as those of the cyclamen. Hanging and waving on a mossy rock, scores of feet above one's head, it is one of the most bewitching flowers in all the marvellous flora of Colorado.

On the top of this flowery precipice stands one tree, alone, dead, its skeleton arms stretched motionless against the sky. It could not have seemed so lonely, so hopelessly dead anywhere else. The very blue sky itself seems to mock its desolation, to resist its appeal.

The next change is an abrupt one. The sharp, precipitous wall ends suddenly, or, rather, trends backward in jagged slopes to the south, and is succeeded by a beautiful grassy hill, making the left wall of the canyon. On its top are huge bowlders and serrated rocks in confusion, looking as if a high wind might topple them down. The brook buries itself in a thicket of willows; under the willows is an army of bulrushes, with their bristling spear-points. Pushing through these, you are in one moment up again on a bare gravel hillside, so steep there is no trace of a path. It is of disintegrated rock, rather than of gravel, and at every step you sink ankle-deep in the sharp fragments. You clutch at tiny, frail bushes above, and you brace yourself against tiny, frail bushes below; but the bushes have not much firmer foot-hold than you have yourself, and there seems little to hinder you from slipping to the very bottom of the canyon. Wedged in the crevices of the rocks here are the mats of a variety of the prickly-pear cactus, now in blossom. The flower seems as strangely out of place as would a queen's robe on a rough-shod beggar. Its yellow petals glisten like satin, and are almost transparent, so delicate is their texture. They are thick set in the shape of a cup, and in the centre is a sheaf of filaments as fine as spun silk. How was it born of this shapeless, clumsy, pulpy, dull-tinted leaf, bristling all over with fierce and cruel thorns? Well does the coarse creature guard its dainty gold cups, however. You will rue it, if you try to pick one.

The gravelly hillside does not last long. Well for one's muscle and patience that it does not, for a rod of it is as tiring as a mile of any other sort of scrambling. In a few moments you reach a spot where the rocks and the bushes and the fir-trees conquer and make a rough *terra firma* again. The confusion of the rocks increases; they look as if they must all have been hurled at each other in a fight. Bowlders are piled upon bowlders, and the bed of the stream is a succession of tilted slabs. Suddenly comes the sound of falling water, and you see, just ahead, a beautiful succession of irregular and twisting falls, — slides, rather than falls, one might well call them, — and they have a certain beauty and a variety of coloring which a simple vertical fall must for ever lack. Water can do a hundred things more beautiful with itself than leaping off a precipice; but the world at large does not seem to know it. The noise and spatter and froth are what the world likes best. Here in these water-slides in North Cheyenne canyon you shall see in one small space water moving from side to side in a stately minuet motion over a many-colored surface of rock, more beautiful than a mosaic; water gliding inexplicably to right or to left; water leaping suddenly, flinging one jet and then no more; water turning and doubling on itself and pausing in dark pools. And, for sound, you shall hear in one moment a perfect orchestra of fine notes, of melodies all separate, yet all in unison, any one of which is as much sweeter and more delightsome than the noise of a fall as is the low ripple of mirth, which is but one remove from the silent smile, pleasanter to hear than the loud roar of open-mouthed laughter.

You will not go any further up the canyon. It widens soon and grows less and less wild, till it opens at last into the fertile Bear Creek Valley. To journey through it is pleasant; but you will sit all the rest of the day on the mossy ledges by this gliding and melodious water.

At sunset you will go down. The rocky walls of the canyon will seem to swing and part before you, as you descend, like gate, portcullis, bridge, opened by friendly retainers, to speed their lord's guest. You will bear in your hands bunches of whatever flowers you love best and choose as you walk. I bore on this June day, whose pictures I have so faintly outlined here, a sheaf of the white columbine,—one single sheaf, one single root; but it was almost more than I could carry. In the open spaces I carried it on my shoulder; in the thickets I bore it carefully in my arms, like a baby. When at last I had set it triumphantly in a great jar on my south window-sill I counted its blossoms, and there were forty-three.

WA-HA-TOY-A; OR, BEFORE THE GRADERS.

LOOKING to the southwest from the high bluffs lying east of the town of Colorado Springs, we see two pale blue pyramids outlined against the sky. They are so distinct and so sharp-pointed that, if it were Egypt instead of Colorado, one would not doubt their being chiselled pyramids of stone; and when told that they are mountains more than a hundred miles away, one has a vague sense of disappointment. They look at once more defined and more evanescent than is the wont of mountains; on a hazy day they are marked only by a slightly deepened color; a little more haze, and they are gone, melting sometimes out of sight even under your eyes, like a mirage on the horizon. From the delicacy and softness of tint of these peaks, combined with their sharp-cut pyramidal outline, they have an inexpressible beauty as seen from the bluffs of which I speak; they enhance and crown the whole view, so much so that when people come home from the drive on the bluffs, the first question heard is always, "Were the Spanish Peaks in sight?"

Who called them, or why he called them, the Spanish Peaks, I cannot learn. Perhaps in old Castile there are peaks of the same soft tint and sharp outline; but the Indians named them better, — Wa-ha-toy-a, which, being turned into English, is the Twin Sisters, or, as some say, the Twin Breasts.

Gradually, as month after month one gazes on these beautiful far-off peaks, they take deep hold on the imagination. They seem to be the citadel-gates of some fairer realm, into which we more and more yearn to look; and when the day comes on which we set out for the journey to their base, it is as if we were bound for some one of the El Dorados of our youth.

Starting from Colorado Springs to seek them, one must go by rail forty-five miles southward to Pueblo, and thence fifty miles, still by rail, farther south to Cucharas. It should be on an early June day. Then the mountain-tops will be white with snow, the cotton-woods along the creeks and the young grass on the foot-hills will be of a tender green, the dome of the sky will be vivid blue, and the radiant air will shimmer, spite of its coolness.

Set down at Cucharas at sunset, one feels tempted to run after the little narrow-gauge train, as it puffs away into the wilderness, and cry, "Hold! hold! It was a mistake. I will not remain." The whole town itself seems a mistake, an accident: a handful of log-cabins and wooden shanties in two straggling lines, as if a caravan of daguerreotype saloons had been forced to halt for a rest; plains to north, east, south of them,—bare, barren, shelterless plains, with only the cactus and low bunch-grass to show that the sandy soil holds in it an element of life. It must be indeed a resolute soul which could content itself with the outlook at Cucharas.

It was twilight before we succeeded in finding the springless wagon and the unmated horses which were to take us six miles west to the town of Walsenburg,—six miles nearer to the great Twin Sisters. The plains looked vaster with each deepening shadow; the grim, gaunt cactus-stalks looked more and more fierce and unfriendly; of a deep purple, almost black, in the southwest, rose Wa-ha-toy-a, no longer soft of tint and luring, but a dark and frowning barrier.

"How like old skeletons these cactus plants look!" I exclaimed. "They are uncanny, with their fleshless legs and arms and elbows."

"Heard of the Penitentes, I suppose?" replied our driver, with seeming irrelevance.

"No," said we, wonderingly. "What are they?"

"Well, these cactuses are what they whip themselves with. I've seen 'em with the blood streaming down their backs."

It was a fearful tale to hear in the twilight, as we jolted along over the road, we and our driver apparently the only living creatures in the region. On our left hand ran the little Cucharas creek, a dusky line of trees marking its course; beyond the creek rose here and there low bluffs and plateaus, with Mexican houses upon them, — houses built of mud, small, square, flat-roofed, not more than six or seven feet high. Surely, the native Mexican must be first cousin to the mud-sparrow! He has improved on his cousin's style of architecture in only one particular, and to that he has been driven in self-defence. He sometimes joins his houses together in a hollow square, and puts all the windows and doors on the inside. When Indians attack mud-sparrows' nests, I dare say the mud-sparrows will do the same thing, and leave off having front doors. On our left the dusky, winding lines of trees, and the dark, silent hills crowned with the mud plazas; on our right the great, gray wilderness; in front the queer, nasal old voice, almost chanting rather than telling the tale of the Penitentes, — what an hour it was!

It seems that there still exists among the Roman Catholic Mexicans of Southern Colorado, an order like the old order of the Flagellants. Every spring, in Easter week, several of the young men belonging to this order inflict on themselves dreadful tortures in public. The congregations to which they belong gather about them, follow them from house to house and spot to spot, and kneel down around them, singing and praying and continually exciting their frenzy to a higher pitch. Sometimes they have also drums and fifes, adding a melancholy and discordant music to the harrowing spectacle. The priests ostensibly disapprove of these proceedings, and never appear in public with the

Penitentes. But the impression among outsiders is very strong that they do secretly countenance and stimulate them, thinking that the excitement tends to strengthen the hold of the church on the people's minds. It is incredible that such superstitions can still be alive and in force in our country. Some of the tortures these poor creatures undergo are almost too terrible to tell. One of the most common is to make in the small of the back an arrow-shaped incision; then, fastening into each end of a long scarf the prickly cactus stems, they scourge themselves with them, throwing the scarf ends first over one shoulder, then over the other, each time hitting the bleeding wound. The leaves of the yucca, or "soap-weed," are pounded into a pulp and made into a sort of sponge, acrid and inflaming. A man carries this along in a pail of water, and every now and then wets the wound with it, to increase the pain and the flowing of the blood. Almost naked, lashing themselves in this way, they run wildly over the plains. Their blood drops on the ground at every step. A fanatical ecstasy possesses them; they seem to feel no fatigue; for three days and two nights they have been known to keep it up, without rest.

Others bind the thick lobes of the prickly pear under their arms and on the soles of their feet, and then run for miles, swinging their arms and stamping their feet violently on the ground. To one who knows what suffering there is from even one of these tiny little spines imbedded in the flesh, it seems past belief that a man could voluntarily endure such pain.

Others lie on the thresholds of the churches, and every person who enters the church is asked to step with his full weight on their bodies.

Others carry about heavy wooden crosses, so heavy that a man can hardly lift them. Some crawl on their hands and knees, dragging the cross. Crowds of women accompany them, singing and shouting. When the penitent throws himself on the ground, they lay the cross on his breast, and fall on their knees around him, and pray; then they rise up, place the cross on his back again, and take up the dreadful journey. Now and then the band will enter a house and eat a little food, which in all good Catholic houses is kept ready for them. After a short rest, the leader gives a signal, and they set out again.

Last spring, in the eighteen hundred and seventy-sixth year of our merciful Lord, four of these young men died from the effects of their tortures. One of them, after running for three days under the cactus scourge, lay all Easter night naked upon the threshold of a church. Easter morning he was found there dead. What a comfort in the thought that the old prayer can never cease to ascend, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The twilight had deepened into night before the tale drew to a close; and it was with a sense of grief and horror, almost as if we had been transported to the very hill of Calvary, that we drove into the little Mexican town of Walsenburg, which lies in the Cucharas meadows, only a few miles from the base of Wa-ha-toy-a.

From the tragedy we had been hearing, to the cheerful low comedy of Sporleder's Hotel, was a grateful change. A mud-walled, rafter-roofed, rambling, but very comfortable old place was Sporleder's. From the porch you stepped at once into the "office," and through the office you came and went to your bedroom, and to the dining-room, by a mysterious, dim-lighted passage-way, or through somebody's else still dimmer-lighted and more mysterious bedroom. The office was a bedroom, too; it held three beds, a wooden settle, — which was no doubt a bed also, though by day it held saddles and hunting-gear of all sorts, — a desk, and a three-cornered fire-place built out, in the picturesque Mexican fashion, chimney and all into the room. They look as if children might have built them for play, these Mexican fire-places, but they draw well, and are wonderfully picturesque. The mud-walled bedroom was not damp: its one little window looked into a high Jefferson currant bush, and a cross-draught was established by the accident of a tiny opening at the eaves, on the left-hand side of the room, just above the edge of the white-cotton ceiling which was nailed on the rafters. Through this little hole moonlight twinkled all night, and daylight twinkled in the morning long before the sun had pierced through the Jefferson currant bush. The beds were clean and not very hard. The food was wholesome. One might easily fare worse in many a pretentious house. The landlord looked as if he had belonged to the childhood of Hans Christian Andersen. He was an old German tailor; he wore an ancient blue dress-coat, and a long black-velvet waistcoat, and did the honors of his clean little mud house with an old-fashioned and pathetic courtesy of manner. He had evidently seen much sorrow in the strange vicissitudes of life which had brought him to be an inn-keeper in Colorado.

Walsenburg is an old Mexican town. There are perhaps fifty houses in it, and more than half of these are the true Mexican mud huts, — mud floor, mud wall, mud roof; if there had been any way of baking mud till you could see through it, they would have had mud windows as well. As there was not, they compromised on windows, and have but one to a room, and many rooms without a window at all. These houses are not as uncomfortable as one would suppose, and by no means as ugly. The baked mud is of a good color, and the gaudy Roman Catholic prints and effigies and shrines with which the walls are often adorned stand out well on the rich brown. The mud floors are hard, and for the most part clean and smooth. Gay blankets and shawls are thrown down upon them in the better class or houses; chairs are rare. The houses remind one more of bee-hives than of any thing else, they do so swarm at their one small entrance; women and girls are there by dozens and scores, all wearing bright shawls thrown over their heads in an indescribably graceful way. Even toddlers of six and seven have their brilliant shawls thrown over their heads and trailing in the dust behind; I am not sure that they are not born in them. The little boys are not so much clothed; in fact, many of them are not clothed at all. The most irresistible one I saw wore a short white shirt reaching perhaps one-third of the way to his knees; over this, for purposes of decoration, he had put a heavy woollen jacket much too big for him; thus arrayed he strutted up and down with as pompous an air as if he were a king in state robes; but the jacket was heavy: he could not endure it long; presently he shook one arm free of its sleeve, then the other, and then in a moment more dropped the garment in a crumpled pile on the ground, and with an exultant fling of his thin brown legs raced away, his shirt blowing back like a scanty wisp tied round his waist. His mother sat on the ground leaning against the wall of her house, nursing her baby and laughing till all her teeth showed like a row of white piano keys on her shining brown skin. I stopped and praised her baby; she spoke no English, but she understood the praise of the baby's eyes. By a gesture she summoned the hero of the shirt, said to him a single word, and in a second more he had sprung into the house, reappeared with a wooden chair, and placed it for me with a shy grace. Then he darted away sidewise, like a dragon-fly.

All the women's voices were low and sweet; their eyes were as dark and soft as the eyes of deer, and their unfailing courtesy was touching. An old woman, one of the oldest in the town, took me over her house, from room to room, and stood by with a gratified smile while I looked eagerly at every thing. The landlord's daughter, who had accompanied me, had mentioned to her that I was a stranger and had never before seen a Mexican town. When I took leave of her I said through my interpreter, "I am greatly obliged to you for showing me your house."

With rapid gestures and shrugs of the shoulders she poured forth sentence after sentence, all the while looking into my face with smiles and taking my hand in hers.

"What does she say?" I asked.

"She says," replied my guide, "that her poor house is not worth looking at, and she is the one who is obliged that so beautiful a lady should enter it." And this was a poverty-stricken old woman in a single garment of tattered calico, living in a mud hut, without a chair or a bed!

Early the next morning we set out again to drive still farther west. Our errand was to find the engineer corps who were surveying the route across the mountains into the San Juan country. The brave little narrow-gauge railroad, the Denver and Rio Grande, which is pushing down toward the City of Mexico as fast as it can, is about to reach one hand over into the San Juan silver mines to fill its pockets as it goes along, and the engineers were somewhere in this region; just where, it was hard to learn,

"Over by Early's," said one.

"At the mouth of Middle Canyon," said another. Nobody knew positively.

At any rate there were the mountains; we could drive towards them on a venture. Wa-ha-toy-a in the south, the Greenhorn and Veta along the west, and beyond, the snowy, glistening tops of the main range; a grand sweep of mountain wall confronted us as we drove up the Cucharas Valley. The Cucharas bottoms are chiefly taken up in Mexican farms: some small and carelessly tilled; others large and as well cultivated as the poor Mexican methods admit. The land is rich, and when the railroad opens up a market for its produce, these farms will become very valuable. We passed many Mexicans ploughing in their sleepy, shambling fashion. One good-natured fellow showed us his plough, and only laughed at our raillery about its primitive fashion. It looked like the invention of some shipwrecked man, in a forgotten age. It was simply a long pole with a clumsy triangular wooden keel nailed on one end of it; on this was tied — yes, literally tied — a sort of iron tooth or prong. This scratched the earth lightly, perhaps two or three inches deep, no more. This imbecile instrument was drawn by two oxen, and the man's only way of guiding them was by a rope tied to the near horn of the near ox.

Our road followed the river line closely. The banks were rich and green; thickets of cotton-woods and willows were just bursting into leaf; now and then we climbed up the bank and came out on fine plateaus, with broken table-lands, or "mesas," stretching away to the right and covered with piñon-trees. On these were herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, each tended by a Mexican herder. You would take this herder, as he lies on the ground, for a bundle of cast-off rags somebody had left behind; but as you drive past the rags flutter a little, a brown face appears slowly lifted, and a lazy gleam of curiosity shoots out from two shining black eyes. The rags are a man or a boy.

"Oh, how do they live?" I exclaimed. "What poverty-stricken creatures!"

"Live!" replied the driver. "Give a Mexican five cents a day and he'll lie by and do nothing, he'll feel so rich. He'll squat on his heels and chew piñon nuts from morning till night. Last year they did have a hard time, though; the grasshoppers cleaned them out. They had nothing left to live on but 'chili' [a fiery red pepper]. They had enough of that. Even the grasshoppers won't eat chili."

About ten miles from Walsenburg we came to a handful of frame houses scattered along the creek and conspicuous among the light-green cotton-wood trees. Close on the bank shone out a new pine "meeting-house." "And Baptist, at that," said the driver, with a judiciously balanced inflection on the "at that," which might have left us amiable, whatever our predilections as to religions. This was a settlement of Georgians, — "all Baptists," — and at a great sacrifice they had built this meeting-house. Just beyond the Baptist meeting-house lies the farm of an old Virginian, a man of education and refinement, who, for some inexplicable reason, buried himself in this wilderness twenty-five years ago, when it swarmed with Indians. He so feared that white men and civilization would find him out that, whenever it was necessary for him to go to some trading-post, he went in and out of his hiding-place by different routes, and with his horse's shoes reversed, that he might not leave a trail which could be followed. There was one interval of eleven years, he told me, in which he did not see the face of a white woman. He still lives alone; a Mexican man, with his wife, are his only servants; but his ranch is a favorite rendezvous for travellers, and in a few weeks the whistle of the steam-engine will resound through his lands. So useless is it for a man to seek, on this continent, to flee civilization.

It grew no easier to find the whereabouts of the engineers. Everybody had seen them; nobody knew where they were. We were twenty miles from Walsenburg; noon was at hand; our guide had no farther device to suggest; Early's had been his last hope; we were at Early's now, and neither in the log-cabin nor in the "store" could any news be had of the engineers. Very reluctantly we were turning to retrace our twenty bootless miles, when with a low chuckle our driver exclaimed, "By jingoes, if that ain't luck! There they be now!"

There they were, to be sure, twelve of them, laughing, shouting, clattering down hill in a gay painted wagon, coming to Early's for their nooning. Keen-eyed, bronze-faced, alert-looking fellows they were; a painter might have delighted to paint them, as a few moments later, they had flung themselves on the ground in a picturesque circle. As bronzed, as blistered, as hungry, as alert as any of them, was the young Frenchman who three months before had seen nothing in life severer than the École Polytechnique, or less polished than the saloons of Paris and Washington. It is a marvel how such men "take" to wild life in the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps it is only the highly civilized who can appreciate the delights of savagery. Certain it is that there are no men in Colorado who so enjoy living in tents or in shanties, doing their own cooking, raising their own potatoes, and hunting their meat, as do the sons and nephews of dukes and earls.

Our road back to Walsenburg lay on plateaus which overlooked the river interval up which we had come. The land was less fertile than in the meadows, but the opens were grand and breezy, with exhilarating off-looks to the north and east. We crossed the wagon-road which leads into the San Juan mining district, and saw, creeping along in a yellow cloud of dust, one of the caravans bound on the pilgrimage to that shrine of silver,—eleven white-topped wagons, with ten mules to each wagon. The mules walked so slowly that the line hardly seemed to advance; its motion looked at a distance like the undulating motion of a huge dark snake with white rings around its body. In a few weeks these white-topped wagons will have disappeared from the landscape, and in their stead will be seen the swift-vanishing smoke of steam-engines, doing in ten hours the work for which the mules took ten days.

A few miles out of Walsenburg, I saw, on a bare hill to the right of our road, a strange object which looked as if a vessel had been thrown up there ages ago, and had lain bleaching till her timbers had slowly fallen apart. I never saw, cast up on any shore, a ghastlier, more weather-beaten wreck than this seemed. I gazed at it with increasing perplexity, which our driver observed, and, following the direction of my eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, there they are! Those are the crosses the Penitentes carry at Easter. They keep 'em stacked up here on this hill, and there wouldn't a living creature dare so much as to touch one of them nor go past them without crossing themselves." As we drove nearer, their semblance to a wrecked vessel lessened, but the symbolic significance of the likeness deepened. There were eleven of them, some of them nine or ten feet long: nine were lying on the ground, overlapping each other, with their gray bars stretching upward; the other two were planted firm and erect in the ground. The sight of them gave to the narrative of the Penitentes a reality and an intensity which nothing else could have done. The gaunt and rigid arms seemed lifted in appeal, and their motionless silence seemed as pregnant with woe as a cry.

The sun was just sinking behind the snowy western peaks when we reached Walsenburg. We had arrived at an important moment in the history of the little town. The graders had just come; the railroad was about to begin. In lazy, sauntering groups, the Mexicans were looking on: women with babies in their arms, barelegged, barefooted, their gaudy shawls close draped, — they looked like some odd sort of fowls, with brilliant plumage close-furled; men leaning in feigned nonchalance against fences here and there; ragged, half-naked boys and girls darting about from point to point, and peering with intensest curiosity at every thing; there they all were. I doubt if there were a Mexican left in the town. The meadow was all astir; wagons, horses, men, stacks of implements, tents, shanties going up like magic, — already the place looked like a little city. Just as we drove up, a man advanced from the crowd, dragging a ploughshare. Nobody took any especial note of him. He bent himself sturdily to the handles of the plough, and in a moment more soft ridges of upturned earth, and a line of rich dark brown, marked a narrow furrow. Swiftly he walked westward, the slender, significant dark-brown furrow lengthening rod by rod as he walked. His shadow lengthened until it became a slenderer line than the furrow in the distance, and was lost at last in the great purple shadow of Wa-ha-toy-a. The railroad was begun; the wilderness had surrendered.

THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS IN COLORADO.

I SUPPOSE the little black boys who hang on lamp-posts along the route of a grand city procession are not the best reporters of the parade. They do not know the names of the officials, and they would be likely to have very vague ideas as to the number of minutes it took the procession to pass any given point; but nobody in all the crowd will have a more vivid impression of the trappings of the show, of the colors and the shapes, and of the tunes the bands played. I am fitted for a chronicler of the procession of flowers in Colorado only as little black boys are for chroniclers of Fourth of July processions. Of the names of the dignitaries, and the times at which they reached particular places, I am sadly ignorant; but there is hardly a color or a shape I do not know by sight and by heart, and as for the music of delight which the bands play, its memory is so vivid with me that I think its rhythm would never cease to cheer me if I were banished for ever to Arctic snows.

The first Colorado flower I saw was the great blue wind-flower, or anemone. It was brought to me one morning, late in April, when snow was lying on the ground, and our strange spring-winter seemed to be coming on fiercely. The flower was only half open. and only half way out of a gray, furry sheath some two inches long; it looked like a Maltese kitten's head, with sharp-pointed blue ears, — the daintiest, most wrapped-up little blossom. "A crocus, out in chinchilla fur!" I exclaimed.

"Not a crocus at all; an anemone," said they who knew.

It is very hard, at first, to believe that these anemones do not belong to the crocus family. They push up through the earth in clusters of conical, gray, hairy buds, and open cautiously, an inch or two from the ground, precisely as the crocuses do; but, day by day, inches at a time, the stem pushes up, until you suddenly find, some day, in a spot where you left low clumps of what you will persist, for a time, in calling blue crocuses, great bunches of waving blue flowers, on slender stems from six to twelve inches high, the blossoms grown larger and opened wider, till they look like small tulip cups, like the Italian anemones. A week or two later you find at the base of these clumps a beautiful fringing mat of leaves, resembling the buttercup leaf, but much more deeply and numerously slashed on the edges. These, too, grow at last, away from the ground and wave in the air; and, by the time they are well up, many of the flowers have gone to seed, and on the top of each stem flutters a great ball of fine, feathery seed plumes, of a green or claret color, almost as beautiful as the blossom itself. These anemones grow in great profusion on the foot-hills of the mountains to the west of Colorado Springs. They grow even along the roadsides, at Manitou. They have, apparently, caprices of fondness for certain localities, for you shall find one ridge blue with them, and another, near by, without a single flower.

About the same time as the anemone, or a little before, comes the low white daisy, harbinger of spring in Colorado, as is the epigæa in New England. This little blossom opens at first, like the anemone, close to the ground, and in thick-set mats, the stems so short, you can get the flower only by uprooting the whole mat. It has a central root like a turnip, from which all the mats radiate, sometimes a dozen from one root. Take five or six of these home, and fill a low dish with them, and the little brown blades of leaves will freshen and grow up like grass, and the daisies will peer up higher and higher, until the dish looks like a bit of a waving field of daisies.

Next after these comes the mountain hyacinth, popularly so called for no other reason than that its odor is like the odor of the hyacinth. It is in reality a lily. It is the most ethereal and delicate of all our wild flowers, and yet it springs up, like the commonest of weeds, in the commonest of places; even in the dusty edges of the streets, so close to the ruts that wheels crush it, it lifts its snowy chalice. On neglected opens, in pathways trodden every day, you may see these lilies by dozens, trampled down; and yet at first sight you would take them for rare and fragile exotics. The blossom is star-shaped, almost precisely like the white jessamine, and of such fine and transparent texture that it is almost impossible to press it; one, two, sometimes half a dozen flowers, rising only two or three inches high from the centre of a little bunch of slender green leaves, in shape like the blades of the old-fashioned garden-pink, but of a bright green color. It is one of the purest looking blossoms. To see it as we do, growing lavishly in highways, trodden under foot of man and beast, is a perpetual marvel which is never quite free from pain.

After these three forerunners comes a great outburst of flowering: yellow daisies of several varieties, yellow mustard, a fine feathery, white flower, and vetches of all sizes, shapes, colors, more than you can count. And here I am not speaking of what happens in nooks and corners of the foot-hills, in fields, or by-ways, or places hard to come at. I am speaking of what happens in the streets of Colorado Springs, along all the edges of the sidewalks, in little spaces left at crossings, in unoccupied lots, — in short, everywhere in the town where man and his houses have left room. It is not the usual commonplace of exaggeration; it is only the simplest and most graphic form of exact statement you can find to say that by the middle of June the ground is a mosaic of color. The vetches are bewildering. There are sixteen varieties of vetch which grow in one small piece of table-land between the Colorado Springs Hotel and the railroad station. They are white, with purple markings, all shades of purple, and all shades of red; some of them grow in spikes, standing erect; some in scrambling and running vines, with clusters of flowers; some with single blossoms, like the sweet-pea, and as varied in color. They all lie comparatively low, partly from the want of bushes and shrubs to climb on, partly because they are too wise to go very far away from their limited water supply in so dry a country; they must keep close to the ground, or choke. That this is a bit of specific precaution on their part, and not a peculiarity of their varieties, is proved by the fact that all along the creeks, in the cotton-wood and willow copses, we find the same vetches growing up boldly, many feet into the air, just as they do in Italy, leaping from shrub to shrub, and catching hold on any thing which comes to hand.

By the third week in June, we have added to these brilliant parterres of red, purple, white, and yellow in our streets, the superb spikes of the blue penstemon. This is a flower of which I despair to give any idea to one a stranger to it. The blossoms are shaped like the common foxglove blossom; they grow on the stems in single, double, or triple rows, as may be. I have seen stems so tight packed with blossoms that they could not stand erect, but bent over, like a bough too heavily loaded with fruit. Before the blue pentstemon opens, it is a delicate pink bud; when it first opens, it is a clear, bright blue, as blue as the sky; day by day its tints change, sometimes to a purplish-blue; sometimes back again towards its childhood's pink, so that out of a hundred spikes of blue penstemon you shall see no two of precisely the same tint; when they are their deepest, most purple blue, they look like burnished steel; when they are at their palest pink, they are as delicate as a pink apple-blossom. O New Englander!

groping reverently among scattered sunny knolls and in moist wood depths for scanty handfuls of pale blossoms, what would you do at such a banquet as this, spread before you whenever you stepped outside your door, lying between you and the post-office every day? For, let me repeat, these flowers of which I have spoken thus far, are only the flowers which grow wild in our streets, and there are yet many that I have not mentioned: there is the dark blue spider-wort, which is everywhere; and there are several yellow flowers, and one of pale pink, and several of white, I recollect, whose names I do not know; neither do I know how to describe their shapes. I am as helpless as the little black boy on the Fourth of July, — I can describe only the colors.

Leaving the streets of the town, and going southwest towards the foot-hills of the Cheyenne Mountain, we come to a new and a daintier show. As soon as we strike the line of the little creek which we must follow up among the hills, we find copses of wild plum and wild roses in full bloom. The wild rose grows here in great thickets, as the black alder grows in New England swamps. The trees are above your head, and each bough is so full of roses it would seem an impossibility for it to hold one rose more. We bear wild roses home, by whole trees, and keep them in our rooms in great masses which will well-nigh fill a window. I have more than once tried to count the roses on such a sheaf in my window, and have given it up.

Along the banks of the brook are white daisies, and pink; vetches, and lupines, white, yellow, and purple. The yellow ones grow in superb spikes, one or two feet from the ground; and the white ones in great branching plants, six or seven from a single root. On the first slopes of the foot-hills begins the gilia. This is a flower hard to describe. Take a single flower of a verbena cluster; fancy the tubular part an inch or two long, and the flowers set at irregular intervals up and down the length of a slender stem; this is the best my ignorance can do to convey the idea of the shape of the gilia. And of the color, all I can say is that the gilia is what the botanists call a sporting flower; and I believe there is no shade of red, from the brightest scarlet up through pale pinks, to white, which you may not see in one half acre where gilias grow. It is a dancing sort of flower, flutters on the stem, and the stem sways in the lightest wind, so that it always seems either coming towards you or running away.

There is a part of Cheyenne Mountain which I and one other have come to call "our garden." The possessive pronoun has no legal title behind it; it is an audacious assumption not backed by any squatter sovereignty, nor even by any contribution towards the cultivation of the soil; but ever since we found out the place, it has been mysteriously worked "on shares" for our benefit; and as long as we live we shall call it our garden. It lies five or six hundred feet above the town, four miles away, and has several plateaus of pine groves from which we look off into eastern distances back of the sunrise; it holds two or three grand ravines, each with a brook at bottom; it is walled to the west by the jagged and precipitous side of the mountain itself. The best part of our "procession of flowers" is always here.

Here on the plateaus, under the shade of the pines, are the anemone in stintless numbers, daisies, and kinnikinnick. In June the kinnikinnick vines are full of little pinkish-white bells, shaped like the wintergreen bell, and as fragrant as the linnæa blossom. Here are three low-growing varieties of the wild rose, none more than two or three inches from the ground: one pure white, one white with irregular red markings, and one deep pink. The petals are about one-third larger than those of the common wild rose.

Here are blue violets, and in moist spots the white violet with a purple and yellow centre. Here is the common red field lily of New England, looking inexplicably away from home among penstemons and gilias, as a country belle might in court circles. Here is the purple clematis; a half-parasitic plant this seems to be, for you find it wound up and up to the very top of an oak or cherry bush, great lengths of its stem looking as dead as old drift-wood, but whorls of lovely fringing green leaves and purple, cup-shaped blossoms bursting out at intervals, sometimes a foot apart. How sap reaches them, through the cracked and split stems, it is hard to see; but it does, for you can carry one home, trellis and all, set it in water, and the clematis will live as long as the oak bush will.

Here is the purple penstemon, never but a single row of blossoms on its stem; and the scarlet penstemon, most gorgeous of its family. This, too, has but a single row of flowers on its stem; they are small, of the brightest scarlet, and the shape is somewhat different from the other penstemons, — longer, slenderer, and more complicated, they look like fairy gondolas hung by their prows. I have seen the stems as high as my shoulder, and the scarlet gondolas swinging all the way down to within a foot of the ground.

Here are great masses of a delicate flowering shrub, a rubus I think I have heard it called. Its flower is like a tiny single-petalled rose, of a snow-white color. On first looking at the bush, you would think it a wild white rose, till you observed the leaf, which is more like a currant leaf. Here also are bushes of the Missouri currant, with its golden-yellow blossoms, exhaustless in perfume; and a low shrub maple, which has a tiny, apple-green flower, set in a scarlet sheath, close at the base of each leaf, so small that half the world never discovers that the bush is in flower at all. Here are blue harebells, and Solomon's seal both low and high; and here is the yellow cinquefoil. In the moist spots, with the white violets, grows the shooting-star, finer and daintier than the Italian cyclamen; its sharp-pointed petals of bright pink fold back like rosy ears; in its centre is a dark-brown circle round a sharp needle-point of yellow. There are many more, but of all the rest I will speak only of one, — the great yellow columbine.

This grows in the ravines. The flower is like our garden columbine, but larger, and of an exquisite yellow, sometimes with white in the centre. It grows here in such luxuriant tufts and clumps that you will often find thirty and forty flower-stems springing up from one root. Of this plant I recollect the botanical name, which was told me only once, but I could no more forget it than, if I had once sat familiarly by a queen in her palace, I could forget the name of her kingdom. It is the golden columbine of New Mexico, the *aquilegia chrysantha*.

When we drive down from "our garden" there is seldom room for another flower in our carriage. The top thrown back is filled, the space in front of the driver is filled, and our laps and baskets are filled with the more delicate blossoms. We look as if we were on our way to the ceremonies of Decoration Day. So we are. All June days are decoration days in Colorado Springs, but it is the sacred joy of life that we decorate, — not the sacred sadness of death. Going northwest from the town towards the *mesa* or table-land which lies in that direction between us and the foot-hills, we find still other blossoms, no less beautiful than those of which I have spoken: the wild morning-glory wreathes the willow bushes along the Fountain Creek which we must cross, and in the sandy spots between the bushes grow the wild heliotrope in masses, and the wild onion, whose delicate clustered umbels save for their odor would be priceless in bouquets. Yellow lupine, red gilias, wild roses, and white spiræas are here also; and waving by the roadsides, careless and common as burdocks in New England, grows the superb mentzelia. This is a regal plant; the leaves are of a bluish-green, long, jagged, shining, like the leaves of the great thistles which so adorn the Roman Campagna; the plant grows some two feet or two and a half feet high, and branches freely; each branch bears one or more blossoms; a white, many-pointed starry disk, in its centre a wide falling tuft of fine silky stamens. Here also we find a large white poppy whose leaves much resemble the leaves of the mentzelia; and in the open stretches beyond the creek, the ground is white and pink every afternoon with the blossoms of four-o'clocks. There must be several varieties of these, for some are large and some are small, and they have a wide range of color, white, pinkish-white, and clear pink. Higher up, on the top of the *mesa*, we come to great levels which are dotted with brilliant points of fiery scarlet everywhere; the first time one sees a scarlet "painter's brush" (castilleia) a few rods ahead of him in the grass is a moment he never forgets; it looks like a huge dropped jewel or a feather fallen from the plumage of some gorgeous bird. There are two colors of the castilleia here; one, of an orange shade of scarlet; and the other of the brightest cherry red. But, beautiful as is the castilleia, it is not the *mesa's* crowning glory: vivid as is its color, the pale creamy tints of the yucca blossoms eclipse it in splendor. This also is a thing a lover of flowers will never forget, — the first time he saw yuccas by the hundred in full flower out-of-doors. It grows in such abundance on this *mesa* that in winter the solid green of its leaves gives a tone of color to whole acres. Spanish bayonet is its common name here, and not an inappropriate one, for the long, blade-like leaves are stiff and pointed as rapiers. They grow in bristling bunches directly from the root; the outer ones spread wide, and sometimes lie on the ground; from the centre of this "chevaux de frise" rise the flower-spikes, usually only one, sometimes two or three, from one to two and a half feet high, set thick with creamy white cups which look more like a magnolia flower than like any thing else. I counted once seventy-two on a spike about two feet long. Profusely as the yucca grows on this *mesa*, we do not get so many of them as we would like, for the cows are fond of them and eat the blossoms as fast as they come out. What a picture it is, to be sure, — a vagrant cow rambling along mile after mile, munching the tops of spikes of yucca blossoms. There ought to be something transcendent in the quality of her milk after such a day as that.

Beside the castilleia and the yucca, there grow on this *mesa* many of the vetches, especially a large white variety, which I have a misgiving that I ought to call astragalus, and not vetch.

The *mesa* slopes away to the east and to the west; it is really a sort of causeway or flattened ridge; on its sides are innumerable small nooks and hollows which, catching and holding a little more moisture than the surface above, are full of oak-bushes, little green oases on the bare slopes; in these grow several flowering shrubs, spiræas, and others whose names I know not.

Crossing the *mesa* and entering the foot-hills again, we come to little brook-fed glens and parks where grow all the flowers I have mentioned; yes, and more, for, I bethink me, I have not yet spoken of the white clematis, — virgin's bower, as it is called in New England. This runs riot along every brook-course in the region, — this and the wild hop, the white feathery clusters of the one and the swinging green tassels of the other twisting and intertwisting, and knitting every thing into a tangle; and the blue iris, also, in great spaces in moist meadows, and the dainty nodding bells of the wild flax a little farther up on the hills, and the yellow lady's-slipper, and the coreopsis, and the mertensia, which has drooping spikes of small blue-bells that are pink on the outside when they are folded up. And I believe that there are yet others which I do not recollect, besides some which I remember too vaguely to describe, having seen them perhaps only once from a car window, as I saw a gorgeous plant on the Arkansas meadows, one day. It was a great sheaf of waving feathery spikes of yellow. It is true that a railroad train waited for me while I had this plant taken up and brought on board; I nursed it carefully with water and shade all the way from Pueblo to Colorado Springs, but it was dead when I reached home, and nobody could tell me its name. Afterwards a botanist told me that it must have been stanleya pinnatifida, but I liked my name for it better, — golden prince's feather.

If it were possible ever to weary of the flora in the vicinity of Colorado Springs, and to long for some new flowers, one need but go a few hours farther south to Canyon City, and he will strike an almost tropical flora. Here grow twelve different varieties of cactus either in the town itself or on the slopes of the hills around it; some of these varieties are very rare; all bear brilliant blossoms, yellow, scarlet, and bright purple. Here grow all the flowers which we have at Colorado Springs, with many others added. A short extract from a paper written by an enthusiastic Canyon City botanist will give to botanists a better idea of the flora of Colorado than they could get from volumes of my rambling enthusiasm.

"There is no pleasanter botanical trip in the vicinity of Canyon City than a walk beyond the bath-rooms of the hot springs to the gate of the mountains, up the canyon of the Arkansas, and to the top of the Grand Canyon, a distance of about four miles. The grandeur of the far mountain summits covered with eternal snow, the perpendicular cliffs over one thousand feet high, the great river boiling and dashing along its rocky channel, are sources of excitement nowhere else combined; but to any one interested in flowers, their beauty, their abundance, and the rare species that meet you at every step make the trip wonderfully interesting. Here among the rocks are the most northern known stations of the ferns pellæa wrightiana and cheilanthes eatoni, and on the walls of the Grand Canyon, more than a thousand feet above the river, grows the very rare asplenium septentrionale, which the wild big-horn or mountain sheep seem to appreciate so much that it is difficult to find a specimen not bitten by them. The syringa (philadelphus microphyllus) is growing wherever it can find a foot-hold, and here and there is a bunch of the rare western Emory's oak, that, like several other plants, seems to have wandered in from the half-explored region of the great Colorado River of Arizona. The lateral canyons are full of fallugia paradoxa, with its

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white flowers and plumed fruit, and where little streams of water come dashing over the rocks and losing themselves in mist, the golden columbine of New Mexico, aquilegia chrysantha, grows to perfection. The scarlet penstemon, blue penstemon, the brilliant gilia aggregata, spiræas, castilleias, and hosts of less showy but equally interesting plants occupy every available piece of soil. The beauty of the flora is as indescribable as the grandeur of the scenery.

"The abundance of the four-o'clock family is noticeable. All of the nyctaginaceæ of Colorado are found about Canyon City, and some of them as yet only in this part of the territory. Most of them are very interesting, and their beauty forms a very prominent feature of our flora in June and July. Abronia fragrans whitens whole acres of land, and the large, conspicuous flowers of mirabilis multiflora are seen all over the town; opening their flowers late in the afternoon in company with the vespertine mentzelias, they are fresh aud bright during the most pleasant part of the summer day. The Soda Spring Ledge, from which boils the cold mineral water, is a locality rich in rare plants. Here grow thamnosma texana, abutilon parvulum, allionia incarnata, tricuspis acuminata, mirabilis oxybaphoides, &c.

"The common flowers of Colorado are very abundant around Canyon City and in its vicinity. The monarda grows upon the *mesas;* exquisite penstemons adorn the brooks; rosa blanda and the more beautiful rosa arkansana are found on the banks of the Arkansas; eriogonum and astragalus are numerous in species and numberless in specimens; the grass fields of Wet Mountain Valley are full of clovers and cypripedium, iris and lilies; the botanist wandering through the canyons of the Sangre di Cristo range tramples down whole fields of white and blue larkspur and delicate mertensia. The summits are covered with woolly-headed thistles, phlox, senecios, forget-me-nots, saxifraga, and the numberless beauties of the Alpine flora. And besides all this, perhaps no locality in the world affords better opportunities to the collector to fill his herbarium with beautiful and rare specimens easily and rapidly. The wealth of foliage found in moister climates does not obstruct the view and hide the more modest flowers, while the perpendicular range of nearly two thousand feet through which he may pass on his botanical rambles carries him from a climate as genial as that of Charleston to one as thoroughly boreal as that of the glaciers of Greenland."

Not the least of the delights of living in such a flower garden as Colorado in June and July is the delight of seeing the delight which little children take in the flowers. Whenever in winter I try to recall the face of our June, I think I recall the blossoms oftenest as they look in the hands of the school children. Morning, noon, and evening you see troops of children going to and fro, all carrying flowers; the babies on doorsteps are playing with them; and late in the afternoon, as you drive through the streets, you see many a little sandheap in which are stuck wilted bunches of flowers, that have meant a play-garden all day long to some baby who has gone to sleep now, only to wake up the next morning and pick more flowers to make another garden. And among all the sweet sayings which I have heard from the mouths of children, one of the very sweetest was that of a little girl not six years old, who has never known any summer less lavish than Colorado's. As soon as the flowers come she is impatient of every hour she is obliged to spend in-doors. At earliest dawn she clamors to be taken up and dressed, exclaiming, "I must get up early, there is so much to do to-day; there are so many flowers to be picked." Coming in one day with her hands full of flowers which had grown near the house, she gave them one by one to her mother, gravely calling them by their names as she laid them in her mother's hand. Of the last one, a tiny blue flower, she did not know the name. Looking at it earnestly for a moment or two, she said hesitatingly, as she placed it with the rest, "And this one — this — is a kiss from the good God. He sends them so."

LITTLE ROSE AND THE HOUSE OF THE SNOWY RANGE.

ROSITA, which being turned from Spanish into English means Little Rose, is a mining camp in the silver region of the Sierra Mojada, in southern Colorado. A legend runs that there was once another "Little Rose," a beautiful woman of Mexico, who had a Frenchman for a lover. When she died, her lover lost his wits and journeyed aimlessly away to the north; he rambled on and on until he came to this beautiful little nook, nestled among mountains, and overlooking a great green valley a thousand feet below it. Here he exclaimed, "Beautiful as Rosita!" and settled himself to live and die on the spot.

A simpler and better authenticated explanation of the name is, that when the miners first came, six years ago, into the gulches where the town of Rosita now lies, they found several fine springs of water, each spring in a thicket of wild roses. As they went to and fro, from their huts to the springs, they found in the dainty blossoms a certain air of greeting, as of old inhabitants welcoming new-comers. It seemed no more than courteous that the town should be called after the name of the oldest and most aristocratic settler, — a kind of recognition which does not always result in so pleasing a name as Rosita (Tompkinsville, for instance, or Jenkins's Gulch). Little Rose, then, it became, and Little Rose it will remain. Not even a millionaire of mines will ever dare to dispute this vested title of the modest little flower. Each spring would brand him as a usurper, for the wild rose still queens it in the Sierra Mojada.

I suppose there may be many ways of approaching Rosita. I know only the one by which we went last June; going from Colorado Springs, first to Canyon City, by rail.

Canyon City lies at the mouth of the Grand Canyon by which the Arkansas River forces its way through the Wet Mountain range. It is a small town, which has always been hoping to be a large one. Since the Arkansas comes down this way from the great South Park, men thought they could carry and fetch goods on the same road; but the granite barrier is too much for them. Bold and rich must the railroad company be that will lay a track through this canyon. Canyon City has also many hot springs, highly medicinal; and it has hoped that the world would come to them to be cured of diseases. It has coal, too, in great quantity, and of good quality; and this seemed a certain element of prosperity. But, spite of all, Canyon City neither grows nor thrives, and wears always a certain indefinable look of depression and bad luck about it, just as men do when things go wrong with them year after year. It is surrounded on two sides by low foot-hills, which present bare fronts of the gloomiest shade of drab ever seen. One does not stop to ask if it be clay, sand, or rock, so overpowering is one's sense of the color. It would not seem that so neutral a tint could make a glare; but not even on the surfaces of white houses can the sun make so blinding and intolerable a glare as it does on the drab plains and drab foot-hills of Canyon City. One escapes from it with a sense of relief which seems at first disproportionate, — a quick exhilaration, such as is produced by passing suddenly from the society of a stupid person into that of a brilliant and witty one. You see at once how frightfully you were being bored. You had not realized it before. Through six miles of this drab glare we drove, in a south-westerly direction, when we set out for Rosita. On the outskirts of the town we passed the penitentiary, — also of a drab color, — a fine stone building. To liven things a little, the authorities have put the convicts into striped tights, black and white. The poor fellows were hewing, hammering, and wheeling drab stone, as we drove past. They looked droll enough, — like two-legged zebras prancing about.

The six miles of drab plain were relieved only by the cactus blossoms. These were abundant and beautiful, chiefly of the prickly pear variety, great mats of uncouth, bristling leaves, looking like oblong, green griddle-cakes, made thick and stuck full of pins, points out, — as repellant a plant as is to be found anywhere on the face of the earth; but lo! out of the edge of this thick and unseemly lobe springs a many-leaved chalice of satin sheen, graceful, nay, regal in its poise, in its quiet. No breeze stirs it; no sun wilts it; no other blossom rivals the lustrous transparency of its petals. Of all shades of yellow, from the palest cream-color up to the deepest tint of virgin gold; of all shades of pink, from a faint, hardly perceptible flush, up to a rose as clear and bright as that in the palm of a baby's hand. Myriads of these, full-blown, half-blown, and in bud, we saw on every rod of the six miles of desolate drab plains which we crossed below Canyon City. As soon as the road turned to the west and entered the foot-hills we began to climb; almost immediately we found ourselves on grand ledges. On these we wound and rose, and wound and rose, tier above tier, tier above tier, as one winds and climbs the tiers of the Coliseum in Rome; from each new ledge a grander off-look to the south and east; the whole wide plain wooded in spaces, with alternating intervals of smooth green fields; Pike's Peak and its range, majestic and snowy, in the north-eastern horizon; countless peaks in the north; and, in the near foreground, Canyon City, redeemed from all its ugliness and bareness, nestled among its cotton-wood trees as a New England village nestles among its elms. It fills consciousness with delight almost too full, to look off at one minute upon grand mountain summits, and into distances so infinite one cannot even conjecture their limits, — see the peaks lost in clouds, and the plains melting into skies; and the next minute to look down on one's pathway and be dazzled by a succession of flowers almost as bewildering as the peaks and the plains. Here, on these rocky ledges, still grow the gold and pink cactus cups; and beside these, scarlet gilias, blue penstemons, white daisies and yellow spiræa, blue harebells and blue larkspur. This blue larkspur is the same which we see in old-fashioned gardens in New England. In Colorado it grows wild, side by side with the blue harebell, and behaves like it, — roots itself in crevices, and sways and waves in every wind.

The crowning beauty of the flower-show on these rocky ledges was a cactus, whose name I do not know. It is shaped and moulded like the sea-urchin, and grows sometimes as large as the wheel of a baby-carriage. Its lobes or sections are of clear apple-green, and thick set with long spines of a glistening white. The flower is a many-leaved, tubular cup, of a deep, rich crimson color. They are thrown out at hap-hazard, apparently, anywhere on the lobes. You will often see ten, twelve, or even twenty of these blossoms on a single plant of only medium size, say, eight or ten inches in diameter. When we first saw one of these great, crimson-flowered cacti, wedged in like a cushion or flattened ball in the gnarled roots of an old cedar-bush, on the side of this rocky road, we halted in silent wonder, and looked first at it and then at each other. Afterward we grew wonted to their beauty; we even pulled several of them up bodily, and carried them home in a box; but this familiarity bred no contempt, — it only added to our admiration a terror which was uncomfortable. A live creature which could bite would be no harder to handle and carry. It has one single root growing out at its centre, like the root of a turnip; this root is long and slender; it must wriggle its way down among the rocks like a snake. By this root you can carry the cactus, and by this alone. Woe betide you if you so much as attempt to tug, or lift, or carry it by its sides. You must pry it up with a stick or trowel till you can reach the root, grasp it by that handle, and carry it bottom side up, held off at a judicious distance from your legs.

At last we had climbed up to the last ledge, rounded the last point. Suddenly we saw before us, many hundred feet below us, a green well, into the mouth of which we looked down. There is nothing but a well to which I can compare the first view from these heights of the opening of Oak Creek Canyon. The sides of the well slant outward. Perhaps it is more like a huge funnel, little end down. The sun poured into these green depths, so full and warm that each needle on the fir-trees glittered, and a fine aromatic scent arose, as if spices were being brewed there. One small house stood in the clearing. It was only a rough-built thing, of unpainted pine; but Colorado pine is as yellow as gold, and if you do not know that it is pine, you might take it, at a little distance, for some rare and gleaming material which nobody but kings could afford to make houses of.

Down into this green well we dashed, on precipitous ledges as steep as that we had climbed. Once down at the bottom of the well, we stopped to look up and back. It seemed a marvel that there should be a way in or out. There are but two: the way we had come, scaling the ledges; and the way we were to go, keeping close to Oak Creek. Close indeed! The road clings to the creek as one blind might cling to a rope; for miles and miles they go hand in hand, cross and recross and change places, like partners in a dance, only to come again side by side. It would take botany and geology, and painting as well, to tell the truth of this exquisite Oak Creek Canyon. Its sides were a tangle of oak, beeches, willows, clematis, green-brier, and wild rose; underneath these, carpets of white violets and blue, yellow daisies and white, and great spaces of an orange-colored flower I never saw before, which looked like a lantana; a rich purple blossom also, for which I have neither name nor similitude. Above these banks and waving walls of flowers, were the immovable walls of rock, now in precipices, now in piles of bowlders, now in mountain-like masses. Often the canyon widens, and encloses, now a few acres of rich meadow-land, where a ranchman has built himself a little house, and begun a farm; now a desolate and arid tract, on which no human being will ever live. At all these openings there are glimpses of snowy peaks to the right and to the left. The road is literally in the mountains. At last, — and at last means nearly at sunset, — we reached the end of the canyon. It had widened and widened until, imperceptibly, it had ceased, and we were out in a vast open, with limitless distances stretching away in all directions. We were on a great plateau; we had climbed around, through, and come out on top of, the Sierra Mojada. We were on a plateau, yet the plateau was broken and uneven, heaved up into vast, billowy ovals and circles, which sometimes sharpened into ridges and were separated by ravines. It was a tenantless, soundless, well-nigh trackless wilderness. Our road had forsaken the creek, and there was no longer any guide to Rosita. Now and then we came to roads branching to right or left; no guide-posts told their destination, and in the silence and forsaken emptiness of these great spaces, all roads seemed alike inexplicable. In the west, a long, serrated line of snow-topped summits shone against the red sky. This was the grand Sangre di Cristo range, and by this we might partly know which way lay Rosita.

By a hesitating instinct, and not in any certainty, we groped along in that labyrinth of billowy hills and ravines, twilight settling fast upon the scene, and the vastness and the loneliness growing vaster and more lonely with each gathering shadow.

We were an hour too late. We had lingered too long among the flowers. Had we come out on this plateau in time to see the marshalling of the sunset, we should have looked down on Rosita all aglow with its reflection, and have seen the great Wet Mountain valley below like one long prism of emerald laid at the feet of the mountains which are called by the name of the "Blood of Christ."

It was dark when we saw the Rosita lights ahead, and there was a tone of unconfessed relief in the voice with which my companion said:

"Ha! there is Rosita now!"

I think if I had driven down into a deep burrow of glow-worms in Brobdingnag, I should have had about the same sensations I had as we crept down into the black twinkling gulches of Rosita. When I saw them by daylight, I understood how they looked so weird by night, but at my first view of them they seemed uncanny indeed. The shifting forms of the miners seemed unhumanly grotesque, and their voices sounded strange and elfish.

"The House of the Snowy Range," they all replied, as we asked for the name of the best inn. "That's the one you'd like best. Strangers always go there."

"The House of the Snowy Range" was simple enough English, I perceived, the next morning, but that night it sounded to me mysterious and half terrifying, as if they had said, "Palace of the Ice King," or, "Home of the Spirits of the Frost."

Never was a house better named than the House of the Snowy Range. It is only an unpainted pine house, two stories high, built in the roughest way, and most scantily furnished. Considered only as a house, it is undeniably bare and forlorn; but it is never to be considered only as a house. It is the House of the Snowy Range. That means that as you sit on the roofless, unrailed, unplaned board piazza, you see in the west the great Sangre di Cristo range, — more peaks than you would think of counting, more peaks than you could count if you tried, for they are so dazzling white that they blind the eye which looks too long and too steadily at them. These peaks range from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet in height; they are all sharp-pointed and sharp-lined to the base: no curves, no confusion of over-lapping outlines. Of all the myriad peaks, lesser and greater, each one is distinct; the upper line made by the highest summits against the sky is sharply serrated, as if it were the teeth of a colossal saw; the whole front, as shown sloping to the east, is still a surface of sharp, distinct, pyramidal peaks, wedged in with each other in wonderful tiers and groupings. From the piazza of the House of the Snowy Range to the base of the nearest of these peaks is only five miles; but you look over at them through so marvellous a perspective that they seem sometimes nearer, sometimes much farther. They lie the other side of the great Wet Mountain valley. The House of the Snowy Range is one thousand feet above this valley, and gets its view of it between two near and rounding hills. From the piazza, therefore, you look at the Sangre di Cristo peaks across the mouth, as it were, of a huge, oval, emerald well, one thousand feet deep, yet illuminated with the clearest sunlight. It is an effect which can never be described. I am humiliated as I recall it and re-read these last few sentences. I think it would be the despair of the greatest painter that ever lived. What use, then, are words to convey it?

The Wet Mountain valley, or park, is thirty miles long and from four to five wide. It is one of the most fertile spots in Colorado. In July the meadow grasses grow higher than a man's knee, and the hill slopes are carpeted with flowers. It is full of little streams and never-failing springs, fed from the snows on the mountain wall to the west. Here are large farms, well tilled and fenced in, and with comfortable houses. The creeks are full of trout, and the mountain slopes are full of game. It ought to be a paradise coveted and sought for; but the sound of the pickaxe from the hills above them reaches the ears of the farmers, and makes them discontented with their slower gains. Man after man they are drawn away by the treacherous lure, and the broad, beautiful valley is still but thinly settled. This is a mistake; but it is a mistake that is destined to go on repeating itself for ever in all mining countries. The contagion of the haste to be rich is as deadly as the contagion of a disease, and it is too impatient to take note of facts that might stay its fever. It is a simple matter of statistics, for instance, that in the regions of Georgetown and Central City the average miner is poor, while the man who sells him potatoes is well off. Yet for one man who will plant potatoes, twenty will go into a mine.

I am not sure, however, that it is wholly the lure of silver which draws men up from the green farms of Wet Mountain valley to the hills of Rosita. It might well be the spell of the little place itself. Fancy a half dozen high, conical hills, meeting at their bases, but sloping fast and far enough back to let their valleys be sunny and open; fancy these hills green to the very top, so that cattle go grazing higher and higher, till at the very summit they look no bigger than flies; fancy these hills shaded here and there with groves of pines and firs, so that one need never walk too far without shade; fancy between five and six hundred little houses, chiefly of the shining yellow pine, scattered irregularly over these hill-sides; remember that from the door-ways and windows of these houses a man may look off on the view I have described, — across a green valley one thousand feet below him, up to a range of snow-topped mountains fifteen thousand feet above him, — and does it not seem natural to love Rosita? Another most picturesque figure in the landscape is the contrast of color produced by the glittering piles of quartz thrown up at the mouths of the mines. There are over three hundred of these mines; they are dotted over the hill-sides, and each mine has its great pyramid of loose stone, which shines in the sun and is of a beautiful silvery gray color. The names of these mines are well-nigh incredible, and produce most bewildering effects when one hears them on every hand in familiar conversation. "Leviathan," "Lucille," "Columbus," "Hebe," "Elizabeth," "Essex," "Humboldt," "Buccaneer," "Montezuma," "Ferdinand," "Sunset," "Bald Hornet," "Silver Wing," "Evening

Star," and "Hell and Six," are a few of them. Surely they indicate an amount and variety of taste and research very remarkable to be found in a small mining community.

On the morning after our arrival, we drove down into Wet Mountain valley, crossed it, and climbed high up on one of the lower peaks of the Sangre di Cristo range. From this point we looked back on the Sierra Mojada; it was a sea of green mountain-tops, not a bare or rocky summit among them. Rosita was out of sight, and, looking at its close-set hills, one who did not know would have said there was no room for a town there.

At our feet grew white strawberry-blossoms, the low Solomon's seal, and the dainty wild rose, as lovely, as perfect, and apparently as glad here, ten thousand feet above the sea, as they seem on a spring morning in New England's hills and woods.

Finding one's native flowers thousands of miles away from home seems to annihilate distance. To be transplanted seems the most natural thing in the world. Exile is not exile, if it be to a country where the wild rose can grow and a Snowy Range give benediction.

A NEW ANVIL CHORUS.

EVER since men began to dig for silver and gold in Colorado, one of the many hard things they have had to do, has been the journeying into the rich silver regions of the San Juan country. The great Sangre di Cristo range, with its uncounted peaks, all from twelve to fifteen thousand feet high, is a barrier which only seekers after gold or after liberty would have courage to cross. One of the most picturesque sights which the traveller in southern Colorado, during the past two or three years, has seen, has been the groups of white-topped wagons creeping westward toward the passes of this range; sometimes thirty or forty together, each wagon drawn by ten, fifteen, or even twenty mules; the slow-moving processions look like caravan lines in a desert; two, three, four weeks on the road, carrying in people by households; carrying in food, and bringing out silver by the ton; back and forth, back and forth, patient men and patient beasts have been toiling every summer from June to October.

This sort of thing does not go on for many years before a railroad comes to the rescue. Engineering triumphs where brute force merely evades; the steam-engine has stronger lungs than mules or men; and the journey which was counted by weeks is made in hours. Such a feat as this, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad (narrow gauge) is now performing in Colorado. A little more than a year ago, I saw the ploughshare cut the first furrow for its track through the Cucharas meadows at foot of the Spanish Peaks. One day last week I looked out from car windows as we whirled past the same spot; a little town stood where then was wilderness, and on either side of our road were acres of sunflowers whose brown-centred disks of yellow looked like trembling faces still astonished at the noise. Past the Spanish Peaks; past the new town of Veta; into the Veta Pass; up, up, nine thousand feet up, across a neck of the Sangre di Cristo range itself; down the other side, and out among the foot-hills to the vast San Luis valley, the plucky little railroad has already pushed. It is a notable feat of engineering. As the road winds among the mountains, its curves are so sharp that the inexperienced and timid hold their breath. From one track, running along the edge of a precipice, you look up to another which you are presently to reach; it lies high on the mountain-side, four hundred feet above your head, yet it looks hardly more than a stone's throw across the ravine between. The curve by which you are to climb up this hill is a thirty-degree curve. To the non-professional mind it will perhaps give a clearer idea of the curve to say that it is shaped like a mule-shoe, — a much narrower shoe than a horse-shoe. The famous horse-shoe curve on the Pennsylvania Railroad is broad and easy in comparison with this. There are three of these thirty-degree curves within a short distance of each other; the road doubles on itself, like the path of a ship tacking in adverse winds. The grade is very steep, — two hundred and eleven feet to the mile; the engines pant and strain, and the wheels make a strange sound, at once sibilant and ringing on the steel rails. You go but six miles an hour; it seems like not more than four, the leisurely pace is so unwonted a one for steam engines. With each mile of ascent, the view backward and downward becomes finer: the Spanish Peaks and the plains in the distance, the dark ravines full of pine-trees in the foreground, and Veta Mountain on the left hand, — a giant bulwark furrowed and bare. There are so many seams on the sides of this mountain that they have given rise to its name, Veta, which in the Spanish tongue means "vein."

From the mouth of the pass to the summit, is, measured by miles, fourteen miles; measured by hours, three hours; measured by sensations, the length of a dream, — that means a length with which figures and numbers have nothing in common. One dreams sometimes of flying in the air, sometimes of going swiftly down or up endless stairways without resting his feet on the steps; my recollection of being lifted up and through the Veta Pass, by steam, are like the recollections of such dreams.

The summit is over nine thousand feet above the sea-level, — the highest point reached by a railroad on this continent. Two miles beyond, and a hundred or two feet lower down, is the "Summit House," at which we passed the night. It is a little four-roomed house built of mud and set down in a flower-bed of larkspur, harebells, penstemons, gilias, white, yellow, and purple asters and wild strawberries; just above the house a spring of pure water gushes out. The ceaseless running of this water and the wind in the pines are the only sounds which break the solitude of the spot. Once at night and once in the morning, the sudden whistle of the steam-engine and the swift rush of the train going by fall on the silence startlingly, and are gone in a second. The next day we drove eighteen miles westward, following the line of the railroad down the canyon for six or eight miles, then bearing off to the right and climbing the high hills which make the eastern wall of the San Luis Park. On our right rose the majestic Sierra Blanca, — the highest mountain in Colorado, — bare and colorless in the early morning light; but transformed into beauty later in the day when mists veiled it and threw it, solid gray, against a sunny blue sky, while transparent fringes of rain fell between us and it, making a shifting kaleidoscope of bits of rainbow here and there. The meadow intervals skirting the San Luis Park at this point are very beautiful: fields high with many-colored grasses and gay with flowers, with lines of cotton-wood trees zigzagging through wherever they choose to go, and the three grand peaks of the Sierra Blanca towering above all; to the west and south a vast outlook, bounded and broken only by mountain-tops so far away that they are mistily outlined on the horizon. Leaving these meadow intervals, you come out on great opens where nothing but sage-brush grows.

"Good to make fires of; makes desperate hot fires," said our driver.

It looked as if it had been burned at the stake already, every bush of it, and been raised by some miracle, with all its stems left still twisted in agony. There cannot be on earth another so sad-visaged a thing as a sage-bush, unless it be the olive-tree, of which it is a miniature reproduction: the same pallid gray tint to its leaf; the same full and tender curves in its marred outlines; the same indescribable contortions and writhings of stem; those which are short seem to be struck low by pain, to be clasping and clutching at the ground in despair; those which grow two or three feet high seem to be stretching up deformed and in every direction seeking help. It would be easy to fancy that journeying day after day across the sage-brush plains might make a man mad; that he might come at last to feel himself a part of some frightful metempsychosis, in which centuries of sin were being expiated.

Surrounded by stretches of this dreary sage-brush stands Fort Garland, looking southward down the valley. It is not a fort which could resist a siege, — not even an attack from a few mounted Indians; it must have been intended simply for barracks; a few rows of low mud-walled buildings placed in a sort of hollow square with openings on three sides; a little plat of green grass and a few cotton-wood trees in the centre; two brass field-pieces pointing vaguely to the south; a score or so of soldiers' houses outside; some clothes-lines on which red shirts, and here and there a blue coat, were blowing; a United States flag fluttering on the flag-staff, one soldier and one sergeant; that was all we saw in the way of defences of the San Luis Valley.

There are two companies stationed at the post, — one a company of colored cavalry, — but a quieter, more peaceful, less military-looking spot than was Fort Garland during the time we spent there it would be hard to find. Over the door-way, in one of the mud-houses, was the sign "Hotel." This hotel consisted apparently of three bedrooms and a kitchen. In the left-hand bedroom a travelling dentist was holding professional receptions for the garrison. The shining tools of his trade were spread on the centre-table and on the bed; in this room we waited while dinner was being served for us in the opposite bedroom. It was an odd thing at a dinner served in a small bedroom, to have a man waiter stand behind your chair, politely and incessantly waving a big feather brush to keep the flies away.

Garland City, the present terminus of the San Juan branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, is six miles from Fort Garland. The road to it from the fort lies for the last three miles on the top of a sage-grown plateau. It is straight as an arrow, looks in the distance like a brown furrow on the pale gray plain, and seems to pierce the mountains beyond. Up to within an eighth of a mile of Garland City, there is no trace of human habitation. Knowing that the city must be near, you look in all directions for a glimpse of it; the hills ahead of you rise sharply across your way. Where is the city? At your very feet, but you do not suspect it.

The sunset light was fading when we reached the edge of the ravine in which the city lies. It was like looking unawares over the edge of a precipice; the gulch opened beneath us as suddenly as if the earth had that moment parted and made it. With brakes set firm, we drove cautiously down the steep road; the ravine twinkled with lights, and almost seemed to flutter with white tent and wagon-tops. At the farther end it widened, opening out on an inlet of the San Luis Park, and in its centre, near this widening mouth, lay the twelve-days' old city. A strange din arose from it.

"What is going on?" we exclaimed.

"The building of the city," was the reply. "Twelve days ago there was not a house here. To-day there are one hundred and five, and in a week more there will be two hundred; each man is building his own home, and working night and day to get it done ahead of his neighbor. There are four saw-mills going constantly, but they can't turn out lumber half fast enough. Everybody has to be content with a board at a time. If it were not for that, there'd have been twice as many houses done as there are."

We drove on down the ravine. The hills on either side were sparsely grown with grass, and thinly covered with piñon and cedar trees; a little creek on our right was half hid in willow thickets. Hundreds of white tents gleamed out among them: tents with poles; tents made by spreading sail-cloth over the tops of bushes; round tents; square tents; big tents; little tents; and for every tent a camp-fire; hundreds of white-topped wagons also, at rest for the night, their great poles propped up by sticks, and their mules and drivers lying and standing in picturesque groups around them. It was a scene not to be forgotten. Louder and louder sounded the chorus of the hammers as we drew near the centre of the "city;" more and more the bustle thickened; great ox-teams, swaying unwieldily about, drawing logs and planks; backing up steep places; all sorts of vehicles driving at reckless speed up and down; men carrying doors; men walking along inside of window-sashes, — the easiest way to carry them; men shovelling; men wheeling wheelbarrows; not a man standing still; not a man with empty hands; every man picking up something, and running to put it down somewhere else, as in a play, and all the while, "clink! clink! clink!" ringing above the other sounds, the strokes of hundreds of hammers, like the anvil chorus.

"Where is Perry's Hotel?" we asked.

One of the least busy of the throng spared time to point to it with his thumb as he passed us. In some bewilderment we drew up in front of a large unfinished house, through the many uncased apertures of which we could see only scaffoldings, rough boards, carpenter's benches, and heaps of shavings. Streams of men were passing in and out through these openings, which might be either doors or windows; no steps led to any of them.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! can accommodate you all!" was the landlord's reply to our hesitating inquiries. He stood in the door-way of his dining-room; the streams of men we had seen going in and out were the fed and the unfed guests of the house. It was supper-time: we also were hungry. We peered into the dining-room: three tables full of men; a huge pile of beds on the floor, covered with hats and coats; a singular wall, made entirely of doors propped upright; a triangular space walled off by sail-cloth, — this is what we saw. We stood outside waiting among the scaffolding and benches. A black man was lighting the candles in a candelabra, made of two narrow bars of wood nailed across each other at right angles, and perforated with holes. The candles sputtered, and the hot fat fell on the shavings below.

"Dangerous way of lighting a room full of shavings," some one said.

The landlord looked up at the swinging candelabra and laughed.

"Tried it pretty often," he said. "Never burned a house down yet."

I observed one peculiarity in the speech at Garland City. Personal pronouns, as a rule, were omitted; there was no time for a superfluous word.

"Took down this house at Wagon Creek," he continued, "just one week ago; took it down one morning while the people were eating breakfast; took it down over their heads; putting it up again over their heads now."

This was literally true. The last part of it we ourselves were seeing while he spoke, and a friend at our elbow had seen the Wagon Creek crisis.

"'M waiting for that round table for you," said the landlord; "'ll bring the chairs out here 's fast 's they quit 'em. That's the only way to get the table."

So, watching his chances, as fast as a seat was vacated, he sprang into the room, seized the chair and brought it out to us, and we sat there in our "reserved seats" biding the time when there should be room enough vacant at the table for us to take our places.

What an indescribable scene it was! The strange-looking wall of propped doors which we had seen was the impromptu wall separating the bedrooms from the dining-room. Bedrooms? Yes, five of them; that is, five bedsteads in a row, with just space enough between them to hang up a sheet, and with just room enough between them and the propped doors for a moderate-sized person to stand upright if he faced either the doors or the bed. Chairs? Oh, no! What do you want of a chair in a bedroom which has a bed in it? Wash-stands? One tin basin out in the unfinished room. Towels? Uncertain.

The little triangular space walled off by the sail-cloth was a sixth bedroom, quite private and exclusive, and the big pile of beds on the dining-room floor was to be made up into seven bedrooms more between the tables after everybody had finished supper.

Luckily for us we found a friend here, — a man who has been from the beginning one of Colorado's chief pioneers, and who is never, even in the wildest wilderness, without resources of comfort.

"You can't sleep here," he said. "I can do better for you than this."

"Better!"

He offered us luxury. How movable a thing is one's standard of comfort! A two-roomed pine shanty, board walls, board floors, board ceilings, board partitions not reaching to the roof, looked to us that night like a palace. To have been entertained at Windsor Castle would not have made us half so grateful.

It was late before the "city" grew quiet, and long after most of the lights were out, and most of the sounds had ceased, I heard one solitary hammer in the distance, clink, clink, clink. I fell asleep listening to it. At daylight the chorus began again, dinning, deafening on all sides; the stir, the bustle, every motion of it began just where it had left off at bed-time. I sat on a door-step and watched the street. It was like a scene in an opera. Every man became dramatic from the unconscious absorption in his every action. Even the animals seemed playing parts in a spectacle. There were three old sows out with their broods in search of early breakfast, and they wore an expression of alertness and despatch such as I never before saw in their kind. There were twenty-three in all, of the little pigs, and very pretty they were too, — just big enough to run alone, — white, and black, and mottled, no two alike, and all with fine, pink, curly tails. How they fought over orange-peels, and sniffed at cigar-stumps, and every other minute ran squealing from under some hurrying foot! After a while, two of the mothers disappeared incontinently, leaving their broods behind them. The remaining sow looked after them with as reproachful an expression as a human mother could have worn, thus compelled to an involuntary baby-farming. She proved very faithful to the unwelcome trust, however, and did her best to keep all the twenty-three youngsters out of harm, and the last I saw of her, she was trying to persuade them all to go to bed in a willow thicket.

Then came a dash of mules and horses down the street, thirty or forty of them, driven at full gallop, by a man riding a calico horse and flourishing a big braided leather whip with gay tassels on it. They, too, were going out to meals. They were being driven down to a corral to be fed.

Then came a Mexican wagon, drawn by two gray and white oxen, of almost as fine a tint as the Italian oxen, which are so like in color to a Maltese kitten. They could not, would not hurry, nor, if they could help it, turn to the right or left for anybody. Smiling brown faces of Mexican men shone from the front seat, and laughing brown faces of Mexican babies peeped out behind, from under the limp and wrinkled old wagon cover, which looked like a huge, broken-down sunbonnet. There are squashes and string-beans and potatoes in the back of the wagon to sell: and, while they were measuring them out, the Mexicans chattered and laughed and showed white teeth, like men of the Campagna. They took me for a householder, as I sat on my door-step, and turned the gray oxen my way, laughing and calling out: —

"Madame, potatoes, beans, buy?" And when I shook my head, they still laughed. Everything seemed a joke to them that morning.

Next came a great water-wagon, with a spigot in its side. Good water is very scarce in Garland City, as it is, alas, in so many places in Colorado; and an enterprising Irishman is fast lining his pockets by bringing down water from a spring in the hill, north of the town, and selling it for twenty-five cents a barrel. After he had filled the barrel which stood by my friend's door, he brought a large lump of ice, washed it, and put it into a tin water-pail of water on the table.

"Where did that ice come from?" I exclaimed, wondering if there were any other place in the world except America, where ice could be delivered to families in a town twelve days old.

"Oh, just back here from Veta. The people there, they laid in a big stock last winter, and when the town moved on, they hadn't any use for the ice, 'n' so they pack it down here on the cars every day."

"The town moved on! What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Why, most all these people that's puttin' up houses here, lived in Veta three months ago. They're jest followin' the railroad."

"Oh," said I, "I thought most of them had come from Wagon Creek" (the station between Veta and Garland City).

"Well, they did stop at Wagon Creek for a spell; nothin' more than to check up, though; not enough to count. Some of these houses was set up to Wagon Creek a few days.

"Where iver did ye git that dog?" he exclaimed suddenly, catching sight of Douglas, a superb, pure-blooded stag-hound, who had come with us from the Summit House. "Mebbe ye're English?"

"No, we are not. Are you?"

"No. I'm Irish born; but I know an ould counthry dog when I see him. Ah, but he's a foine craythur."

"Do you like this country better than the old country?" I asked.

"Yes. I can make more money here; that's the main thing," said the thoroughly naturalized Pat; and he sprang up to the top of his water-cart and drove off, whistling.

Next came a big, black, leather-topped wagon, with a black bear chained on a rack behind. The wagon rattled along very fast, and the bear raced back and forth on his shelf and shook his chain. Nobody seemed to take any notice of the strange sight; not a man turned his head. One would not have thought wagons with black bears dancing on platforms behind them could have been common sights, even in Garland City.

These are only a few of the shifting street-scenes I watched that morning. After a time I left my door-step and strolled about in the suburbs of this baby "city." The suburbs were, as suburbs always are, more interesting than the thoroughfares; pathetic, too, with their make-shifts of shelter. Here were huts, mere huts, literally made of loose boards thrown together; women and children looked out from shapeless doorways, and their ragged beds and bedding and clothes were piled in heaps outside, or flung on the bushes. Here were fenced corrals in open spaces among the willows, with ill-spelt signs saying that horses and mules would be fed there cheaply. Here were rows of new Kansas wagons, with green and white bodies and scarlet wheels; here were top-buggies and carts, and a huge black ambulance, bound for Fort Garland. Here were stacks of every conceivable merchandise, which had been hastily huddled out of the freight cars, and were waiting their turn to be loaded on the San Juan wagons. Here stood the San Juan coach, — the great, swinging, red-bodied, covered coach we know so well in New England. A day and a night and half a day, without stopping, he must ride who will go from Garland City to Lake City in this stage. The next morning I saw it set off at six o'clock. A brisk, black-eyed little Frenchwoman, trig and natty, [illegible] her basket on her arm, was settling herself in the back seat. She had lived in Lake City a year, and she liked it better than Denver.

"Mooch nicer; mooch nicer: so cool as it is in summer! Nevare hot."

"But is it not very cold in winter?"

A true French shrug of her shoulders was her first reply, followed by, —

"But no; with snug house, and big fire, it is nevare cold; and in winter we have so many of meetings, what you call sosharbles, it is a good time." Then she called out sharply in French, to her husband, who was disposing of their parcels in a way which did not please her; and then, seeing me wave a good-by to one on top of the coach, she leaned out of the window, and called with the light-hearted laugh of her race: —

"Ah, then, why does not Madame come too? My husband is better; he takes me along." At which the collective stage-coach laughed loud, the driver swung his long whip around the leaders' ears, and the coach plunged off at a rattling pace.

In the edge of a willow copse, on the northern outskirts of the city, I found a small shanty, the smallest I had seen. It was so low, one could not enter without stooping, nor stand quite upright inside. The boards of which it was built were full of knot-holes; those making the roof were laid loosely across the top, and could not have been much protection against rain. The boards of a wagon-top were set up close by the doorway, and on these were hanging beds, bedding, and a variety of nondescript garments. A fire was burning on the ground a few steps off; on this was a big iron kettle full of clothes boiling; there were two or three old pans and iron utensils standing near the fire; an old flag-bottomed chair, its wood worn smooth and shining by long use; and a wooden bench, on which was a wash-tub full of clothes soaking in water. I paused to look at the picture, and a woman, passing, said: —

"That's Grandma's house."

"Your grandmother?" I said.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "She ain't nobody's grandmother; but we all call her Grandma. She's here with her son; he was weakly, and she brought him out here. There ain't many like her. I wonder where she's gone, leavin' her washin' this way."

Then we fell into talk about the new city, and what the woman's husband was doing, and how hard it was for them to get along; and presently we heard footsteps.

"Oh, there's Grandma, now," she said.

I looked up, and saw a tall, thin woman, in a short, scant, calico gown, with an old woollen shawl crossed at her neck, and pinned tight at the belt, after the fashion of the Quaker women. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her arms were brown and muscular as an Indian's. Her thin gray hair blew about her temples under an old limp brown sun-bonnet, which hid the outline of her face, but did not hide the brightness of her keen, light-gray eyes. Her face was actually seamed with wrinkles; her mouth had fallen in from want of teeth; and yet she did not look wholly like an old woman.

"Grandma, this lady's from Colorado Springs," said my companion, by way of introduction.

Grandma was carrying an armful of cedar-boughs.

She threw them on the ground, and, turning to me, said with a smile which lighted up her whole face: —

"How d'ye do, marm? That's a place I've always wanted to see. I've always thought I should like to live to the Springs, ever since I've been in this country."

"Yes," I said. "It's a pleasant town; but do you not like it here?"

She glanced at her shanty and its surroundings, and I felt guilty at having asked my question; but she replied: —

"Oh, yes! I like it very well here. When we get our house built, we'll be comfortable. It's only for Tommy I'm here. If it wan't for him I shouldn't stay in this country. He's all I've got. We're all alone here, that is, so far as connections goes; but we've got plenty o' friends, and God's here just the same's everywhere."

She spoke this last sentence in as natural and easy a tone as all the rest; there was no more trace of cant or affectation in her mention of the name of God than in her mention of Tommy's. They seemed equally familiar and equally dear. Then she went to the fire, and turned the clothes over in the water with a long stick, and prepared to resume her work.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Only about a week," she said. "Tommy he's working 's hard 's ever he can, to get me a house built. It worries him to see me living this way; he's got it three logs high already," proudly pointing to it, only a few rods farther up the hill; "but Tommy's only a boy yet; he ain't sixteen; but he's learning, he's learning to do for hisself; he's a real good boy, an' he's getting strong every day; he's getting his health real firm, 'n' that's all I want. 'Tain't any matter what becomes of me, if I can only get Tommy started all right."

"Was he ill when you brought him here?" I asked.

"Oh, dear! yes. He was jest low; he had to lie on the bottom of the wagon all the way. I traded off my house for a wagon and two horses, an' one on 'em was a colt, — hadn't been in harness but a few times; jest that wagon and horses was all we had when I started to bring him to Colorado. I'd heard how the air here 'd cure consumption, 'n' I jest took him 'n' started; 'n' it's saved his life, 'n' that's all I care for. He's all I've got."

"Where was your home?" I said. "Was it a long journey?"

"Way down in Missouri; down in Sullivan county," she replied. "That's where I was raised. 'Taint healthy there. There wan't none o' my children healthy. Tommy's all I've got left, — at least I expect so. I oughter have a daughter living; but the last letter I had from her, she said she didn't suppose she'd live many weeks; she's had the consumption too; she's married. I don't know whether she's 'live or dead now. Tommy's all I've got."

"Were these two your only children?" I ventured to say.

"Oh, no; I've had six. Two o' my sons was grown men; they was both killed in the war. Then there was one died when he was nine months old, and another when he was jest growd, — jest fourteen; and then there's the daughter I told ye on, an' Tommy. He's the youngest. He's all I've got. He's a good boy, Tommy is; real steady. He's always been raised to go to Sunday school. He's all I've got."

The abject poverty of this woman's surroundings, the constant refrain of, "he's all I've got," and the calm cheerfulness of her face, began to bring tears into my eyes.

"Grandma," said I, "you have had a great deal of trouble in your life; yet you look happier than most people do."

"Oh, no! I ain't never suffered," she said. "I've always had plenty. I've always been took care of. God's always taken care of me."

"That must be a great comfort to you, to think that," I said.

"Think it!" exclaimed the grand old woman, with fire in her eye. "Think it! I don't think any thing about it; I jest know it. Why, Tommy 'n' me, we was snowed up last April in a canyon here, — us and old man Molan, 'n' Miss Molan, 'n' Miss Smith, 'n' Miss Smith's two children: snowed up in thet canyon two weeks lacking two days; 'n' I'd like to know ef any thing but God 'd ha' kep' us alive then! No, I hain't never suffered. I've always had plenty. God's always took care of me." And a serene smile spread over her face.

"Oh, will you not tell me about that time?" I exclaimed. "If it will not hinder you too much, I would be very glad to hear all about it."

"Well, you jest set right down in that chair, she said, pointing to the flag-bottomed chair, "'n' I'll tell you. 'Twas in that very chair Miss Molan she sat all the first night. Them two chairs (pointing to another in the shanty) I brought all the way from Missouri with me. We had them 'n the wagon. Miss Molan she sat in one, 'n' held the baby; 'n' Miss Smith she sat in the other, 'n' held the little boy; 'n' Tommy 'n' me we turned over the two water-buckets 'n' sat on them; 'n' there we sat all night long, jest 's close to each other 's we could get; 'n' old man Molan he tended the fire; 'n' it snowed, snowed, all night, 's tight as it could snow; 'n' towards morning the old man says, says he, 'Well, I don't know 's I can hold out till morning, but I'll try;' 'n' when morning come, there we was with snow-drifts piled up all round us higher 'n our heads, 'n' them children never so much 's cried. It seems 's if the snow kep' us warm. 'Twan't real winter, ye see; if it had been, we'd ha' died there, all in a heap, — froze to death, sure. Well, there we had to stay, down in that canyon, two weeks, a lacking two days, before we could get out. It wan't deep with snow all the time, but when the snow went, there was such mud-holes, there couldn't nobody travel; but the first week it snowed pretty much all the time. The wagons was up on the top o' the canyon, 'n' we kep' a path trod so we could go back an forth to them; 'n' there was a kind o' shelving place o' rock in the canyon, 'n' we got the horses down in there and kep' them there, 'n' we had plenty for them to eat. Old man Molan, he had four sacks o' corn, 'n we had three; 'n' we had tea, 'n' coffee, 'n' flour, 'n' sugar, 'n' beans, 'n' dried apples. The dried apples was a heap o' help. We didn't suffer. I hain't never suffered; I've always had plenty. There was one night, though, we did like to got lost. We got ketched in an awful storm a-goin' up to the wagons; 'twas jest near night-time; it hed been real clear, 'n' we all of us went up to the wagons to get things. All but Miss Molan,— she stayed in the canyon, with the children; 'n' there came up the awfulest snow-squall I ever see. It took your breath out o' your body, 'n' you couldn't see no more 'n you could in the dead o' night. First I got into one wagon, 'n' Tommy with me; 'n' the rest they came on, 'n' we was all calling out to each other, 'Be you there?' 'Be you there?' 'N' at last we was all in the wagons, 'n' there we jest sat till morning; an' if you'll believe it, along in the night, if we didn't hear Miss Molan a-calling to us. She'd felt her way out o' thet canyon, a-carrying that baby 'n' dragging the boy after her. She was afraid to stay in the canyon all alone; but 'twas a meracle her getting to the wagons 's she did. It was dreadful foolish in her, 'n' I told her so. That morning the snow was up to our middles, and we had a time on't getting back into the canyon."

I wish I could tell the whole of Grandma's story in her own words; but it would be impossible. My own words will be much less graphic, but they will serve to convey the main features of her narrative.

Finding me so sympathetic a listener, she told me bit by bit the whole history of her emigration from Missouri to Colorado. Her husband had been a farmer, and, I inferred, an unsuccessful one, in Missouri. He had died thirteen years ago. Her two eldest sons, grown men, had been in the Confederate army, and were both killed in battle. Shortly after this, the jayhawkers burnt her house. She escaped with only Tommy and his brother, and the clothes they were wearing.

"They jest left me my two little children," she said, "and that was all. But it wan't two days before the neighbors they got together 'n' they gave me 's much 's two wagon loads o' things, all I needed to set up again 'n' go on. I hain't never suffered; I've always been took care of, ye see."

By hook and by crook she managed finally to get another house, with a little land, where she and Tommy were living alone together, when his health began to fail. He had chills, and then he raised blood; then she made up her mind, cost what it would, to carry him to Colorado. Her house must have been a small and poor one, because all she got in exchange for it was a little covered wagon and two horses; one, the colt which had been in harness only a few times, "was," she said, "not much more 'n skin an' bone, but 'twas the best I could do."

So she packed her household goods and her sick boy into the wagon, and set out to drive to Colorado. When they reached Fort Scott in Kansas, the people at the fort persuaded her to lighten her load by shipping most of her things by rail to Pueblo.

"I got a big box," she said, "an' I jest put every thing into it, an' a man who was shipping a lot o' things o' his own, said he'd ship mine with his, 'n' I come on with Tommy 'n' left 'em all; but I kind o' mistrusted I shouldn't ever see 'em again; but the horses 'd never held out to draw 'em through; so 'twas best to let 'em go, even if I did lose 'em."

When they reached Pueblo nothing could be heard of the box; she made up her mind that it was lost, and pushed on with Tommy to Los Animas, where she went to work in a hotel for twenty dollars a month, and Tommy found a place as sheep-herder for fifteen dollars a month. Putting their wages together they soon got a little money ahead, enough to enable them to journey into the San Juan country to Lake City. The higher into the mountains they went, the stronger Tommy grew. He would climb the hills like a goat, and delighted in the wild out-door life; but the altitude at Lake City was too great for Grandma's lungs, and they were obliged to turn back.

"It seemed as if I jest couldn't git a mite o' breath up there," she said, "'n' we'd got to be where I could work for Tommy, an' I wan't of any account up there to do any thing."

While they were living in Lake City, the lost box was recovered. A lady for whom Grandma had done some work interested herself in the matter sufficiently to speak of it to an express agent, and finding that there seemed still to be some possibility of tracing the box, sent for Grandma to come and tell her own story: "I told her I didn't want to bother no Mr. Jones about it,' said Grandma; "the box was gone, I knew it was gone, 'n' I'd made up my mind to 't. But there wouldn't nothing do, but I must go up to her house an' see this Mr. Jones, an' tell him all about it, jest who I shipped it with an' all. I had the man's name on a piece o' paper. I always kep' that. Well, Mr. Jones he asked me a heap o' questions, an' wrote it all down in a little book; and if you'll believe me, it wan't two weeks before a letter come a-saying that my box was all safe. They had been going to sell it in Pueblo, but that man that shipped it, he wouldn't let 'em. He had it shipped back to him to Kansas City; he said he thought I'd turn up some day. Ye see when I was in Pueblo looking for it, it hadn't got there. There was nine dollars 'n' fifty-five cents to pay on the box before we could get it. Tommy and I together hadn't got so much 's that; but they took off the fifty-five cents, and some folks helped me to make it up; and when that box come, there was every thing in it exactly 's I'd put 'em in most a year before, only one o' the flat-irons had slipped on to the looking-glass an' broke it; but the old clock it went right along jest 's good 's ever; an' all my bed-quilts was dry 's could be. It was a comfort to me, getting that box. It seemed 's if we had something then. I've sold most o' my bed-quilts now, — I had some real handsome ones; but they was dreadful heavy to lug round; and we've wanted money pretty bad sometimes. I've sold some o' my best clothes, too. I hain't ever suffered; we've always been took care of."

From Lake City Grandma and Tommy went back to Los Animas, where they made a comfortable living, — Tommy by "hauling" with his wagon and horses, and Grandma by taking in washing.

"We was doing first rate," she said with an expression of something as near regret as her face was capable of, "an' I wish we'd never come away; but Tommy he got in with old man Molan; old man Molan's an old miner; he's a first-rate miner they say, too, ef he wan't so old — he's going on seventy now; he's mined all over California 'n' made a heap of money in his turn; but he's always fooled it away. He was full o' coming up into the mines, an' Tommy he got so full on't, too, I didn't try to keep him. He's all I've got; so we come on. But it seemed like home down in Los Animas, the farmers' wagons coming into town every Saturday with vegetables and all sorts of green stuff; I'd like to go back there, but I hear they're moving away from there terrible."

"Oh yes, Grandma," I said, "there isn't much of a town left there now. That was one of the towns built up for a few months by the railroad. I dare say there will not be a house to be seen there a year from now."

She sighed and shook her head, saying, —

"Well, it does beat all; I liked Los Animas. I wish we'd stayed there."

It was on the journey from Los Animas to Veta that they had had the terrible experience of being snowed up in the canyon. In Veta they had stayed for a month or two; then they had followed the advancing railroad to Wagon Creek, and now to its present terminus, Garland City.

"They do say there won't be any town here, for more'n a year or so," she said, looking anxiously at me; "that they're going on way down to the Rio Grande

River. But some seems to think there'll always be enough to keep a town going here. I suppose we shall go wherever old man Molan goes, though. Tommy's so took up with him; an' I don't know 's I care; he's a good old man, if he wan't so crazy about mining; he's to work building now; he's a good hand to work, old 's he is. If we only had a church here, I wouldn't mind about any thing; they say there isn't any Sunday in Colorado, but I tell them God's here the same 's everywhere; and folks that wants to keep Sunday 'll keep Sunday wherever they be; but churches is a help. Hev ye got good churches to the Springs?"

"Oh yes, Grandma," I said, "more than we know what to do with. There are nine different churches there; each man can go to the kind he likes best."

A look of yearning came over her face.

"That's the place I'd like to go to," she said. "I've always thought I'd like to live there. But Tommy he wants to go where old man Molan goes; and I shan't keep him; he's all I've got, an' he's got his health first rate now; that's all I care for."

In the afternoon I carried to Grandma a piece of raspberry short-cake from a workmen's picnic dinner, to which I had the good fortune to be invited. "Oh, that does look good," she said with childlike pleasure. "Thank you for bringing it to me," and as I was slowly walking away, she called after me, —

"Didn't I tell you I was always took care of?"

Late in the day we drove back to the lonely Summit House for the night, and the next morning we went again over the wonderful curving railroad down the pass. Going down seemed even more marvellous than going up, and the views were all finer seen from above, than from below. But far more lasting and vivid than my memory of the beauty and grandeur and triumph of the road through the pass, will be my memory of the beauty and grandeur and triumph which I saw in the face, and heard in the words, of "Grandma."

A CALENDAR OF SUNRISES IN COLORADO.

IF an emperor were to come to me, saying, "O friend, empire has grown wearisome to me, and of music and dancing and banquets I am tired; how shall I provide myself with a pleasure?" I should reply, "Sire, build an eastern wing to thy palace; let the windows of it be large; and have thy bed so set that, turning to the left, in the morning, thou shalt open thine eyes on the sunrise. So shall thy days become glad, thine eyes be filled with delight, and thy soul with new life."

It would be cruel to add, "And, sire, thy palace must be built six thousand feet above the sea, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains of North America;" but I should desire to add it; and I should pity the emperor who, after he had built the eastern wing to his palace, and set his bed fronting the dawn, had only such sunrise as might be found, say, in Paris, or Moscow, or anywhere else in the world, except at the horizon of a Colorado plain, with Colorado mountains waiting in the west.

There is an audacity in speaking of sunrises. Hardly is it possible to use such tones as will redeem the words from triviality or irreverence, and disarm the resentment of those who find no worship true except it is silent. But I choose the word calendar as a guaranty and an apology: guaranty of concise exactness and simple fashion, and apology for inevitable shortcoming and failure; for well I know that, after I have borrowed from color all the names which its masters and adorers have given it, and after I have compelled memory to surrender each hidden treasure of the pictures it has stored, I shall still have made but an insignificant and inadequate record of the sunrise pageants which I have watched on these marvellous Colorado plains.

My bedroom, like the one I should counsel the emperor to build, looks to the east. I have but to turn on my pillow to be ready for the sun's coming. All my life, hitherto, I have had to rise, and journey a greater or less distance, to meet him; and of this has been born almost as great an aversion as dear Charles Lamb felt when he was bold enough to say, "That very unpleasant ceremony called sunrise." How different a thing is sunrise seen from one's pillow, in absolute repose, warmth, and that delicious, vague ecstasy of the beginning of the new day which all healthfully organized beings feel. Try it, O emperors!

On the morning of February 6, 1876, the dome of sky above the vast plain in which lies the little town of Colorado Springs was covered with one uniform gray cloud, — not a break, not a lightened shade anywhere. While it was yet hardly possible to see, this curtain slowly lifted in the eastern and southern horizon, revealing a narrow band of clear light. No name of color could be given to this luminous space. It was too radiant to be called white. It was too white to be called yellow. It was pure light. Presently there came upon the curtain faint ripples of rose-color, reaching in waving lines high up in the heavens. Rapidly these deepened, until they were glowing red, and the space of pure light at the horizon turned bright blue. Then filmy silver bars formed in the blue; and suddenly, almost in the twinkling of an eye, the gray curtain, with its rippled red lines, broke up into cumulous masses of rose red, fiery red, dark red clouds, floating and sailing away to south and toward the zenith, and changing shape and tint every second. Gradually these changed to flame-color, and the horizon belt of bright blue became pale green, while the slender silver bars in it changed to gold, and looked like golden rounds of a circling ladder. Next, the flame-colored clouds changed to gold, — clear gold in the east: in the south of an amber tint. Then they grew softer and more misty, and their lower edges took on a silvery brightness. In so far as changes of color can convey the thought of a hush, of expectant silence, it was conveyed by this softening and silvering of every tint. It was the second before sunrise. As the round disc came slowly up, the whole plain and the whole heavens were suffused with an unutterably tender golden haze, and yellow light flooded the mountains in the west. By this time I had found my two eastern windows insufficient, and was leaning far out of a southern window, from which I could see east and south and west.

The village itself was not yet in full light; but the tops of the snowy mountains were glowing and shining bars of sunlight were creeping slowly down on the soft brown of the foot-hills. The zenith was pale blue, filled with great masses of white and golden clouds. Above the snow-topped mountains hung the silver moon, paling second by second in the deepening light; and, to complete the bewilderingly beautiful picture, a flock of tiny snow-birds came flying up from the south, wheeling and circling in the air. At last they flew over my head, so near that the whirring of their wings sounded like a wind in pine boughs. There were hundreds of these birds. As they passed above me, the vivid sunbeams shot through and through each outstretched wing, turning it for one second into a transparent golden web, and making the little creatures look more like great black-and-gold butterflies than like birds.

And so that day began. A few days later, the morning opened with a similar gray cloud curtain over the whole sky; but as soon as the curtain lifted at the southern and eastern horizons, it revealed a space of vivid yellow, with bands of intense salmon pink in it. Soon this space turned to pale, clear green, shading up to blue, and the bands slowly changed from salmon to gold. Above hung the gray curtain, its lower edge of a fiery flame red, and flecks of the same red thickly scattered upon it. In the south, the clear belt at the horizon was of a pale yellow, and the cloud curtain of a dark, opaline purple, shading down to a rose-color where it joined the yellow.

Slowly, — so slowly that, watching even as closely as I was watching, I could hardly detect any motion, — the cloud curtain broke up into fine, flaky, feathery fragments, each of which became a pale yellow as it floated into the higher and bluer air. There they drew together again, as flocks of birds close in; and when they had once more become a solid cloud curtain, it was of an indescribable silvery brown tint, as light as the lightest possible gray, but with no shade of gray in it, — only pure yellow-brown, and with a deep golden, almost fringing edge at the bottom. Slowly it sank toward the horizon, and slowly it spread up toward the zenith, still silvery brown, edged above and below with gold. Gradually the golden fringes on the lower edge detached themselves and filled the clear horizon belt with misty, silvery brown clouds. Into these came the sun, turning them for one second into molten gold, but in the next second growing pale and disappearing himself in the misty vapor.

The southern sky turned for a moment to pale green, with bands of pearl gray in it; but the silvery brown curtain soon conquered all other colors. Every column of smoke which rose between me and the east was golden; those which were between me and the west were cold and dark blue gray. The plains were flooded with silvery brown mist. It was sunrise; but the sun had not risen. An hour later he came up over the top of the brown cloud curtain; again the tops of the mountains were lighted up with a rosy glow, while the foot-hills were in the shadow of the cloud bar; again the blue upper air was filled with floating clouds of pale yellow and silvery brown. And so, to that day there were two sunrises.

The next morning the pageant was a short one. The same gray curtain covered the whole sky. A few moments before sunrise there came upon it a pale flush of rose color. This slowly deepened to red; then slowly faded again to pale rose, then disappeared altogether; and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, was succeeded by a brilliant golden hue, with flecks of silver; then, in less time than I take to write my record of the fairy spectacle, the golden gray curtain and its silver flecks broke into a myriad of shining clouds, floated away and dissolved, and the sun came up into a cloudless heaven of shining blue.

Another sunrise which I shall never forget was on the morning of March 1st. Long before dawn I had begun to watch for it. The sky was dark, but clear as crystal and blazing with stars. The broad moon was setting in the west, and its light cast silver lines along all the roofs of the houses and lit up the eastern horizon. One by one the stars fade, and the sky slowly grew lighter and lighter, until it looked white, — pure, cold, luminous white. Then black clouds began to blow up from all sides. The whole heavens looked strangely angry and threatening, with alternating spaces of sharp black and white. Then the black clouds changed to a pale slate color and the wind whirled them about furiously. Next came a faint rose tinge upon the slate, making it seem almost purple. The same tinge spread over the thick dark cloud belt at the horizon and rippled it with red. Then the slate color changed to pale gray, then to the most delicate lavender, still rippled with red. Next, with a swift, strange darkening of the atmosphere, the red glow all died away, the curtain belt at the horizon lifted, and the whole sky was filled with cumulous masses of gray and white. Then in the clear light space at the horizon came one slender gold line, like a bird flying with outstretched wings; then more fine gold lines — lithe, curving, fluttering, like flying serpents. The upper edge of the gray turned to gold in the east, and in the south to vermillion and rose; the white space gradually changed to vivid light green, and the sunlight pouring up from below suffused the whole mass of clouds with a pale yellow light, making them soft and misty and flooding the plains with an indescribably tender haze, while the clouds in the west and south were still stormy, — dark gray and cold slate blue.

Soon the gray conquered. It seemed to filter through the golden haze, absorbing it, mixing with it, until there was left at the horizon a broad belt of silvered and gilded gray, shining and rippling like the phosphorescent wake of a ship under strong moonlight.

Spite of all this splendor, it was a sombre morning. The luminous spaces of blue and silvery white seemed icy cold among the whirling gray clouds, and the mountains looked as gaunt and black and pitiless as if there was no sun above the horizon.

But of all the sunrises whose record I have kept the one I shall longest and most vividly remember is one in which I saw no sun. I opened my eyes upon a snow-storm, as still and pauseless and beautiful as one in New England. The whole sky was of that exquisite clear gray which we never see except as the background for thick-falling snowflakes. While I lay dreamily watching it, I suddenly thought I detected a faint rosy tint in the atmosphere. It could not be! No sunrise tint could pierce through that thick gray! But it was. It did. The color deepened. Rosier and rosier, redder and redder grew the gray wall, until I sprang to the window and with incredulous eyes gazed on a sight so weirdly beautiful that my memory almost distrusts itself as I recall the moment. The whole eastern and southern sky was deep red, — vivid yet opaque. The air was filled with large snowflakes. As they slowly floated down, each starry crystalline shape stood out with dazzling distinctness on the red background. It was but for a moment. As mysteriously as it had come the ruddy glow disappeared; the sky and the falling flakes all melted together again into soft white and gray, and not until another day did we see the sun which for that one brief moment had crimsoned our sky.

These are but five sunrises from my calendar. O emperor, wilt thou not build an eastern wing to thy palace and set thy bed fronting the dawn?

And by emperor I mean simply any man to whom it is given to make for himself a home; and by palace I mean any house, however small, in which love dwells and on which the sun can shine.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson & Son.